

following programme will be given:-
 "Hungarian Dance" (Brahms), "Polish
 Dance" (Scharwenka), duets by Miss
 Mary O'Connell and Mr. Travers;
 "Night Sinks on the Waves" (Smart),
 "Lullaby" (Brahms), trios by Miss
 Knickerbocker, Miss Lockhart and Mrs.
 Schallert; danseuse, "La Esplinite" by
 Miss Floy Rosson; vocal solo, by James
 Burns; "Norma" duet by Miss Hattie
 Knickerbocker and Miss O'Neill; "Scene
 de Ballet" (De Berliot) violin solo by
 Louis Angelotti; Spanish duet, "La

El Hozar Fells (the College Settlement) will hold an informal reception and musical followed by dancing at the Ballroom of the Hotel Astor, 120 Broadway, at 8 o'clock tomorrow evening. The following programme will be given: "Hungarian Dance" (Brahma), "Polish Dance" (Scharwenka), duets by Miss Mary O'Connell and Mrs. Travers; "Night Sinks on the Wave" (Smart), "Lullaby" (Brahma) trios by Miss Knickerbocker, Miss Lockhart and Mrs. Schaller; danseuse, "La Espinite," by Miss Fio; Roscoe, vocal solo, by Emma Burns; "Norma" duet by Miss Hattie Knickerbocker and Miss O'Neill; "Scene de Ballet" (De Beriot), violin solo by Louisa Anzeletti; Spanish duet, "La

26 Baby Ostriches Just Hatched

Special Discounts on all
Hats, Ties, Fans and Plumets till end of June.

—25 CENTS—

Hand Trip—including admission to Farm from 11 till 6 p.m. today—Sunday.

BLANCHARD HALL—Can be engaged for concerts, receptions, receptions
and general public purposes. **Blanchard Building Music and Art Studio.**

ASSEMBLY—Fiesta Park—SUNDAY, 2:30 P.M. Southern California
Admission Free. Subject to A.D.A.A. Adm.

Ville de Paris

in proper form, and should reach the
not later than 10 a.m. Saturday.]

NUU. **FREEDERSTIAN**
H. Teuth and Figures (Grisen)
Organ, "Ostetore" (Grisen)
Duo" (Lanning) "Glow
Nervin" response (Grisen)
Organ, "Bullard" (Grisen)
Luce; and De Bill" (Grisen)
Luce; organ, "March" (Wag-
ner)
Organ, "Andante" (Wag-
ner)
The King of Love My Shepherd
is; offertory, "Come Holy
Wagner)
Organ, "Home Home" (Freder-
ick)
Organ, "Postlude" (Wag-
ner)
FREEDERSTIAN CHURCH
Luce and Twentieth (Wag-
ner)
Organ, "March Postlude" (Wag-
ner)
Tombelle" "Magellan"
Imper; "Gloria Patri" (Buck)
"Holy, Holy" (Hill)
Organ, "Standing" (Grisen)
"Psalter"
Organ, "Intermission"
"Gloria in Excelsis"
"Gloria in Excelsis" "O. H. H."

JOHN'S CHURCH, Adams and
streets. Morning: Praise.
John: processional, "Jeru-
salem, Golden" (Kings); "Ven-
te" (Dun); "The Lord Is
true" (Barbary); "Angels Patri-
anthem, "O How Amiable"
recessional, "For All the
Barbary;" postlude (Blink-
er); "A Colossal Prelude," "Eleva-
tation" (Barbary); "The
Saint-Songs; (Processional,
Mark, My Soul" (Smart);
"Songing (Tallis); "Magnificat
" Nunc Dimittis (Bennett);
"I Will Lay Me Down in
"The Radiant" hymn, "The Radiant
with Paved Aisle" (Quinn);
"I Will Lay Me" (Mori-
son).

Improvisation. W. F. Chase.
RIANA'S CATHEDRAL. Main
 At 10:30 o'clock the chorus
 render the mass in G major.
 Witzke, the soloists being
 Lucie A. Kottmeyer, soprano;
 Le Scanlon, contralto; J. J.
 Mer, and Joseph Scott, bass.
 Story, Misses Kottmeyer, and
 will sing the duet, "Ecce
 Doniasteti. A. J. Stamm,
 and director.

Organ, (a) allegretto (Gade);
tto (Battiste); (c) melody
their, "Te Deum in D" (Buck);
Lord, Most Holy" (Abt);
"Holy City" (Adams). Mr.
organ, postlude (Colby). F.
organist and director.

Mr. Hile, Miss Timmons
sella choir.
: "O Come, Let Us Wor-
tunnel); offertory, "Holy
Prince Divine" (Read). Mrs.
and quartette. Mrs. C. G.
irector.
CHURCH (Blanchard Hall.)
The God of Abraham
Buck). Unitarian Quartette;
"Lift Up Thine Eyes" (Al-
spence, "May the Words"
er); chant, "Lord's Prayer"

Mrs. Ott Haralan, director.
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
 Fourth and Hill streets. Morn-
 ing communion in G. (Bathists);
 "Excelsis" (Schnecker);
 "Ari" (Nevin); response
 postlude (Mendelssohn).
 Prelude (Chadwick); af-
 ternoon Unto Me, Ye Weary
 March (Meyerbeer.)
CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN
 Morning; voluntary. Miss

Lord's Prayer" (Dank;) response (Mala;) anthem, "Malle" (Barnby;) offertory is a Land of Pure Delight.) Miss Malle and quartet.

Anthem, "The Lord is My Foodman;" offertory solo, "Divine" (Nevin.) Miss Torrey, soloist.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH, 100 North and South Hope streets. "The Beautiful Country" solo, quartet.

"Some Time" (Bulley),
Lettie; solo, "Les Rameaux"
B. Landrum; response,
man.

CENT'S CHURCH, corner
ton street and Grand ave-
ne 10:30 o'clock mass the
sing Weber's "Mass in C."
being Miss H. Knicker-
J. J. Schallert, Mrs. I.

man, Miss Rademacher, and
Ilvan, Taylor and Hayes.
offertory, Miss Florence
Mrs. Sheldon Borden will
stein's "O Salutaris." De-
mon, Miss Cressy will sing
lor," by Effiegr. T. W.
nist and director.

-COLORADO OUT-OFF.

DANCE SAVED BETWEEN

Los Angeles to Mojave it is 180 miles. From Mojave to Keeler it is 100 miles. The Southern Pacific line from Los Angeles to Keeler the Carson and Colorado is touched. From Keeler to a point on the last-named line is 100 miles. By building the Colorado line at Lunenburg the distance of 123 miles the

down from Pallade, on Pacific, is reached. From Pallade is eighty-four miles to Ogden is 208 miles distance, then, from Ogden to C-ten by Uncle Carson and Colorado is 673 miles. It is 523 miles from San Francisco to Ogden. Therefore, almost the whole to Sacramento in going to that point would be saved.

from the terraces at Truckee
be saved.
Salt Lake and Los Angeles
compare in distances an
from Los Angeles to Barstow
is 141 miles; from Bar-
stow on the extension of the
Great Line toward this city is
and from Milford to Salt
Lake. The total distance,
from this city to Salt Lake
would be 794 miles, or
miles less than by the
Colorado route.

...road cut-off.
Pacific right-of-way man,
...n over the route from
Luning recently, says he
...t that the Southern Pa-
...will at an early day build
...He thinks that road is
...join the Santa Fe in
...road from Milford to Bar-
...ould come too near paral-
...t-off.
...s people may hope that
...true. That would leave
...s and Los Angeles enter-

some other road. Certain-
one of those which now
and bank up there would
to close the gap of about
miles between Nevada



THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1936.

Paris

The Pioneer Broadway Dry Goods Store

departments Inter

Insurance Sale

Beautiful Silks

Novelty Silks

Worth \$1.50

Worth \$1.50

Worth \$1.50

Worth \$1.50

Worth \$1.50

Worth \$1.50

Worth \$1.50

Worth \$1.50

Worth \$1.50

Worth \$1.50

Worth \$1.50

Worth \$1.50

Worth \$1.50

Worth \$1.50

Worth \$1.50

Worth \$1.50



Summer Sale of Muslin Underwear

A BARGAIN MOVEMENT THAT WILL DRAW YOU IN SPITE OF YOURSELF.

Prices are reduced all along the line. Why? Just because we can—because you like it—because you will think more of us for doing it. There's no woman around here who wouldn't like to save money on her muslin under clothes. It's a failing we all have—that's why All you women should read all these prices. Every one means a decided saving, but not at the sacrifice of the garments. The prices are all the result of cheap buying, but not cheap making. Don't you know, there are factories whose sole object is to see how cheap they can make their underwear? We are safe then in saying that It's impossible to buy good muslin underwear for less than we ask.

But these are prices that can't last very long. Will you buy now, or wait and pay more?

Hooks and Eyes
The best quality, made in U.S.A.
1-2c

Dress Shields
Oftentimes the best quality, made in U.S.A.
4c

Hat Elastic
The best quality, made in U.S.A.
1c

Belt Buckles
The best quality, made in U.S.A.
5c

Coin Purses
The best quality, made in U.S.A.
1c

Ladies' Garters
The best quality, made in U.S.A.
9c

Gowns, Have Been Reduced

33c—worth 59c.
Empire or high neck, lace yokes, with cambric revers, torcheon insertion, edged with three inch cambric ruffles.
69c—worth 75c.
Muslin or cambric, empire style, lace yokes, with shirred lace revers, neck and sleeves edged with torcheon lace and ribbon; also an empire style, with tucked yokes, embroidered and hemstitched, large collars, with lawn ruffles, hemstitched, or here's a plain, high necked gown with fine tucked yokes and cambric ruffles.

Corset Covers.

23c—worth 35c.
Muslin or cambric, square, V or round neck, tucked or insertion yokes, embroidery or lace trimmed, tight fitting or full fronts.
49c—worth 69c.
Fine cambric, round yokes of embroidery insertion, Valenciennes lace edging, boucous of lace on neck and sleeves—full front.

Chemises Cheap This Week.

18c—Worth 25c.
Muslin, edged with linen lace, full width.
37c—Worth 50c.
Muslin, square yokes of tucking and embroidery insertion, edged with fine cambric ruffles, around neck and arms, cluster of tucks and boucous on the bottom.
53c—Worth 75c.
Muslin, square yokes of fine tucking and three rows of Hamburg insertion, cluster of tucks and fine cambric boucous on bottom.

Drawers, very special Values

14c—worth 22c.
Muslin, umbrella style, deep cambric boucous, yoke bands.
69c—worth 75c.
Fine cambric, with a boucous of hand-some torcheon lace and two rows of insertion with tucking, also, umbrella style, with cluster of tucks and deep embroidery boucous.
47c—worth 60c.
Muslin or cambric, one style is trimmed with five inches embroidery boucous and a row of embroidery insertion; another with cluster of tucks and an embroidery boucous, another with cluster of tucks hemstitched, and a deep cambric boucous trimmed with hemstitching and embroidery.

Silks Worth \$1 to \$1.50 for 59c

SALE STARTS MONDAY MORNING. THE 200 YARDS WILL LIKELY GO IN A HURRY. And they are just the silks you are asking for. It's the most striking and characteristic offer of our brilliant Bargain series; instead of being yardage remnants, they are piece remnants; isn't that fine? You can have just as little or just as much as you like. We expect to sell a great deal of this for future use. Wise women always take advantage of end-of-the-season prices to lay in a supply. For black figured gros grain, worth 89c, this sale only. For short lengths of fancy gros grain silks, worth \$1.25 to \$1.50 for plain silk poplin, worth from \$1.00 to \$1.25 a yard. For lace stripe taffetas, assorted widths, worth \$1.00.

Ladies' Suits Reduced.

PRICES LESS THAN HALF—CLOSING-OUT TIME. But so long as there are still several months of wearing for these suits, there's no woman who cannot appreciate this offer. Perhaps you had thought to defer yourself a suit on account of the cost, or maybe you need a second one to fill. Now's your chance—this is an opportunity for us to let you to hurry—these half-price suits do that for us.

\$9 Suits \$4.48.
Of vestments, homespun, ladies' cloth or chevrons—neatly and stylishly made in all the new and charming ways—either fly front or Eton jackets, many of them appliqued. If you come soon enough you will get a large assortment of splendid choice—a fine variety of the best shades. While they last.

\$35 Suits \$17.50.
Handsome broadcloths and homespun, made up in the prevailing Eton style, with large revers and collar of white silk, elaborately corded with soutache braid—suits of same. Skirt is silk lined—with 12 rows of stitching on the bottom and the favorite box-pleat back. Other Eton suits are hand-somely appliqued. Of course the skirts all have. But remember, it's a chance.

Ice Cream Freezers are Cheap.

CHEAPER THAN THEY ARE ANYWHERE ELSE. We would not bother you with them if we didn't know we could save you money on them. What is true of Freezers, is true of anything else we have. If you come here, you may expect to pay less than if you go any place else.

The White Mountain Freezer.
3 qt. \$1.88.
4 qt. \$2.58.
The Arctic Freezer.
3 qt. \$1.88.
4 qt. \$1.94.
Plaid for Children—30 inches wide, in pretty combinations of bright colorings, especially nice for knit suits: worth 15c. to go Monday at.....
Taffeta—20 in. wide, in pastel and staple shades, sold elsewhere at 50c. our price Monday.....
White Duck—Suitable for shirts and suits. An excellent quality that can be had elsewhere at less than 15c; take it Monday at.....

Boys' Vestee Suits, 98c.

EVERYONE IS WORTH \$2.00. That's a lot, it's an accident and an incident of trade, and you will have to be as quick as we were, to profit by it. They are the Summer clothes for boys from 8 to 10 years old. They fit well and are quite dainty, of fancy character with deep collar, buttoned with braid. Here are some other good things for boys: Boys' 25c Wash Pants, 11c—Of soft crash, made with taped seams for boys from 8 to 10 years old. Child's 25c Tam O'Shanter, 11c—Full, soft crown, very neat and dainty, suitable for children up to 10 years old. Child's 25c Salliors, 12c—Of double canton braid, with streamers to match.

Woolen and Cotton Dress Goods.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SAVE MONEY—AND LOTS OF IT.

Colored Homespun—In gray, brown and blue mixtures—worth 39c. Monday.....
Colored Homespun—36 in. wide in blues, grays and castors. Regular 35c value, Monday.....
Novelty Suitings—36 in. wide and in browns, blues, reds, grays and tan. Sold ordinarily for 35c. Special Monday.....

Whipcord Serges—In blue, brown, gray and red. A quality for which others ask 20c—our Monday price.....
Black and Navy Blue—Excellent for bathing suits. Sold by others at 35c; our Monday price.....
Crash Suitings—30 inches wide, a good strong quality, excellent for beach and outing wear. Sold regularly at 10c; our price Monday.....

Carloads of Fruit Jars and Jelly Cups.

You can't buy by the carload any cheaper than we can sell to you by the dozen. We've a reputation, you know for selling fruit jars and jelly cups. We've forever spoiled high prices on these goods in this section. If you can't come to the store drop us a card. We'll send your order to you.

Mason's New Kind of Fruit Jars
They are machine blown, which does away with the bubbles and rough edges, leaving them smooth and of uniform thickness. Everyone has a porcelain lined top.
Jelly Cups are Very Cheap
—and very good. Every one is of solid, heavy glass and they all have tin tops. If we had waited until we needed them, to buy them, we could never make these prices.
1-3 Pints 23c Doz. 1-2 Pints 31c Doz.
Now don't wait too long to buy. Telephone or write if you can't call.

Pints, 57c Dozen. Quarts, 69c Dozen. Two Quarts, 94c Dozen.

Men's Dollar Shirts 79c.

NEED SUMMER SHIRTS? HERE'S YOUR CHANCE.

Two lines will be on sale Monday at fully a quarter under their worth. Fancy Striped Gilt Shirts—Of fancy striped madras cloth, silk fronts to match. The patterns are new and what you want—shirts are all perfectly made. Or 24 in. Bosom Percale Shirts, in fancy patterns, with cuffs to match. Take your choice, Monday, 79c.
15c Half Hose 9c.
A fancy cotton stocking, seamless, and with double heels and toes—instead of 15c, they are 9c, Monday.
Men's Underwear 48c.
French Balbriggan garments, splendidly made and nicely trimmed. If you come Monday you may buy them for 48c a garment.
50c Underwear 37½c.
Derby-ribbed Balbriggan, shirts or drawers, silk trimmed and with pearl buttons; our price, Monday, 37½c.
Boys' Shirt Waists 15c.
In nice, neat patterns, well made, ages four to thirteen.

Oxfords

For Ladies Are Reduced.

Good Oxfords—pretty Oxfords—stylish Oxfords—just the Oxfords you want and for which you would be willing to pay full prices. But we want more of you to know about our shoe department and there is nothing like low prices to get you acquainted.
Ladies' White Canvas Oxfords—French heels, kid trimmed, hand turned soles, always sold for \$1.48—Monday.....
Ladies' Fawn Colored Oxford Ties—Very swell and stylish, made of pure linen, with opera heels—the new Hosiery last; Monday.....
Ladies' Tan Oxford Ties—Military heels, new Vassar last, hand well, extension soles, the latest thing in walking shoes—Monday.....



Ladies' Oxfords—Of vic kid, either black or dark brown, the best patterns ever shown in a \$2 shoe—these to go Monday at.....
Ladies' Bicycle Boots—High laced ones—the best fitting boot on the market, designed and made in a factory producing nothing but bicycle boots for ladies; Monday.....
Little Gent's Shoes—In tan or black, laced, with lace hooks, a fall line of tan or vic kid, sizes 9 to 13. Monday only.....

Sale of Garden Supplies.

Commencing tomorrow, we will put on sale several garden necessities, at specially reduced prices, for instance:

Garden Hose at 5c a Foot.
1/2 inch, 3-ply superior, 75 ft. long, guaranteed for two seasons, \$1.00.
Hose Menders 5c Dozen.
Of hard wood.
The Best Rakes 23c.
Maltese iron, well finished, light and durable, tin teeth.
Weeder Hoes, 23c.
Best steel blade on one side and four prong teeth on the other.
Garden Trowels, special 2c.

Youth's Lace Shoes—Of real calf, standard, cow foot, fastened, coin toes, solid leather inner soles and counters—sizes 13 to 5. Monday only.....
Ladies' Shoes—Of kangaroo calf, lace or button, good, soft upper cut, heavy soles; fits as nicely as a fine kid, and only.....
Men's Slippers—Imitation alligator, trimmed with patent leather; low heels, made for ease and comfort. Monday.....

THE BUSY STORE---FOURTH AND BROADWAY.

Jacoby Bros. Merchant Tailors.

Come to us any business day of the year for made-to-order clothes and you get full value for every dollar you leave with us. Not one cent do you pay "regulation"—not a penny more than the penny worth goes into the clothes we make for you. It may be material or it may be labor, or both but it's ours.

There is no mystery about our tailoring—good tailoring means good material, good work, and a cutter who must be thorough. Our workmen are skilled—either we would get others to employ a cutter who knows the knack of fitting individual figure and our work of Foreign and Domestic clothes is complete in every detail.

Come here any day—order a suit and you'll pay us less than any other first class tailor will charge you for the same suit and work.

Come here now and you'll save \$5.00 less than usual—by reducing our stock of summer and winter woolsens. Our garments we make fit—perfectly or we keep it.

Best Tailoring—Second Floor.

Women's Wrappers.

Trimmed in all sorts of pretty ways—still they are all from the lowest priced to the best—made in one way—that is—made well. Tight back—full front, ninety-nine women out of a hundred want it that way—the lowest priced ones are full and roomy at the bottom—not a single skimpy wrapper in the lot.

- 89c worth 1.00 and 1.25.
- 98c, were 1.50.
- 1.39, were 2.00.
- 1.88, were 2.50.
- 2.23, were 3.00.
- 2.98, were 3.50 and 4.00.

Wrappers—Third Floor.

Women's Wash Suits.

Have you ever heard of crash or pique or linen? Wash suits that are very pretty and shapely until they went to the laundry? Come to us—our wash suits are too long, or four inches too short, and with sleeves that are tips? Looked like burlap or anything excepting what you would expect. We've heard of that sort and we've steered clear of it. You must pay so little that quality must be sacrificed to reach us—our wash suits or skirts won't suit. We've reduced prices on these garments—want you to learn the difference between good—good—and worthy and trash.

- | | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Pique Suits. | 4.75 instead of 6.00 | 6.35 instead of 8.00 |
| Linen Suits. | 7.85 instead of 10.00 | 8.25 instead of 11.00 |
| Bedford Cord Suits. | 6.35 instead of 8.00 | 4.75 instead of 6.00 |
| | 9.75 instead of 12.00 | 7.85 instead of 10.00 |
| | \$6.35 were \$8.00. | |

Wash Skirts.

We've read what we've said about wash suits, you know the truth about wash skirts. We want to sell you good skirts at less than you'll have to pay elsewhere—but an unworthy garment will not be here at any price.

- 1.25 for 1.75 crash skirts.
- Pique Skirts. 1.35, 1.95, 2.25, 2.75, 3.00, 3.75 and 4.00.
- Linen Skirts. 1.75, 2.50, 3.00, 4.00, 4.50, 4.75 and 5.00.
- 2.25, 3.25 and 3.50.
- 3.00, 4.50 and 4.75.

Corsets.

Women tell us our \$1 corset is quite a little the best corset sold for \$1. We pay a little more—make a little less profit and you get a better corset and think better of us. That's worth more to us than the extra profit.

- 50c Summer Corsets 39c.
- Long or short waists.
- 75c Corsets for 45c.

\$1 Women's Gloves 80c.

Have you tried the "Royal" kid glove? We pay more for the Royal than is paid for any \$1 glove in this city. We pay more because it is the best glove. We are selling them for 80c to induce you to try a pair; after that you'll pay \$1 willingly. All shades, fitted, guaranteed.

- 25c lisle gloves 18c.
- 35c lisle gloves 23c.
- 35c lisle gauntlets 25c.
- 5c silk taffeta 35c.

Shirt Waist Sale.

Too many styles to describe—the quantity to choose from is bewildering—prices will make you buy two just out of one.

- Women's White Waists. 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 80c, 85c, 90c, 95c, 1.00, 1.05, 1.10, 1.15, 1.20, 1.25, 1.30, 1.35, 1.40, 1.45, 1.50, 1.55, 1.60, 1.65, 1.70, 1.75, 1.80, 1.85, 1.90, 1.95, 2.00, 2.05, 2.10, 2.15, 2.20, 2.25, 2.30, 2.35, 2.40, 2.45, 2.50, 2.55, 2.60, 2.65, 2.70, 2.75, 2.80, 2.85, 2.90, 2.95, 3.00, 3.05, 3.10, 3.15, 3.20, 3.25, 3.30, 3.35, 3.40, 3.45, 3.50, 3.55, 3.60, 3.65, 3.70, 3.75, 3.80, 3.85, 3.90, 3.95, 4.00, 4.05, 4.10, 4.15, 4.20, 4.25, 4.30, 4.35, 4.40, 4.45, 4.50, 4.55, 4.60, 4.65, 4.70, 4.75, 4.80, 4.85, 4.90, 4.95, 5.00, 5.05, 5.10, 5.15, 5.20, 5.25, 5.30, 5.35, 5.40, 5.45, 5.50, 5.55, 5.60, 5.65, 5.70, 5.75, 5.80, 5.85, 5.90, 5.95, 6.00, 6.05, 6.10, 6.15, 6.20, 6.25, 6.30, 6.35, 6.40, 6.45, 6.50, 6.55, 6.60, 6.65, 6.70, 6.75, 6.80, 6.85, 6.90, 6.95, 7.00, 7.05, 7.10, 7.15, 7.20, 7.25, 7.30, 7.35, 7.40, 7.45, 7.50, 7.55, 7.60, 7.65, 7.70, 7.75, 7.80, 7.85, 7.90, 7.95, 8.00, 8.05, 8.10, 8.15, 8.20, 8.25, 8.30, 8.35, 8.40, 8.45, 8.50, 8.55, 8.60, 8.65, 8.70, 8.75, 8.80, 8.85, 8.90, 8.95, 9.00, 9.05, 9.10, 9.15, 9.20, 9.25, 9.30, 9.35, 9.40, 9.45, 9.50, 9.55, 9.60, 9.65, 9.70, 9.75, 9.80, 9.85, 9.90, 9.95, 10.00, 10.05, 10.10, 10.15, 10.20, 10.25, 10.30, 10.35, 10.40, 10.45, 10.50, 10.55, 10.60, 10.65, 10.70, 10.75, 10.80, 10.85, 10.90, 10.95, 11.00, 11.05, 11.10, 11.15, 11.20, 11.25, 11.30, 11.35, 11.40, 11.45, 11.50, 11.55, 11.60, 11.65, 11.70, 11.75, 11.80, 11.85, 11.90, 11.95, 12.00, 12.05, 12.10, 12.15, 12.20, 12.25, 12.30, 12.35, 12.40, 12.45, 12.50, 12.55, 12.60, 12.65, 12.70, 12.75, 12.80, 12.85, 12.90, 12.95, 13.00, 13.05, 13.10, 13.15, 13.20, 13.25, 13.30, 13.35, 13.40, 13.45, 13.50, 13.55, 13.60, 13.65, 13.70, 13.75, 13.80, 13.85, 13.90, 13.95, 14.00, 14.05, 14.10, 14.15, 14.20, 14.25, 14.30, 14.35, 14.40, 14.45, 14.50, 14.55, 14.60, 14.65, 14.70, 14.75, 14.80, 14.85, 14.90, 14.95, 15.00, 15.05, 15.10, 15.15, 15.20, 15.25, 15.30, 15.35, 15.40, 15.45, 15.50, 15.55, 15.60, 15.65, 15.70, 15.75, 15.80, 15.85, 15.90, 15.95, 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23.15, 23.20, 23.25, 23.30, 23.35, 23.40, 23.45, 23.50, 23.55, 23.60, 23.65, 23.70, 23.75, 23.80, 23.85, 23.90, 23.95, 24.00, 24.05, 24.10, 24.15, 24.20, 24.25, 24.30, 24.35, 24.40, 24.45, 24.50, 24.55, 24.60, 24.65, 24.70, 24.75, 24.80, 24.85, 24.90, 24.95, 25.00, 25.05, 25.10, 25.15, 25.20, 25.25, 25.30, 25.35, 25.40, 25.45, 25.50, 25.55, 25.60, 25.65, 25.70, 25.75, 25.80, 25.85, 25.90, 25.95, 26.00, 26.05, 26.10, 26.15, 26.20, 26.25, 26.30, 26.35, 26.40, 26.45, 26.50, 26.55, 26.60, 26.65, 26.70, 26.75, 26.80, 26.85, 26.90, 26.95, 27.00, 27.05, 27.10, 27.15, 27.20, 27.25, 27.30, 27.35, 27.40, 27.45, 27.50, 27.55, 27.60, 27.65, 27.70, 27.75, 27.80, 27.85, 27.90, 27.95, 28.00, 28.05, 28.10, 28.15, 28.20, 28.25, 28.30, 28.35, 28.40, 28.45, 28.50, 28.55, 28.60, 28.65, 28.70, 28.75, 28.80, 28.85, 28.90, 28.95, 29.00, 29.05, 29.10, 29.15, 29.20, 29.25, 29.30, 29.35, 29.40, 29.45, 29.50, 29.55, 29.60, 29.65, 29.70, 29.75, 29.80, 29.85, 29.90, 29.95, 30.00, 30.05, 30.10, 30.15, 30.20, 30.25, 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66.05, 66.10, 66.15, 66.20, 66.25, 66.30, 66.35, 66.40, 66.45, 66.50, 66.55, 66.60, 66.65, 66.70, 66.75, 66.80, 66.85, 66.90, 66.95, 67.00, 67.05, 67.10, 67.15, 67.20, 67.25, 67.30, 67.35, 67.40, 67.45, 67.50, 67.55, 67.60, 67.65, 67.70, 67.75, 67.80, 67.85, 67.90, 67.95, 68.00, 68.05, 68.10, 68.15, 68.20, 68.25, 68.30, 68.35, 68.40, 68.45, 68.50, 68.55, 68.60, 68.65, 68.70, 68.75, 68.80, 68.85, 68.90, 68.95, 69.00, 69.05, 69.10, 69.15, 69.20, 69.25, 69.30, 69.35, 69.40, 69.45, 69.50, 69.55, 69.60, 69.65, 69.70, 69.75, 69.80, 69.85, 69.90, 69.95, 70.00, 70.05, 70.10, 70.15, 70.20, 70.25, 70.30, 70.35, 70.40, 70.45, 70.50, 70.55, 70.60, 70.65, 70.70, 70.75, 70.80, 70.85, 70.90, 70.95, 71.00, 71.05, 71.10, 71.15, 71.20, 71.25, 71.30, 71.35, 71.40, 71.45, 71.50, 71.55, 71.60, 71.65, 71.70, 71.75, 71.80, 71.85, 71.90, 71.95, 72.00, 72.05, 72.10, 72.15, 72.20, 72.25, 72.30, 72.35, 72.40, 72.45, 72.50, 72.55, 72.60, 72.65, 72.70, 72.75, 72.80, 72.85, 72.90, 72.95, 73.00, 73.05, 73.10, 73.15, 73.20, 73.25, 73.30, 73.35, 73.40, 73.45, 73.50, 73.55, 73.60, 73.65, 73.70, 73.75, 73.80, 73.85, 73.90, 73.95, 74.00, 74.05, 74.10

Furni- ticles.

This Week.
.....\$11.
.....\$13
.....\$16

This Week.
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Made Her Beautiful.

Every Lady in the Land Can Now
Have a Beautiful Skin.

A TRIAL BOX FREE.

Every lady who reads her name and address of a celebrated beauty expert, will receive a trial box of the famous "Kiss" cream, containing all the secrets of the "Kiss" beauty system.



For a trial box of the famous "Kiss" cream, containing all the secrets of the "Kiss" beauty system, write to Kiss Beauty Co., 1000 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

LETTERS TO THE TIMES.

(The Times truly publishes the views of its readers, without holding them responsible for the opinions expressed.)

Now About This!

LOS ANGELES, June 14.—(To the Editor of the Times) "Two weeks ago, in the second year, I was asked a question: 'What is the meaning of the word "Kiss"?' My answer was: 'Kiss is a verb, and it means to kiss.'"

Mr. Brown's Dismissal

ARRIVILLE (N. C.), June 4, 1938.—(To the Editor of the Times) I have just seen your article in the Times of June 4, 1938, regarding the dismissal of Mr. Brown from the position of...

CLAIMS AGAINST RUSSIA

AMBASSADOR TOWER ARRIVES

LA. P. DAY REPORT

WASHINGTON, June 14.—Ambassador of the Soviet Union, Mr. Litvinov, arrived in Los Angeles today for a visit to the city.

NEW OIL COMPANY

If good men are any indication, one of the strongest companies in the California Oil Company, with large holdings of proven oil land in the Pullerton, Whittier and Ventura districts, the names of its directors being as follows: W. F. West, Los Angeles; E. G. Jackson, Redlands; J. E. Green, Jr., Pasadena; C. E. Price, Los Angeles; Judge F. W. Greer, San Bernardino; George M. Hawley, San Diego; J. R. Westbrook, Los Angeles; K. C. Wells, Redlands; A. P. West, Los Angeles; A. Hadley, Los Angeles.



Never Fails to Restore Youth

For color, life and beauty to gray, white or bleached hair. Promotes thick, often growth. Does not stain scalp or clothing.

Always Gives Perfect Satisfaction

Cures dandruff and scalp diseases. A clean, beautiful, delicately perfumed dressing for men and women. Does not stain scalp or clothing.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED

At home by an ear, nose and throat specialist. No surgery. No pain. No expense. Write to Dr. J. H. Smith, 1000 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Road to Montebello

AND THE ROAD TO WEALTH IS PLAIN.

IN FACT THEY ARE ONE AND THE SAME

East on Seventh street from Main to Boyle avenue, north on Boyle avenue one block to Stephenson avenue, thence east on straight road four miles to Montebello. Easy to find. See above map.

MONTABELLO 5 and 10 acre lots offer to the homemaker and the investor an opportunity to secure a choice income-producing home near Los Angeles on easy payments.

MONTABELLO as an investment is as sound as a dollar. You can go to sleep with the confidence that it will be worth all you paid for it when you wake up, and the longer you sleep the more it will be worth.

Send for the Free Book All About Montebello.
K. COHN & CO., 415 North Main Street, Los Angeles.

QUALITY WITH US IS THE FIRST CONSIDERATION.

That secured, we hammer down the prices to make them acceptable to you—we do not sell trash and have no old stock to offer you—our goods are all fresh and new.

Specials for Tomorrow and Remaining Days of the Week

Shirt Waists.

Percale Waists, handkerchief collar and French back; regular price 25c; special price 19c.

Percale Waists, French back, fancy stripes, handkerchief collar; regular price 35c; special price 29c.

Colored Lawn Waists, French back, handkerchief collar; regular price 35c; special price 29c.

White Figured Pique Waists, handkerchief collar; regular price 35c; special price 29c.

White Figured Pique Waists, handkerchief collar; regular price 35c; special price 29c.

Crash Suits and Skirts

Crash Suits with short jackets; regular price \$12.99; special price \$10.99.

Crash Suits with long jackets; regular price \$14.99; special price \$12.99.

Crash Skirts, regular price \$1.99; special price \$1.49.

Crash Skirts, regular price \$1.99; special price \$1.49.

Crash Skirts, regular price \$1.99; special price \$1.49.

Bathing Garments.

Bathing Suits with short jackets; regular price 25c; special price 19c.

Bathing Suits with long jackets; regular price 35c; special price 29c.

Bathing Suits with short jackets; regular price 25c; special price 19c.

Bathing Suits with long jackets; regular price 35c; special price 29c.

Bathing Suits with short jackets; regular price 25c; special price 19c.

Goodenough Sheldon & Co.
155 S. Spring St. Los Angeles, Cal.

NO BLACK POTS NO ASHES NOS OOT

Perfect Baking
Broiling
Toasting

AT THE NEW RATE JULY 1
Gas With No Only
\$1.00 per 1000 cu. ft.

CHEAPEST FUEL ON EARTH

Applications at Absolute Cost
Los Angeles Lighting Co.

OLD Crowns or Teeth

When a tooth is no longer decayed or broken away that filling would not prove successful or permanent. We cover the entire tooth with a gold shell (commonly called cap or crown) it carries the entire weight of the tooth and is made to fit the shape of the tooth. It is finished with a cement which sets and hardens like concrete and holds for a lifetime. This cement also acts as a filling and protects the tooth from decay and decay.

I have had porcelain crown work and same filling done, and also had my teeth and roots extracted by Dr. Schiffman, and take great pleasure in recommending his method to anyone wishing dental work done without pain.

Dr. Schiffman, 107 North Spring St., Los Angeles.

RATTAN FURNITURE

Nearly a carload of elegant rattan furniture, comprising all the very latest novelties in chairs, rockers, settees, tabourettes, tables, etc., etc.; endless variety of styles. Reduced and popular prices that will positively interest you. Pleased to show you.

Rockers like cut \$3.75.

ALLEN'S 345-347 S. SPRING ST. BET. THIRD & FOURTH STS

AUCTION.

I am instructed by Mr. A. J. Jones, proprietor of the Lion Woolen Co., to sell the entire stock of the

Lion Woolen Co., 222 South Broadway, Los Angeles

JUNE 18, at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.

And continuing until the entire stock is disposed of. The above consists of about 20,000 worth of Lion Woolen Co. goods, such as sweaters, shirts, pajamas, etc., and a full line of Tailor's Trimmings.

A Special Sale FOR LADIES—Of about 2000 worth of Lion Woolen Co. goods, such as sweaters, shirts, pajamas, etc., and a full line of Tailor's Trimmings.

C. M. STEVENS, Auctioneer.

Your Money No Good

To us unless our wines prove satisfactory in every way.

1-year-old Port, per gallon.....	50c	10-year-old Port Sherry, per gallon.....	\$1.50
5-year-old Sherry, per gallon.....	65c	Old Bourbon Whisky, per quart.....	50c
Smooth, Blended, per gallon.....	50c		

.... FREE SAMPLES

Edward Germain Wine Co., 397-399 Los Angeles St., Cor. 4th.
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THE TIMES—June 17, 1938.

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THE PUBLIC SERVICE: THINGS IN THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS.

EVENTS OF THE DAY.
Formal notification that the San Francisco quarantine has been dissolved by order of the Federal court reached this city yesterday in a telegram from Dr. J. J. Kinyoun.

What with the uprising of the Boreas in China, the quarantine in San Francisco, and the recent epidemic of cholera in the Philippines, the health authorities of this city, China today is a hot spot in the world's map.

Further complications have arisen in the water controversy. Since Attorney J. R. Root, associate counsel for the city, has been notified by the city engineer that the water company has been made into a public utility.

Formal notification that the quarantine has been lifted from the Chinese district in San Francisco, supposed to have been infected by the bubonic plague, reached this city yesterday in the following dispatch to the Board of Health:

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Benj. W. Hahn, President.....	Pasadena
Geo. Easton, Vice-President.....	Los Angeles
Frank A. Nance, Secretary.....	Los Angeles

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Los Angeles Sunday Times

JUNE 17, 1900.

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BUTTERFLY CHASING.



England's active work has just begun.

Before we leave the convention hall let us have one more incident. She took off her hat. She was the one man in the hall to be incommoded by the hat. Yet when the president of the Callation rose to a question of privilege and asked the ladies to remove their hats, she was the one to be incommoded by the hat.

...with apples, and every basket
...thousand women, representatives of the
...intellectual, social and business woman
...graciously recognized the fact that the
...the biennial, with the maddening and
...was out of place when it was in the
...at the lecture, or in church.

"...woman, however practical and progressive and
...she came to the biennial with a Saratoga
...she was loaded to the guards with the fas-
...of femininity. Unlabeled of the biennial
...to stand when she stands on parliamentary pedes-
...the heart of the woman there, warm and living,
...the man's convention carries nothing
...and about the last day of the conven-
...collier that has added a new stripe of cer-
...shade to both edges, proclaims that there
...on that. The big baggage that goes to the
...in the baggage car usually consists of
...to read or to drink according to the
...of the campaign; of banners which may be badly
...to place for treasured souvenirs, or may be sadly
...and all away in some dark corner of the convention
...not even worth paying return freight on. But for
...she carries her campaign literature in a hand bag,
...her gown are trunks.

"...not a newspaper reader. She does not buy a copy
...paper published in the town. At the breakfast
...the man is loitering, hidden behind his paper, and for
...he exchanges grunts with his neighbor con-
...another journalistic kopy. Now and then he
...a flash of wrath against the editor who, singular
...his views of his own which he exploits through the
...of his paper, rather than those which the indignant
...carefully explained to the reporter, who interviewed
...his own. But at the breakfast tables in
...hotels, where no man had a chance to get on
...a sandwich, there was the steady buzz and ripple
...of conversation which drowned the rustle of the compar-
...the newspapers that were unfolded. She does not
...to care that her picture is in the paper; she has
...against the newspaper habit." Isolated instances
...into the dining-room with a book—a novel
...have on "To Have and To Hold" and "Prisoners
...her head. Now, you and I know very well, that
...to Philadelphia or Kansas City should come
...in the convention hall with "The Prisoner of Zenda" or
...from "Halls" under his arm, his friends would
...the audience. There is nothing wicked, or weak-
...in reading a book rather than a newspaper—even
...of the other paper—will tell you that.
...Another thing—when she does read
...she keeps it. She carries it away. She does
...it down, men-fashion, for the newsboy to gather
...all three or four times over to other men, and finally
...the publication office as "unsold."

"...not get in and out of the elevator with maddening
...her blindest, and most indulgent friend
...to admit that. During the entire session of
...I made it a rule to linger near the elevator
...to administer absolution without penance
...commercial traveler, who came out like a shot from
...a bill to settle, five trunks to weigh and check,
...mileage ticket to make out, the station ten-
...and the train due in fifteen, while heaven's
...littered in the elevator door to exchange fare-
...either "I. b. g." whom she was to meet in fif-
...at luncheon. This is certainly unmasculine,
...with her just a little bit "unsold" in this
...man goes into an elevator with the action
...reaching the rear platform of the last car. And
...it like a convict escaping from the pen-
...If you will just watch the men patronize the
...by the next biennial you will surprise
...with an accumulation of about two hours a day,
...time. And yet, somehow or other, I don't
...how—she didn't seem to lose any time
...at any other time she hurried to make
...certainly didn't make any fun about it. For she
...knows how to

"...first general session of the biennial was scheduled to
...at 9 o'clock. And at the tick of 9, Madame, the Pres-
...called the convention to order. And to order it came.
...an orderly convention. The "whispering woman"
...there, but she is no worse a nuisance than her twin
...the "bawling man." And, she was just as
...put down and kept down, by a resolute president.
...the chairman who belatedly is run over in a minute. Five
...of weakness in the chair will turn a large conven-
...into a mob. Consequently it has to be ruled with a
...of iron. Napoleonic methods are necessary. They are
...in the minority, but—see victrol The minority
...have its image when the restlessness of the whirli-
...it on top. But then it would not be the minority,
...the majority; consequently the minority might as well
...up its mind that its place is permanently on the
...ing Mr. Mrs. Rebecca Douglas Love of Georgia does
...a removed gravel. During a discussion over some
...very interesting and vitally important point of order,
...debating, arguing from opposite sides, triumphantly
...and before the chair letters from Thomas B. Reed, sus-
...both contentions. And the chair calmly waved
...the convention that Mrs. Shattuck's
...of other" was the manual which governed the de-
...of the biennial. Great is the Coar; may his
...new gown. But, to paraphrase "Mr. Dooley,"
...it is silly, the Currier might hear us. The con-
...was hard to handle. Any deliberative body of over
...debates is unwieldy, be it a body of men or
...in a body of trained legislators like our
...representatives, all the work of legislation is done
...One-third of the members of the House—
...larger proportion than that, might just as well
...and draw their salaries for all the good

or harm they do in Washington. There was the usual
amount of social life at the biennial, inseparable from all
conventions of men or women. There were teas, and re-
ceptions, and drives, and the women had a happy time. But,
the women who shaped the work of the biennial were in
the committee rooms working hard, early and late, and
when the other women returned from the reception and
tea and drive, they found everything ready for them to
vote upon—and they voted. This is not peculiar to the
biennial—any big convention of men, women, or mug-
wumps, is conducted and controlled in much the same
fashion. It is the nature of gregarious animals to follow
a leader. There was no more social recreation at the
biennial than is common to all conventions. Only, there
was more "reception" and "tea drinking. The usual pil-
grimage to all the great breweries was omitted. This was
a record breaker in the history of Milwaukee conventions.
"It is a practical demonstration to the outside world," re-
marked the gratified Milwaukee Sentinel, "that the cus-
tomary visit to the breweries is wholly voluntary with
visitors to Milwaukee, and not in compliance with require-
ments of the organic law of the city." The delegates drank
much tea in many hospitable homes, but the hotel bars
were unconventionally silent and the social thirst cures
were deserted. Now at Philadelphia and at Kansas City
the men will be able to point with pride to the fact that
the convention attended strictly to business and did not ad-
journ to eat cake and drink tea. All of which will be
strictly true. However. Nevertheless. Notwithstanding.
But.

Straightening Out the Kinks.

The papers had much fun over the fact that during one
of the tangles into which the biennial inadvertently snared
itself, as is the manner of conventions—even, sometimes,
which is to say, very often, of congresses and parliaments,
one bewildered delegate arose and besought the president
to implore the ladies to offer but one motion at a time, and
no amendment to that, as she found herself hopelessly lost
in the wilderness of motions and amendments that were
struggling for precedence. The mirth of the press men re-
minded Mrs. Sarah Platt-Decker of Denver of a chapter
in her "learning days." Knowing, in those days, that she
was but a disciple, and wisely fearing much that she
thought she did know, she made a pilgrimage to a con-
vention of wise men and distinguished legislators, provided
over by a most exceeding wise and learned judge, that she
might pick up a few un-noted crumbs of parliamentary law
and lore as the wise men shook their napkins. By and by,
as though Providence had arranged it for the instruction
of the ignorant, there arose a muddle no larger than a
man's head. Somebody stirred it with a dilatory motion;
other men poured into the mixture amendments and substi-
tutes ad lib, others laid the brands of acrimonious discus-
sion under the kettle, and others fanned the flames with
irrelevant comment, while others added to the bubbling
witches' broth, points of order and questions of privilege
until even the clear-seeing masculine mind was vaguely
conscious that it did not know where it was at. The lone
woman in the audience waited with unbroken breath—it is
the man's breath that is apt to be baited—wondering by
what miracle of parliamentary acumen this muddle might
be cleared. Easy enough. The Wise Man in the chair
calmly mopped his heated brow; coughed a deep, forensic
cough, and ponderously announced that "the chair ruled
that all motions and amendments thereto and all substi-
tutes therefor, now before the house, were out of order." Whereupon he blew a blast with his resounding nose which
no woman can imitate, and the skies were clear as a June
morning. It's all in knowing how.

An Honest Convention.

There was very little "time stealing" in it, although it
was a woman's convention, and it is usually supposed that
when once a woman begins to talk nothing on earth can
stop her. But a woman chairman can, and it was one of
the noticeable things in the fifth biennial that very rarely
—and never in the general sessions of the convention, was
one woman permitted to encroach upon another's time. In
the presentation of three-minute reports there was one
woman whose report overlapped her time two or three sen-
tences, but she worked it all in very cleverly. Promptly
on the second the gavel fell, and with obedient promptness
the speaker left the platform. But she talked all the way
to her seat down in the hall with her delegation, and as
she spoke the last word, she subsided gracefully and
triumphantly into her seat.

The worst "time stealers" on earth, bar none, are preach-
ers. Everybody knows that. The preacher himself doesn't
deny it. He is a most abandoned and conscienceless crim-
inal in this respect. He would die rather than steal a
brother's pocketbook, which really wouldn't be nearly such
a wicked thing to do, as he could, if detected, make restitu-
tion. But he will, with all deliberation, with defiant in-
sistence, even steal his brother's time, which he can never re-
place. Somehow, it is the nature of some preachers to in-
sist, with the tenacity of martyrdom, upon the "one word
more," which, in ten instances in nine, is the most un-
necessary ten or fifteen minutes in the entire discourse. I
was sorry not to see more of these slanders at the biennial.
True, there was no room for them, but it is splendid dis-
cipline for a public speaker to attend a convention where
perforce he must remain silent. He can see his faults so
clearly. He can see the numberless times where he would
have rushed glibly in, crowding madly past the children
of wisdom, who feared to tread where he ran. Possibly
that is one reason why the women do so well in their con-
ventions; because for many generations they have sat as
voiceless spectators and noted the blunders of the men who
were given to much talking.

"In Conclusion."

Finally, brethren, it was, by and large, a great conven-
tion. It was splendidly gowned, true; but "her habit was
no cozier than her purse could buy," and that is in keep-
ing with a man's advice and masculine custom.

If she had gone to her biennial badly dressed, the funny
papers would have caricatured her, and people would have
said, "What did I tell you?" There was not one clamorous
voice raised for the ballot; after listening to their discus-
sion and deliberations for a week, I cannot tell that these
women are thinking about the ballot for their sex. If they

are they are thinking very "deep." There was not a fanci-
ful, visionary paper read; no question of merely theoretical
interest discussed. The characteristic feature of the biennial
was its earnestness; its eminently practical line of thought
and purpose. And right here—the women, in every paper,
speech and discussion, had their own views; they had ideas;
they had practical plans for practical work. In four days
at the open sessions of the convention, I heard six stories.
And three of these were told in one speech. I think, in-
deed, she is not yet a very good story-teller—she can write
stories, short and long, to teach the inventor of them—if
she be not the inventor herself—but truth to say, she does
not tell them very well. But she had plenty to say with-
out the anecdotes. She did not have to "be reminded"
of some apocryphal incident which never happened to an old
fellow who never lived down at some place that never was.
A little more of this—at any rate a little more of apt
anecdotal or word-pictorial illustration would make the
biennial brighter; but anyhow she got along without it.
And that is what you never saw a man's convention do.
She is certainly very much in earnest. You never attended
a religious convention, in these latter days at any rate,
where you wouldn't hear more funny stories in the speeches
and sermons than were told at the fifth biennial of the
General Federation of Women's Clubs. It isn't, I think,
that she lacks a sense of humor, but she doesn't yet see
how it can enter into earnest and practical work.

SOME ODD TOWNS.

ONE OWNS ITSELF AND ONE IS KNOWN TO HAVE A POPULATION OF MURDERERS.

[New York Herald:] The most undisputed record among
towns is held by Huddersfield, Yorkshire. It owns itself.
Beginning life in a model dwelling owned by the town, the
young workman goes to his work in a municipal tram.
He gets his gas or electric light from the city; his wife
hires her gas stove from the city, purchases her provisions
from the city market, and sends the week's washing to the
municipal washwoman. Their children play in the city
parks, their dustbin is cleared out by the town authori-
ties, and their letters are collected by a tram, the prop-
erty of the town. If they are ill they are removed to the
town hospital; if they are unlucky in financial matters they
find a home in the municipal lodging-houses, and when
they die, rich or poor, they are buried by the town in a
cemetery owned by the town.

Bristol, says Answers, stands alone in the number of its
charitable institutions, taking into consideration the num-
ber of its inhabitants. The donations to the Muller Or-
phanage far exceed \$1,500,000. It is the boast of Bris-
tol's inhabitants that they have been the donors of the
greater amount of the above sum.

On the other hand, the city of Arona, in Italy, claims
the undisputed record of having no man among its in-
habitants who has not either committed murder or tried
to do so. For two centuries the Italian authorities have
ignored its existence, and when any criminal succeeds in
escaping to Arona he is left alone. As each wayfarer
reaches the town they are asked what crime they have
committed, and should they not be able to give very clear
proof that they have really committed some offense in
the eyes of the law, they are not allowed to enter. Some
criminal, seeing the humorous side of this, surreptitiously
posted the following: "It is easier for a camel to pass
through the eye of a needle than for an impudent man to
enter Arona."

A recent traveler in Bavaria writes: "We entered the
town of Nuremberg. It is the birthplace of the doll. The
archives say that the first dolls which were made after
the likeness of men were made in Nuremberg 1600 years
ago. From that date to the present day every working-
man, woman and child, save those who cater to the wants
of the inhabitants, spends life making dolls. The whole
town lives upon dolls, rates and every kind of tax being
paid by the price of dolly freedom. Over thirty million
dolls are exported yearly."

There are two towns in Switzerland holding undisputed
records. The municipal authorities of Braunlingen are so
rich that not only do they require the inhabitants to pay
no rates of taxes, but supply free grazing ground to
every family for one cow. Even here their generosity
finds not enough scope, and January a every year they
present every resident with a pence, a cartload of wood,
and six printed invitation cards, which the recipient is re-
quested to send to any friends of unblemished character
living elsewhere, asking them to pack up their goods and
come and live in Braunlingen. If they accept the invita-
tion, and their note to that effect is received among the
first 100, the town pays for their journey, and any ex-
tras up to the sum of £5. The money is raised from the
rents of the houses which were formerly owned by a Swiss
nobleman, whose pet object in life was to build a town.

Every inhabitant of the town of Flumgen has been a
waiter, or is the child of a waiter being trained by his
parents for that profession. The population numbers
8000-odd, and the local paper, after giving important
news of the world in three-line paragraphs, is given up
entirely to the doings of the waiter world. Thus, in one
of the later issues, the rescue of the Kimberley garrison
by Gen. French was recorded thus: "British Gen. French
has relieved Kimberley. The war continues." On another
page there was a four-column article on the terrible effect
the war is having on London waiters.

The affairs of Flumgen are presided over by a council
of inhabitants. But when any very important subject is
mooted, a general council of all the male inhabitants is
summoned. While such a council was recently sitting, a
traveler who happened to be passing through the town
put his head in at the door. The whole assembly was
waiting in silence the yearly financial announcement.
Suddenly the traveler called out "Waiter!" In a moment
the whole parliament rose as one man, shouted "Coming,
sir!" and then, after waiting some ten minutes, sauntered
toward the door. But the stranger had fled.

[Omaha Bee:] Honesty is the best policy in politics, as
well as in business. No party and no political faction can
hope to build itself up or to retain its power for any length
of time by practicing deception upon its own members or
upon the public. It sustains its name in spite of its
—only holds its position so long.

FAMOUS SIEGES OF THE BOER WAR.

BY GEN. NELSON A. MILES.
[From advance sheets of Collier's Weekly.]

IT SEEMS to have been the fate of the English to have their garrisons besieged and sometimes captured at the commencement of several of their wars. Hostilities have usually begun suddenly, and have frequently found small isolated forces beyond supporting distance from one another, which have made it necessary to open the war by sending out relief columns, thereby compelling the plan of campaign to follow, in a measure, the lines already marked out by the enemy, who has had the immense advantage of initiative.

The history of the British empire in India is filled with records of garrisons menaced or besieged, heroically holding out against great odds, while relief columns, with diminishing numbers, were hurrying to their assistance. During the Indian mutiny in 1857, it will be recalled that Cawnpore's little garrison of 400 English and several Sepoy regiments, who had remained loyal, was besieged by a well-trained force of 3000 mutineers. The siege lasted only twenty-two days, from June 5 until June 27, when the garrison capitulated to the infamous Nana, under promise of safe passage to Allahabad. The savage massacre that followed of English men, women and children, when they were crossing the Ganges, is too well known and too tragic to dwell upon. Gen. Havelock's column of relief entered Cawnpore July 17, in time to punish the rebels severely, but too late to save the garrison.

Following close on Cawnpore was the siege of Lucknow, made memorable in song and story, the poet Tennyson choosing it as the subject of one of his most stirring poems. All who can read the English language may well feel proud of the almost superhuman defense of that little band of Europeans, numbering 3000 souls all told, only 1720 of which were combatants, resisting, from July 1, 1857, until September 25, the fiendish attacks of hordes of fanatical Sepoys, numbering as many as 40,000. After eighty-seven days of siege the dwindling garrison was reinforced by Havelock's column of 3179 men, who, fighting desperately hand to hand with the natives, cut their way through, with heavy loss, to the little band cooped up in the Residency. But the siege still continued, until Sir Colin Campbell arrived at the head of a second column of 3400 fighting men, when what was left of the garrison marched out of Lucknow on November 17, in the face of over fifty thousand of the enemy, their total casualties being 735.

Later we find the present commander-in-chief of the British forces in South Africa, then an untitled officer with the rank of major-general, leading a relief expedition from Peshwar to Cabul, and from thence making his famous march to Kandahar, the title of which a grateful sovereign bestowed upon him in recognition of his brilliant services to her empire, which are so modestly told by the hero in his "Forty-one Years in India."

In February, 1895, a small police force of British soldiers, doing duty in the mountains of Northern India, found itself in danger of annihilation at the hands of the native mountaineers, and was compelled to take refuge in the old fort of Chitral. They were only a handful of some 500 or 600 men, including messengers, servants and natives, but they stood gallantly at bay in front of more than twenty times their number of hostiles, resisting siege for forty-seven days, until relieved, on April 30, by a small column which started out from Gilgit, some two hundred and twenty miles away, with 400 men and two guns.

The expeditions heretofore mentioned all successfully accomplished their mission of carrying relief to beleaguered English garrisons. They were all, except Havelock's to Cawnpore, started in time to reach their goal and rescue their comrades from complete disaster. There was one column sent into Northern Africa which, through no fault of its own or its commanders, failed to rescue. One of England's noblest and best soldiers, "Chinese" Gordon, was left almost alone in hostile Khartoum, and his government waited too long. The little expedition sent out for his relief made superhuman efforts to bring succor, but they arrived a day too late; Gordon was assassinated at his post, and England, to her shame and sorrow, lost a bulwark of the empire.

But let us turn to the stormy events in South Africa. Lord Roberts is vigorously prosecuting the war which began October 11, 1899, and which many Englishmen believed would be over in a month. Up to the present time the history of the war is found mainly in the record of the sieges of Ladysmith, Kimberley, Mafeking and Wepener, and in that of the relief columns sent to rescue these invested towns. The greatest embarrassment to the British forces so far has been the necessity of relieving the garrisons that have been isolated by the sudden, bold advance of the Boers into English territory, thus assuming an offensive attitude which, it appears, was not anticipated by the British government. The rapidity of their movements, and the courage and tenacity shown by the Boers in their attacks and assaults, were a surprise to the world, and were worthy of better results; but owing to the vigilance and fortitude of the British garrisons not a single one of these four that have been besieged has been forced to capitulate. Both sides have made for themselves records for bravery, endurance and sacrifice that will take rank with the proudest in history.

We are apt in looking at present events to describe them in the superlative, losing sight of perspective. The war of the year is the greatest, the defense of the month is the bravest, the battle of the hour is the bloodiest in moving events. Before going somewhat into detail concerning the sieges and relief of British garrisons in South Africa, let us, in order that there may be a better sense of proportion, take a cursory glance at a few of the famous sieges in history. Some figures will have to be called into service, which, although dry reading, are safer for the purposes of comparison than varying degrees of adjectives.

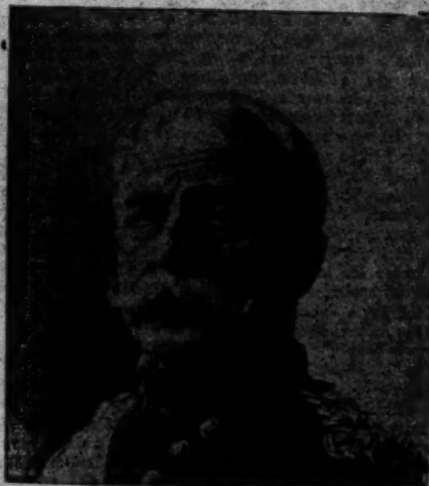
One of the most memorable sieges of which there is a reliable record, considering the disparity in numbers between

the besiegers and besieged, as well as the fortitude of the defense, is that of the island of Malta, where the Knights of the Order of St. John, under the Grand Master, La Valette, successfully resisted a fleet and an army, sent out by the Sultan Solymen II from Constantinople to crush the Christians—"It was the great battle of the Cross and Koran." The siege lasted from May 18, 1565, to September 8 of the same year, when it was raised by reinforcements gathered by the brethren of the Knights from all quarters.

The whole force which La Valette could muster amounted to about six thousand fighting men. The Ottoman army numbered nearly thirty thousand men, exclusive of sailors, and lost from death and disease nearly three-fourths of this number. The loss to the small beleaguered force amounted to 3700 out of the original garrison, and more than seven thousand of the inhabitants perished. The siege is a striking instance of the main strength of the defense being found in the person and character of the commander. It is interesting to note that here the Turks used cannon, marble shot weighing 112 pounds. They were celebrated for their guns of large caliber, and as early as the fifteenth century, at the siege of Constantinople, employed mammoth cannon which threw projectiles weighing 600 pounds.

A siege memorable by reason of its length and the stubborn resistance of the defenders is that of Ostend, which finally surrendered September 20, 1604, to the Spaniards, after a close investment lasting for three years and seventy-seven days. To capture this then dreary sand bank, now a fashionable watering-place, more than 100,000 lives were sacrificed. The besieged were reduced to such desperate straits, on account of lack of material with which to construct their defenses, that they are said to have dug up their graveyards and filled in the breastworks with dead bodies.

Considering the wars of the nineteenth century, perhaps the most famous siege in which English troops took part was that of Sebastopol in the Crimea. The terrible con-



MAJ.-GEN. NELSON A. MILES.

dition under which the allied French and English forces upheld the honor of their flags in the early part of this conflict are an acknowledged disgrace to the governments responsible for the welfare of their soldiers. The siege commenced on the 9th of October, 1854, and was terminated by the evacuation of the town by the Russians on the 9th of September, thus lasting for eleven consecutive months. It is noted for the bloody assaults and counter assaults made by both sides. It involved the construction of seventy miles of trenches and the employment of 80,000 fascines, 80,000 gabions and 1,000,000 sand-bags. One and one-half million shells and shot were fired into the town from the cannon of the besiegers. The Russian forces in and about Sebastopol numbered 150,000; their losses sustained in its defense amounted, in killed, wounded and missing, to 90,142. The allied armies numbered 80,550 French, 43,000 English, and 30,000 Turks, in January, 1855. The British troops suffered terribly from disease. The forty-one English infantry battalions, which embarked originally, mustered 35,923, and were reinforced by 27,384. Their strength, at the conclusion of hostilities was 633 less than it was at the beginning. The wastage, due principally to disease, thus amounted to 25,337, or 77 per cent. Is it any wonder England wanted to know the reason why?

The siege of Paris, lasting from September 19, 1870, to January 28, 1871, was conducted on a more gigantic scale than any ever undertaken, and, so far as numbers and quantities are concerned, dwarfs all others in comparison. The city was completely invested. The inner line of the Germans was fifty miles long, while the outer one, connecting the corps headquarters, was over seventy miles. The besiegers had 240,000 men to hold these lines, but they could do little else than resist sorties from the city and wait until lack of food forced its capitulation.

Turn now to South Africa, and compare the sieges that have been successfully raised by the English. Ladysmith attracts our first attention.

It will be remembered that after the Boer victory at Dundee the English troops fell back in splendid order, under the direction of Gen. Buller, on Gen. Sir George White's force, the combined strength uniting in Ladysmith, which was isolated and communication cut off on November 8, 1899. To the surprise of most everyone, over twelve thousand of England's finest soldiers were completely hemmed in by a body of untrained Dutch farmers. Gen. White's position was peculiar. Ladysmith, although the "Aldershot of South Africa," and the camp of the Natal garrison, where \$5,000,000 worth of ammunition and stores had been collected, was badly chosen for defense. It is situated in a cancer-shaped depression, is commanded by all the hills roundabout, and without a single siege gun, though, fortunately for the garrison, Capt. Scott of the Naval Brigade managed to bring into the town before the investment was complete several long-range naval guns,

which did superb work. But their ammunition was very low, and the bombardment, assaults were resisted, but sorties were fruitless, and only seemed to line of investment.

Unless succor came the garrison would be capitulate. Gen. Buller was sent with an army to raise the siege. He had more than thirty thousand men and it was confidently expected that he would be straight to Ladysmith. The Boers lost their nerve when they did not concentrate every available man. Gen. White's force and capture of Deersburg, which could not accomplish this, how could they succeed with a relieving force three times as large? Buller's best regiments found Deersburg again. England discovered that she was being outwitted, gallant and resourceful foe. Division after division was poured into South Africa, Lord Roberts was in supreme command, and soon the British were moving some two hundred thousand soldiers, and over one thousand miles of communication, hammering away at some thirteen thousand Boers front—about ten thousand having been left to hold the garrison—until finally, after the capture of Deersburg, a small army, the Boers became discouraged and fell back from Ladysmith. On February 27, Lord Roberts, with 300 troops, galloped into the town, and the brave garrison was relieved, after a siege of 116 days.

Kimberley was another town besieged by the Boers, gallantly resisted by the small garrison until the relief brought relief. The siege lasted 122 days (from January 27 to February 15). A garrison of 2700 men, under the command of Col. Kekewich, and 20,000 civilians were opposed to a much superior force of Boers, varying from 10,000 to 20,000 men, strength from time to time. The defense was made up of earthworks constructed from the debris of the mines, and many miles of barbed wire. Kimberley would have been a great prize to the Boers, there were the diamond mines, and the rich town, and, lastly, the person of their arch-enemy, Rhodes. From a military point of view its capture would prevent its use by the English for operations against the Free State. Gen. Buller, for the relief of Kimberley deserves to be counted the finest ever made. His cavalry, with him, covered a distance of ninety miles in two days, in two minor engagements, and finished by relieving the besieged town. The losses on both sides were heavy.

The siege that has attracted the most attention is that of Mafeking. The outbreak of hostilities found a small garrison at this place under the command of Col. Baden-Powell. The fighting force numbered 1000 all irregulars, with the exception of a few old non-combatant force consisted of 700 white men, children and 7000 blacks. The armament consisted of guns, six of these being machine, and the remainder of obsolete pattern. The besieging force numbered 2000 and 5000.

The first attack on the town was made by the Boers on October 15, 1899, which was gallantly repulsed, heavy loss to the besiegers. Another fierce assault was made on October 31, resulting in a comparatively heavy loss on both sides. Intermittent bombardments, and occasional sorties occurred from the time the Boers forced the town, on October 14, until the siege was raised, on January 17. Thus, the investment lasted 125 days. The garrison, among the garrison's fighting force amounted to 1000, including 66 killed and 133 wounded. The Boers will probably make a 50 per cent. total loss in the siege. The deaths among the non-combatants, the precautions taken by the resourceful commander, small—probably not more than 100. Although the town was reduced to short rations, it can hardly be said that starvation existed, though it was staring the Boers in the face for a month before relief. The garrison, after January 1, 1900, by means of milk, meat, soup concocted from animal skins, and porridge from fodder. Horse sausage, minced meat, and custards was an elaborate bill of fare toward the end of the story is fully told, it is probable that this will take its place along with the most memorable sieges of the world. The hardships were not so severe, nor did the garrison forward in the event of capture to a horrible fate. The case of the English garrison at Cawnpore, the Indian mutiny; but on account of the stubborn defense of its defenders, the matchless general, untried and versatile commander, who was a mightiest host in himself, it will stand out in the pages of England's military annals. One illustration shows the fertility of resource possessed by Col. Baden-Powell. Requiring a gun to supplement the non-combatant of his armament, he proceeded to build a gun of some steel plate which he found among his stores. It is reported to have been a success, and to have won well.

The small town of Wepener, which was held by an English force under Col. Dalrymple, was besieged for sixteen days by a force of some five thousand Boers without serious loss to either side. The relief expedition required the attention of a large proportion of Lord Roberts' army, and interfered very seriously with proper strategical prosecution of the campaign.

The fighting throughout the campaign was so close, if we are to judge by the losses, it cannot compare with the past experience of small expeditions of Boers in India. English students of military history will find with pride the sieges of Deersburg and Burdett, and the desperate fighting, perhaps, in which English soldiers were engaged was when they reduced by assault the forts of the Ghorakhs in the Deersburg and Sabatha, where the casualty lists often came to 50 per cent. of the whole white force. However, the losses in South Africa have been great, and the Boers are now rejoicing that the invested garrisons have been relieved.

Lord Roberts has driven the enemy across the Orange River, and has triumphantly occupied the plateau of the Transvaal. If there is still resistance to advance, progress will become more and more difficult. The distance from the base of supplies—increased by the Army of the Potomac four years to reach Washington, a distance of 115 miles; and at one time, under Forrest, kept 50,000 men of the army engaged in protecting his long line of communication where every bridge, culvert and tunnel on the railroad had to be guarded. The Boers are now contemplating a final defense in the mountains, whether they are fleeing from Johannesburg and the

THE PASSION PLAY.

IN WHICH IT IS NOW REN-
DERED MUCH DEPLORED.

By Rev. Robert Collyer, D.D.

THE PASSION PLAY, the little valley of the Ammer, in the heart of the Bavarian Highlands, will be a place of increasing prominence this year, for there the regular annual production of the Passion Play, to last twelve days, is being enacted in accordance with a vow given in the thirteenth century. Probably 30,000 Americans alone will visit the quiet village in the lap of the towering mountains this season, and many and divers will be the reasons for their coming.

It could be more mythic, more conducive to the romantic mood than the pastoral sweep of the Ammer valley, with its setting of quaint houses, its church spires and the somewhat imposing building where the Passion Play is given. There for hundreds of years a thoughtful, earnest people have eked out an humble existence by the sweat of industry and with much severe religious discipline. Not more than 3,000 souls comprise this little agricultural village, and the election of the principal parts in the play, which has made the Oberammergauers known throughout the Christian world is paramount to all other concerns of life among them. Small lives, indeed, they are, compared with the swift-moving careers of the outer world, but the very narrowness has contributed to the making of a concrete type, such as may be found only in the life of a religious community. Communication with the

the production "for the love of his Divine Redeemer, and with only one object in view, namely, the evangelization of the world." He made the representation of the divine Passion as dictated by the entire Scriptures, bringing it within human scope and typifying in the person of the divine man, the supreme Godhood. But whether the followers of Dalsenberger have carried out the spirit of his injunction never allowing the material to superimpose itself upon the spiritual, is a much-mooted point. Many devout men, who have seen the latest rendering, affirm that all the glory and purity of the early representations have been retained undiminished by the modern spirit of commercial enterprise. Others are convinced that the Passion Play must inevitably fall into the hands of the speculator and the mountebank, and that the natural love for gain in the human heart will eventually eradicate the more solemn and reverential spirit without which the Passion Play becomes merely a theatrical and dangerous assumption of holy things to base ends. One of these holding the negative point of view is Dr. Robert Collyer, whose expressed convictions are herewith given:

Dr. Collyer on the Passion Play.

It is a sad commentary on the times that with the universal popularizing of a profound and sacred observance, the worldly spirit should thrust itself in and vulgarize it. I can regard the present production of the Passion Play at Oberammergau as nothing short of a perversion.

Time was when this simple and beautiful rendering of the profoundest tragedy known to man was in the nature of a noble religious observance—something to be seen, revered and remembered, and to the simple peasantry of Bavaria a mighty instrument for moral and spiritual betterment. But with each repetition the ancient spirit that characterized it faded "into the light of common day." Now, like everything else we treasure more or less, it is slowly but surely becoming subservient to commercial uses.

peasant folk became transformed. They became dedicated spirits. The flesh was lost in the glory of the soul. They were no longer Mayer and Lechner and the other humble townspeople, but Christ and Judas and the apostles. For the time being they are living, moving and having their being in the reflected light of the sublime prototypes. I have seen a few great actors thus embodied in their parts—Forrest in "Macbeth," for instance—and the effect was electric.

Question of the Box Office.

In the play the Oberammergauers forget that they are human and that there is a very human audience composed of one-tenth reverential Bavarian folk and nine-tenths tourists watching them. But the mood is changing. More and more the box office consideration enters the equation. Such and such photographers are given exclusive right to make pictures, and kodakers are arrested at sight.

Such and such translators are allowed to put the words of the text into many tongues, such and such publishers have exclusive rights to publish the same, and the stenographer caught pencil in hand suffers arrest and his notes are confiscated. Ever the peep-hole in the curtain, over the material gain.

It requires only the presence of a few illustrious critics of the drama, with trenchant next morning reviews of play and players to bring something almost divine down to the level of the marionette. It has not yet come to this, but the end is inevitable. The commercial spirit which accompanies our most cherished institutions and the love of money which is the "root of all evil," as much and more today than ever in the older time, will eventually bring the Passion Play of Oberammergau and its many imitators to the level of successful spectacular enterprises.

When it becomes a matter of trading upon things sacred and holy for private ends, I see the end at hand.

This will be a successful year in the little valley of the Ammer. The new Christus will build himself a more comfortable chalet, St. John will increase his herd, Judas and Herod will open another inn for the dispensing of Bavarian beer, and plans will be laid for the ennobling of the white-helmeted and red-hatted tourist, particularly the American one, in 1910.

But the ancient spirit will have passed away; and what was once a devout religious affair will have descended to the merely histrionic. Such is the disintegrating influence of gold for the gold's sake. Such are the corruptions of mere commercialism.

Personally, were I within a mile of the theater I should not take the trouble to pay it a visit. For sublime and yet human and living, as the Oberammergauers make the scenes of the divine Passion, I prefer the blessed picture which has lived in my heart these many years, an inspiring presence in youth and an abiding comfort in age, conjured by the Holy Spirit of the fullness of the solace of the ages—the Divine Word.

WHERE ICE IS UNAPPRECIATED.

THERE IS SAID TO BE LITTLE DEMAND FOR THE
LUXURY IN TROPICAL COUNTRIES.

[New York Sun:] Ever since the trade in artificial ice began manufacturers of ice-making plants have been seeking markets in hot countries. They have sold some ice plants in tropical cities, but it is doubtful if they would have met even with moderate success if it had not been for brewers and a few other manufacturers who find ice desirable in their business. The people generally get along very well without ice, as their fathers did before them, and comparatively few have learned to appreciate its desirable qualities since the opportunity of buying ice was presented to them.

Our Department of State, some years ago, collected facts about the ice industry and consumption in tropical countries. It has just published in the Consular Reports the result of the latest investigations in the same field. Both these reports show that the people of the tropics care very little for ice, and that no real progress is making toward the general introduction of ice in hot countries.

In Guatemala, for example, ice is used mainly in saloons, restaurants and hotels, and very few families own a refrigerator or buy ice. The city of San Salvador, with a population of 30,000, consumes only 5,000 pounds per day; there is no cold storage in the city, and all meat sold on the market is killed the previous night. There is not a single ice plant in Bolivia, but some natural ice, brought by the Indians from the mountains, is sold in La Paz. In the large seaport of Bahia, Brazil, the first attempt at ice-making was abandoned because there was no demand. For three years past, however, one small plant has been making about one and a half tons a day, which is sold to the hotels and drink shops patronized by the foreign population and a few foreign families. The ice is not used to preserve food, but only to cool drinks. Butchers say they have no need for ice. The laws require that all meat killed one day shall be sold before noon next day, and just enough meat is killed to supply the average daily demand.

In the city of Barranquilla, Colombia, there are no refrigerating plants or cooling-rooms, and meat not salted soon after the animals are killed becomes unfit for food. The deputy consul at Colon writes that no town in his consular district, except Colon, would consume enough ice to justify the erecting of a plant. The only ice factory in Ecuador is run by a brewing firm at Guayaquil, and the firm consumes the entire product. In Uruguay there is a prejudice against cold drinks or food refrigeration. Consul Goldschmidt writes from Venezuela that the small demand for ice there is due to the fact that victuals and meats are not kept over night, but are daily bought in the market for immediate use.

MUNICIPAL FORESTRY.

[Indianapolis News:] Brunswick, Me., a town of about seven thousand inhabitants, is probably the first municipality in this country to undertake forest planting on a large scale. The town owns a tract of about one thousand acres of what was once pine land. At a recent meeting of the Council \$100 was appropriated to improve this land by planting it in white pine. Seed will be purchased and a nursery established to raise young trees. At the proper age these will be transplanted in rows and set in the positions they will finally occupy.



MODERN TOURIST AUDIENCE AT OBERAMMERGAU.

of large has not been considered of sufficient importance to warrant any enterprise in that direction, though with the increased interest which the whole Christian world displays in the Passion Play, it will not be before this isolated and almost medieval community is reached by a steam railroad or even perhaps by a cable car.

Dalsenberger's High Ideals.

The parish priest, Dalsenberger, was the first to bring to the medieval grotesqueness the beauty and mystery of the Passion Play. Before his time the rendering of the story was nothing more than an outdoor ceremony. For nearly two-score years the priest labored to the end of making the Passion Play an observance of great importance to the religious world. He had a keen dramatic instinct, and being a very sincere Christian, he realized at once what a masterpiece there were, not only in the play as handed down from early times, but also in the native talent of the simple, earnest and humble artisans of the vale. Dalsenberger eliminated the vulgar buffoonery with which the early performances were bedecked, substituting lines of great force and beauty, as well as situations of high artistic merit. To the simple and earnest he added the beautiful humanizing of the personality of the actors, and the vitalization of the apostles, which has made the Oberammergau performance. The part of Judas in the play are men chosen not alone for their physical ability; in order to be eligible they must be of irreproachable character and entirely worthy to fill any exalted role. From the time when they appear in the chorus to the time when they appear in the play, the spirit of the play rules them entirely. Later they assume the part of the apostles, and from among the apostles of this time they may be chosen the Christian of a decade hence.

Through all these ten years a most accurate and intimate knowledge of the Scriptural situations, the costumes and mannerisms of the New Testament times, the character of the persons and their personal appearances based on the paintings of the old masters is made under careful guidance, and the rehearsals are long and arduous.

While they were performing their humble rites these

This is deplorable, but it is beyond gainsaying. A touching and inspiring rite has been vulgarized by the extraneous and the commercial; it has been made a sight-seers' spectacle like Vauxhall and the World's Fair, a catch-penny vantage to the innkeeper and the purveyor of souvenirs.

A Glorious Religious Rite.

People removed from the scenes and local spirit can hardly realize how insular and concrete the quaint peasant folk of Oberammergau are, and how necessary is the symbol to their devout lives. For the most part the practical talents of the players are displayed in wood carvings of exquisite workmanship, particularly crucifixes and other religious tokens in which they are peculiarly expert, as if the trying work had sharpened their wits. Morally and spiritually they are fitted for their great undertaking, and to be thought worthy of a place even in the chorus of the Passion Play is to them a mark of the highest merit.

In years and years of toil over their religious symbols, laboring to bring out more clearly the divine features familiarized by the old masters, these simple folk become imbued with deep reverence. From the time that one Schuchler brought the plague into the valley, and divine intervention prevented its utter depopulation—in gratitude for which the peasants vowed to play the Passion Play tragedy once every ten years—the play has occupied the thoughts of Oberammergauers.

It contained their very souls; and the decennial rendition of the beautiful ceremony was an honest and sincere outpouring of spirit, a glorious religious rite. It became a part of their very life, uniting them in common bonds of Christian brotherhood. It made peasant integrity stronger, the hardy Bavarian stock fuller in life and purpose.

For the applause of the world they cared little; for the respect of their brethren in the faith and the consciousness of a duty well performed they cared much. It was as much an observance of penitence and praise as prayer, and thank offering.

While they were performing their humble rites these

BLAINE'S CAMPAIGNS.

CONVENTION STRUGGLES WITNESSED

BY MRS. J. S. CLARKSON.

By a Special Contributor.

THROUGH the gallantry of the delegates to the National Republican convention, women have always been made welcome as spectators at these splendid gatherings. As I raise my pen the memories of the conventions which I have attended sweep over me with force and vividness. I seem to hear the applause, to see the waving banners, and to feel the thrill of the battle royal.

The nominating convulse of 1876 was a "wet blanket convention." It opened with glory and enthusiasm, and closed almost in silence. Bonfires had been built throughout the length and breadth of the land—a Blaine flag surmounting every one—and all were ready for the torch, when he should be nominated. One dignified old gentleman of whom I was up in the back end of an express wagon, responding to the calls of a singing, cheering crowd. The burden of his words was "the Navarre of American politics" and his great fitness for the high duties which awaited him. The crowd was struck dumb when the result was displayed on the huge plate glass of the newspaper office. The dear old gentleman climbed down and said, "I'm going home to think it over." Men and women shed tears and not a single Blaine came from those piled-up far barrels until the regular ratification meeting. The clear sentiment of the '76 convention was for Mr. Blaine. He had more than enough votes to nominate him, as they came and went, in the seven ballots cast, and in the end he lacked only twenty-seven votes. Gov. Hayes was a most worthy gentleman, and it was no fault of his that he followed in the wake of the most magnificent craft that ever sailed our political seas.

Blaine's Second Defeat.

The convention of 1880 was tragic in its intensity. For the third time the greatest American general, Ulysses S. Grant, was a candidate. James G. Blaine, the country's most distinguished civilian, was the other chief candidate. By the time the balloting began the nerves of the convention were strained to a great tension. An immovable body was about to come in contact with an irresistible force, and the result was uncertainty. The first ballot developed the candidates—Windsor, Washburne, Edwards and Sherman, with Grant and Blaine leading. Garfield, who was ultimately successful, polled only one vote. Twenty-seven ballots showed no material change. The excitement was at white heat. Delegates were receiving telegrams advising, instructing, imploring and even threatening. The voting lasted for two long days, Grant holding his famous 300, and Blaine falling little behind. After the thirtieth ballot Garfield gained steadily, Grant losing nothing. On the thirty-sixth ballot Garfield was declared the victor. Modest and manly, fair and level-headed, he sat, pale and motionless, when the announcement was made.

The strain was over, and enthusiasm, sincere if not exuberant, took the place of nervous anxiety. The lock was broken, and almost any result was a relief. How did the women feel? I only know how one woman felt. To her the fight in that convention seemed like strife among selfish boys. Twice had the splendid general received the highest gift of the nation. I have always thought that if he had been appealed to (in the right way; by the right persons) he would have shown the convention that a great general could have great magnanimity. I believe he could have been induced to throw his strength to one of the other candidates after he himself had ceased to gain. Gen. Grant was a deeply generous man, and there is a beautiful story, which it is not in my province now to relate, how he climbed on his crutches to a committee-room, and made a touching offer of his services, in a campaign somewhat later.

A Chivalric Convention.

The convention of 1884, held in Chicago, was a straight out, open fight. The spirit of the gathering was chivalric and superb. A fight for the temporary chairmanship was begun as soon as the opening prayer for peace and guidance had been delivered. While it lasted, this fight, won by R. Lynch of Mississippi, was intensely exciting. But the usual contest over the seating of delegates did not take place, there being no minority report from the Credentials Committee.

When it had reported it was clear that the main business of the convention was at hand, and thrills of expectancy ran through the big assemblage. Fana fluttered and a hum spread from aisle to aisle, and the battle was on. Gen. Hawley was placed in nomination, Gen. Logan's name was presented by Senator Cullom. Then, with stirring words, Judge West, the blind orator, presented the name of Mr. Blaine, David of Minnesota, Goodloe of Kentucky, Platt of New York, and Grow of Pennsylvania, seconded this nomination. Chester A. Arthur, John Sherman and George F. Edmunds were named. Such a display of oratory will not occur many times in the experience of one person. It was 1:45 o'clock in the morning when adjournment was finally effected.

When the balloting began the next day all the factions were armed for the fray. Every office-holder was in position for Arthur, but the cohorts of Blaine had a "now or never" feeling, and went into battle bravely. The strife was clearly between these candidates, but the other nominees had seen one such fight in which neither combatant won. So they took heart against the day of reckoning. Murmurs and whisperings flew around. "Blaine will be nominated." "Too many office-holders here," said the pessimist. "The Plumed Knight's time has come," said another. "Arthur has possession, and that's nine points," ventured a listener.

Victory for the Plumed Knight.

The women had taken great interest in this convention, and had helped to decorate the hall and the various headquarters. My own big Stars and Stripes, which I hang

out on Fourth of July, Decoration day, and on all gala occasions, covered one side of the wall in that famous room, the "auditorium" of the old Grand Pacific Hotel. This was the headquarters of the Blaine leaders, and all Iowa turned out to make it gay and beautiful and worthy of the occasion.

When the balloting began the excitement ran high. There was no confusion, just the rustling of the leaves, the stir of the breeze which heralds the storm. No one dared hurry the first tell-tale ballot. It meant too much. But the crowd did not wait for the official announcement of the figures. Individual pencils were quick to show that Blaine was fifty-six and one-half votes ahead of Arthur, with no one else in sight. The Blaine adherents shouted, sang, waved their flags, threw their hats in air, and shouted and sang again. The next ballot was almost as much dreaded, so it was put off by the victors as long as possible, and the cheering and huzzing were kept up until they were exhausted. It showed a gain of fifteen votes for Blaine and a loss of two for Arthur, all the other candidates losing slightly. The scene after the first ballot was re-enacted, only the applause was longer, stronger and more deafening. The friends of the leading candidates went from delegation to delegation seeking for more votes.

The third ballot made Blaine's nomination almost sure. The fourth ballot was decisive, and James G. Blaine was declared the nominee. Then the crowd went mad. The roar of victory swelled along the lake front, and was taken up by those outside. The tears ran down my cheeks, and they were by no means the only tears in the house. I waved a little white wrap until my arm gave out; then a stronger arm took it and held it higher. Then it was tied to a cane, and that was spliced to an umbrella, and a man standing on the edge of the box waved it, and shouted for a happy half hour.

Young John A. Logan was in the audience, slim and trim from his West Point training. We were both guests of the family of the Hon. F. W. Palmer, then occupying the Logan



MRS. JAMES S. CLARKSON.

home on Calumet avenue. When Manning, as he was named until after the death of his father, saw the general's chances lessening for the Presidential nomination, he was downcast. When Blaine was nominated, and his father was wanted for second place, the boy's pride could hardly endure it. My first thought after the joy of victory was of Manning, and as I drove down the avenue I wondered what kind things I could say to him. As I reached the gate I heard my name called joyously, and, looking up, I saw young Logan coming to meet me, with a Blaine flag in one hand and the Stars and Stripes in the other, "Three cheers for Blaine, Mrs. Clarkson, three cheers for Blaine!" I was filled with admiration for the lad who could take defeat like a thoroughbred. It was splendid—clean, true grit. The boy was father to the man, for he died on the field of battle, like the gallant that he was.

The Most Turbulent Convention.

The convention of 1888 was a whirlwind. It takes my breath away now to think of it. The grand old party elephant came trumpeting into town, loaded down from trunk to tail with valiant Ajaxes, bravely inviting the Presidential lightning. The man from the West with the linen duster hobnobbed with the silk-tiled man from away down East; the broad-brimmed planter and his northern brethren exchanged ideas and clasped hands in friendship. There was not a dull or uninteresting moment from the beginning until "taps" were sounded, six days later on.

The Committee on Credentials had a sorry time in settling differences. The Virginia dispute—between Gen. Mahone, with his deliciously quaint ways, gathered trousers and ruffled cuffs, and John S. Wise, a strong personality, who did not care for the aforesaid Gen. Mahone—was most vexing. The delay was so long that some business had been transacted, which, of course, was entirely unparliamentary. This was a self-willed convention. It was the most turbulent body I have ever seen, save and excepting a board of trade.

The naming of candidates was finally reached, eight names being placed before the convention in this order: Judge Gresham, Benjamin Harrison, William B. Allison, Gen. Alger, Chauncey M. Depew, John Sherman, Mayor Piltner of Philadelphia, and "Uncle Jerry Rusk." With all these aspirants in the field there is small wonder that the convention hall was filled with a buzz of consultation, trading, promising and threatening. At least the sounds which floated up to our balcony seemed to convey as much. The balloting began with Sherman in the lead, with Alger

second, and so it went till adjournment was called at 11 o'clock in the evening. On the fifth day, when the ballot was taken, Maj. McKinley withdrew. The ballot the convention adjourned for over Sunday. Time friends of Blaine had hoped that in the face of the tide the convention would turn to him, and though steady vote, had been recorded for the ballot, with the Californians always casting their votes for "James-G.-Blaine." But their hopes dashed to the ground when the Edinburg dispatch, with the request from Mr. Blaine that his supporters should cease their efforts in his behalf, eighth ballot Harrison was nominated, and the battle was over.

All this time the confusion had been increasing. Blaine had begged for a sergeant-at-arms that she might select her vote. The long waits between ballots gave opportunity to shift the field a number of times. The brethren changed masters frequently in this convention, and some of the able delegates were counted out. Wouldn't you like to know all the details of a nominating convention, and how it is run? Many are the jealousies, broken promises and confidences, but he who goes upon the battlefield expects too much in the way of careful handling.

The women of Chicago were out on many of the meetings of this convention, and many distinguished from all over the country were present. The most terrific at times, but no one seemed to mind it, a woman clung to her seat until each session was

Blaine's Last Candidacy.

The distinguishing feature of the Mississippi convention of 1890 was the unbounded hospitality extended to delegates and visitors. The town was literally open to them. Citizens left their comfortable homes, moving into attics and servants' quarters that they might have the best the city afforded. No other national convention had been entertained in so royal a manner.

The town was filled with politicians for days before the meeting of the convention. The Blaine men were again for a long and strong pull for the nomination. Harrison troops, already in the saddle, were drawn on another four years' run. It was a battle of "ins" and "outs," and the "ins" won. Nearly all the delegates came out of convention hours. Nothing could so intensify of feeling which animated the struggling, tending crowd. This may sound like a report of a war, but no one who saw the wild and uncontrollable men who rallied and fought for their leaders in the West the night before the nomination, will say that it was a peace congress or a Sunday-school convention. It was simply awful. All night long the howling, pushing, throng strove for the ascendancy, and only gave up contest with the breaking of the dawn.

The convention was called to order on June 11, by S. Clarkson. J. Sloat Fassett was the temporary chairman and Maj. McKinley was permanent chairman until the fourth day were the nominations made. Mr. Welcott, in a glowing speech, nominated Blaine. The house was beside itself with excitement, and cheered again. Col. Dick Thompson, in a chosen words, placed Gen. Harrison in nomination. Depew made a speech for Harrison, in the course of which he inconsiderately asked the audience who was the party's principles, and to whom honor of reducing the national debt, paying of the bonds, maintaining the public credit, increasing the treasury, and crowning the nation with prosperity.

Like a clap of thunder came the stunning expected reply, "James G. Blaine!" From all sides the cry resounded, "Blaine, Blaine, Blaine, Blaine!"

Banners were unfurled, leaders stood in their places, the cheering, voices gave out, and other words up the huzzas. When the delegates were again called to order, a loyal friend of Blaine, a fine silk flag over the edge of the balcony, and life into the cause with her cheers. To and fro that eloquent emblem and the mighty roar of the blunder and blunder. Then came a historic incident. Carson Lake, a beautiful young woman sitting for chairman on the platform, sprang to her feet, and a large star of red, white and blue, held it up for Blaine. The effect was electric. In the house not for Harrison rose to his feet, and cried the beautiful woman, and leader came. Every heart throb was quickened. In the next instant Carson Lake stood in her chair and held still higher the star. Peel after peel of spontaneous applause followed. Full thirty minutes the wave swept on until the self, worn out with its own weight and splendid silence was obtained Mr. Depew continued his speech. After Texas had voted, Chairman McKinley stepped to the chair, and moved that the nomination of Mr. Clarkson be seconded. As there were no objections, owing to the fact that all the States which voted their votes, the motion was withdrawn, and the convention proceeded. The result you know. President Harrison was renominated by almost a hundred votes more than needed. Whitelaw Reid was named for Vice President.

It was all over. Victors and vanquished alike pledged loyalty to the nominee. The great convention of 1890 was a thing of the past, but its glory will live in memory forever.

ANNA HOWELL CLARKSON.

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GOT MIXED IN HIS DATES.

[Baltimore News:] A curious effect of being so far from the world for a length of time is shown in a special report of the relief of Mafeking. Though it occurred on May 13, Col. Baden-Powell dated it May 17, probably, it is thought, because he had communications with the world, forgot that it was a leap year and added one day too many to the

THE IRISH EDITOR.

ENTERTAINING FACTS ABOUT JOURNALISM IN RURAL IRELAND.

From a Special Correspondent.

The *Legansenny Universe*, issued from the chief town in the heart of our hills, is supposed to voice the opinion of the Donegal mountaineers.

Though its advertisements claim for it the largest circulation of any weekly paper in the northwest, I have the impression, however, to brave its certain thunders by taking it to be typical of the struggling weekly which just exists in many such out-of-the-way corners of Ireland.

The *Universe* claims everything from 3000 circulation in some of our social atmosphere, up to twice that number when it contains an account of a dance or a funeral. But from 600 to 800 copies would be more truthful, even if a less imposing claim—and this, too, includes the few copies given to Larry Mamaghan, the mail-car driver (who carries the agents' parcels,) by way of remuneration for prompt and faithful delivery.

The staff of the *Universe*—the owner, the manager, the editor, the sub-editor, assistant sub-editor, reporter, and foreman printer—is named Michael MacCallin; and Michael is likewise office boy, general man and (when business requires it) working engineer.

Working at 50 Cents a Week.

Many country weeklies can afford the luxury of a reporter, whose salary begins at half a crown (60 cents) a week, and very gradually grows to 8s. to 9s. and even sometimes to 10s. Michael had had the ambition of maintaining a reporter, but, as his experience increased, the fatuous dream faded. Michael often solaces himself, however, by occasionally retaining what he styles *Our Own Special Commissioner* at a high salary, as he informs his awe-struck readers. Of course, the special commissioner who draws the princely salary is Michael himself—but the outside world knows under the belief that, for their particular behalf, he has imported a leading London or continental journalist—and this superstition, whilst flattering to Michael, and beneficial to the tardy circulation of the *Legansenny Universe*, does no one any harm.

If Michael and the *Universe* would live in moderate luxury, it is absolutely necessary that he should draw all his salaries accruing—or almost all of them. True, he must pay compositors. The composing-room (which is likewise the office's office) sports five boys, who, setting the *Universe*, compose a trade and moreover, get from Michael a loan of half a crown a week. The cleverest of the five, indeed, who makes up the forms, gets sixpence extra. When the forms are laid on the press, the editor does not deign to shed his coat and take his turn, with his composing staff, at the crank of the cylinder machine that gives out the organ of public opinion at the rate of a hundred and eighty copies an hour. On occasions of intense excitement, when it is wise to anticipate the public clamor by several score extra copies, Michael gets the loan of William Connolly's yard-boy, big brawny Commy Gillea, who, taking the crank all by himself, gallops the machine a few copies a minute, whilst Michael and his five boys stand by in open-mouthed amazement. And when Commy grows out of puff he puts all six of them on the machine and instructs them till he has got his wind again. On these occasions, too, Commy Gillea is sure to be attacked by a phenomenal thirst, which requires the editor's feeble two Baggy Mulhens to keep carrying pots of porter in order to "quench"—as Commy expresses it.

And, then, it probably requires from 4s. to 5s. a week to keep the *Universe*. Michael charges a penny (a cent) a line for local advertisements, and sixpence a line for official communications. London advertising agents vouchsafe him nothing odd about Dr. Kewremall's pills, and Miss. Mamma's Elixir Vital, at a penny a line—which is his second most important source of income; official ads. being the first.

So, after Michael has industriously and conscientiously labored all the week with both hand and brain—after he has edited the world's workings to intellectual wheat for his dependent clients—after he has tramped to the corners of his constituency and raked in the births and deaths, and marriages, the legends and dances, council meetings and Land League meetings, the comings and goings of the many men of importance in whom his readers are interested, the police courts, the accidents and the extraordinary happenings—after he has reported all this, and distributed it in three-page broad-sheets far and wide over his bailiwick, paid his hands, and reckoned his accounts, he finds accruing to himself a net weekly income of from 3s. to 5s.

There are a host of weeklies in more thriving and populous parts of the country which, after paying 5s. a week to a stenographic reporter, remunerate their owner-editor with three and four times 5s.—the former being a fair average.

Working Copy With the Scissors.

The editorial duties on the *Legansenny Universe* are both very easy and very difficult. Independent of local reports and news, Michael could copy more copy with the scissors than the daily papers than would fill his paper ten times over. But he must find room for a eulogistic article upon the coming of Kamen Boyl's young son Tommy, at the inauguration for entrance to Maynooth College of Divinity; a minute and detailed description of the funeral cortege that had after the last of poor Owen McGilligan, with names and full address of every man, woman and child present, is absolutely imperative; and let him, at his peril, dare presume to publish the following week's issue of the *Universe* without giving, in a prominent place, the supplied account of Miss McGilligan's tea party—to which he was not invited. He must read his correspondent's copy three times over to make sure that he has located (and expunged) all the blunders open and concealed. He must publish "The Bard of Bannagh's" elegiac lines, thirty-nine stanzas, on the sad death of his bosom friend, Johnnie McCormac—whose chief recommendation is that the poor victim had gone to a

REBUILDING A CONVENTION HALL



THE CONVENTION HALL AS IT APPEARED MAY 12.



THE CONVENTION HALL AS IT WILL APPEAR.

Some weeks after Kansas City had been chosen as the location of the Democratic National Convention, and when preparations were being made to fit the hall for the big gathering there came a fire one night and wiped the structure completely from the face of the earth. This seemed like a great calamity at the time, and within the next twenty-four hours there was much speculation as to what would now be done, various cities that had bid in vain for the convention coming forward promptly with the announcement that they would still be glad to welcome the convention. They had halls, they said, in which the greatest gatherings could be held, and these were at the disposal of the Democratic party.

But Kansas City had no notion of letting the convention go elsewhere, and almost before the embers of the fire were cold, work was begun on a new hall. This structure is now almost completed, and there is no doubt that it will be fully ready before July 4, the day set for the beginning of the convention. One of the pictures presented herewith shows the building as it will appear, and is made from a drawing by the architect, Frederick E. Hill, who was the designer of the first convention hall. The other is made from a photograph, and gives some notion of the bustling work of construction while it was in progress.

G. F. D.

sphere where he was not likely ever to hear of the perpetration. He must keep one eye on Jimmy Coyle's potato patch (ready to announce the first tuber of the season,) and the other on the policy of the nation. To the crowned heads of Europe he must give timely warning of the rocks and shoals he discerns ahead of their ships of state, and to the townland of Thurmonn announce the exact weight and dimensions of the extraordinary egg laid on last Thursday by Cornelius McGlamachy's spotted duck.

Michael's numerous army of correspondents, for he has a correspondent—an aspiring literary man—in each district, salaried with a salary of one copy of the *Universe* per week, has got to be kept in hand, humored, and their energies turned into the proper channels; their talent for romancing has got to be gently and firmly repressed, their copy sternly edited and their "poems" published, or promised.

As there is a marriage, a meeting, an inquest, or a funeral every other day of the week, Michael can easily afford to take to himself any day, but Sunday. Consequently on the Sabbath he only takes notes of Father Dan's sermon, picks up items from the natives of the outlying districts, who materialize once a week at mass, clears off his correspondence score, and heaves the sigh of a man who has unburdened his conscience. Then he is prepared to fill a new week's work with good nerve and cool courage.

Queer Libel Suits.

Michael has been defendant in only ten libel actions in an editorial career of twenty-nine years—which is a record in Irish provincial journalism; and in only 20 per cent. of these was the decision given against him, which is another record. For "fair comment" is very much limited in its significance, on this side the water—where the omission of a man's name from a funeral list has been presumed to prove malice. Of Michael's libel actions, ironical correspondents brought on him nine, and for the tenth he was himself

unconsciously responsible, when, intending only a harmless satire of Paddy the Blast (i. e., Boasted,) he said, in writing of an amazingly large donkey which Mr. Murnaghan, the magistrate, had just imported into the district, he said: "In short, it is the most extraordinary ass any one in this part of the country has ever seen, with the possible exception of our friend Patrick Curran."

Poor Michael really had not the remotest intention of conveying that Patrick was, phenomenally, the superior of Mr. Murnaghan's quadruped—but a perverse jury, who slept during three hours of grammatical demonstration, awarded Paddy the Blast a solatium of one pound sterling for the irreparable injury done his character.

But the country people do not rely solely upon the *Universe* for news of the outside world. The shoemaker and the tailor get Dublin weeklies, and the neighbors for a long distance around gather at night to hear the news read aloud, and to discuss and debate it. The schoolmaster, too, gets a Dublin weekly, and American papers are taken to him—he reads and expounds to his listeners—people who cannot afford the extravagance of a paper of their own.

In our fathers' early days the great Dublin weekly, the *Nation*, which cost sixpence, was subscribed for by a club of the neighbors in each big district; the tailor's son was paid a sixpence for traveling to Donegal town to intercept the mail coach and get our copy; and on Sunday afternoons, when the neighbors gathered, Ellen, the tailor's daughter, was hoisted upon a chair on the table from which position she read aloud Dan O'Connell's thundering denunciations of misrule and persecution, the fiery words of Davis and of Mitchell, and the ringing ballads of the young Irishmen.

Ellen, Dan O'Connell, the *Nation*—all three are gone—but all three are, by us, not forgotten.

SEUMAS MACMANUS.

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THE MODERN BATTLE.

A VIVID WORD PICTURE FROM THE
PEN OF JAMES BARNES.

From a Special Correspondent.

CAPE TOWN, May 12.—As there is a curious sameness in the character of the South African veldt, so there is a certain likeness in all the fights that the English army has had in the present war. And as one looks back there is a composite recollection which perhaps is an impression of them all. To describe this impression would doubtless be quite as good as to describe an actual occurrence, for it might be one of several.

And what is it like? How does it impress one whose business is not fighting, but merely that of recording what he sees or hears?

In the first place, a battle is wholly different from anything one has imagined or gathered from pictures or reading. It is utterly and absolutely void of grandeur or of glamour; it has a work-a-day aspect, the modern battle, and yet it produces a strange sensation of unreality. So let us take an all-day fight which may be one of any of the seven or eight that I have seen while with the western column.

The evening before rumors are rife. The general's light burns late. It is whispered about that fighting will begin at daybreak, but exactly where is uncertain. The Boers are the ones who have won the town, they are so mobile and can change front so quickly, their positions are so well hidden; and, alas, the scouting of the English is usually so miserable that the only fact known is that the enemy is in front.

The camp stirs at early dawn; it is afoot quicker than usual, perhaps; there is no bugle call, the men awake in

have the old Highland swing, and along in the fighting front with each company marches the piper, carrying his pipes and armed with nothing but a long Scottish knife.

You turn and look back, behind the last tramping line. Here come the ambulances, making the only bit of color in the whole picture with their great fluttering Red Cross flags. They draw up in a little hollow in the rear, where they wait for the loads that will soon be theirs. You can see the doctors and their assistants stretching an awning, so they can do their work in the shade. There is a halt, and the sun-colored ranks sink down in the grass. The men light their pipes; two or three take out scraps of newspapers and begin to read. They are already at work on the water bottles, although they cannot yet be thirsty.

An officer standing with a group of others passes a silver cigarette case. They laugh and talk. It might be a field day. You begin to think that perhaps, after all, the kopjes that are lined up ahead are empty. Perhaps they know it.

Little Dots on the Plain.

But suddenly little dots appear down on the plain. I always look at these dots with wonder and admiration. They may be Lancers, they may be Hussars or Mounted Infantry. If they are Colonials perhaps, so much the better. But, whoever they are, they are the feelers of the fighting force, the advance pilots as it were, who tell of danger ahead and shoals to be avoided.

They move to right and left; surely the kopjes must be empty, for the dots are almost in the dark-blue shadows at the foot. Suddenly they halt, they scamper to and fro and halt again. A tiny speck comes charging out from among them toward the waiting lines. You find it with your field glasses. It is a rideless horse. Farther down toward the river is another—perhaps there are several, and now the dot-like men are all coming back. Some are on foot; some are leading their steeds by the bridle.

The talking along the hillside is stopped. Every one is looking at the kopjes now. Listen your closest and you will hear weak little coughing reports, spasmodic hahas; those are the Mousers. The Boers are there!

over the veldt. The sky is clear and blue. It is very hot. You look at your watch and are surprised to find that folks at home are generally in bed at this hour. Suddenly off the front there breaks out a noise.

It begins with a few muffled explosions like the bursting of firecrackers in a barrel, then a roar of shells. The whole pack is off. There comes a whining, whining noise overhead; one of the strays of the batteries has passed you. A little thump, and something strikes the ground near by with a spiteful little kick up at you. At the same time there comes a larger noise from the direction of the kopjes, and a sound like that of a mill wheel whirling through the air. A muffled report, and a red cloud rises near where the battery of horses is standing.

"So, they've got a gun, too," you think. The noise of them, or three, perhaps, far more screams and noise of sports follow. The battery of horses does not move; the drivers sit apparently unconcerned, and the men of the guns jump hither and thither at their work. The puffs of smoke still rise in the air in front.

Marked for a Holiday.

But it is Fourth of July in front, and you perceive that the little hollow into which the infantry has disappeared is a good place to go to. As you mark the rim, the bubble grows clearer—a man is walking toward you; his coat is hanging loose over his shoulder, his arm is in a white bandage, it has red spots on it. He is smoking a pipe. "How's it going on up there?" you ask. "Oh, very good, sir. The Buffs is well in front." (It might be any other regiment, but the answer would be the same.)

This wounded man doesn't seem to care much. He sits and chat with you if you liked. He's quite pleased with himself. Perhaps he has visions of the three weeks' holiday at Wynberg down in the colony, where they had no on jellies and give them flowers, and where well-to-do young ladies speak freely without introduction.

At any rate, there doesn't seem to be anything to worry about it. So you wish him good luck and go on toward the knoll. (Of course, I am taking it for granted that your curiosity is not yet satisfied.) It is perhaps here that you get the first shock, as it were, for you suddenly come upon the dressing station, pitched amidst a little cluster of rocks. There are two scores of men sitting or lying about, the doctors are operating in the center. Some stand up, others lie down to it. The doctor works like a steamroller sitting on a gurney; he tries to be useful as much he can do in a minute in order that his comrades shall not be kept waiting. There is no complaining; it is all very businesslike; there is no teasing about, no praying, although near by lie several still forms covered up in brown blankets, with their bell-shaped hats protruding or perhaps only with a handkerchief or a hand covering their faces. Names and numbers will be read in the War Office tomorrow, and people will come and see at them and go away.

The bearers with the Red Cross bandages on their arms bring in more burdens. One of the burdens is an officer. He is badly hurt. The men grouped about whisper. The surgeon greets him by name. The man on the stretcher smiles at him faintly.

"Going to send me down the line, old chap?" he asks. The doctor makes no reply. He's busy bandaging now. The officer is going a longer journey than "down the line"; you can see that at a glance. The doctor whispers to him. He nods his head.

Easy to Get in the Row.

You may feel as if you were intruding; a doctor runs to you to see what all the row is about over the crest of the hill. And it is strange how quickly you get into it. It increases in clearness with every step you take; now it is like the jolting of a wagon, and now like the sound of a boy running down the side of a stretch of polished wood. stick. You can see the fighting men. Some are close to you; others on so far ahead that you wonder how they got there, and they are still moving forward. On, they go!

They are on the foot of the kopje; away off from the little band has almost gained the crest—the row is full there—but there is no smoke, no enemy, nothing invisible, death-dealing sounds.

The men laugh and talk; sometimes they gaze down, and lie limp huddled in the grass.

Suddenly an officer comes galloping back. He is a first mounted man you have seen for a time.

"The 'So-and-so's' have turned the flank," he cries. "The cavalry are working up from behind. We've got them on the run!" Then off he goes to look for a gun where the red flag waves on the hill.

A full follow, preceded by a few dropping, shell-echoing shots. Every one moves forward. Looking back you can see the water carts with their tugging mules, far beyond the dark line of the transport. So you get the hill with the rest, and many limp figures are seen.

A few unkempt, bearded farmers, some gray, are hardly more than boys, lie here along the crest. If they are alive, they glare at you at first. The soldiers about and look at them with curiosity, while others beside them and offer water bottles. Behind the well-opencased trenches are shining piles of ammunition. Pencil-like Mousers, clumsy Martins, and the deadly explosive missiles that the Boerians pick up of course. It is over—all but the recovering, for shooting is none.

Where has the day gone? Where are the guns, and what are the rest of the unkempt, bearded ones? Chances, washed, made off with the guns that they had been drawn up to the top of the kopje.

They are back there some even or eight miles in another line. Some may be watching now from the bank. As a Tommy facetiously remarked, "They are dead, but gone before."

And this is what a battle is like, and not one battle, many in South Africa. There is a meaning that there are things that have caused one much wonder, and that I leave out of the telling.

JAMES BARNES.

(Copyright, 1900, by James Barnes.)



WOUNDED FRENCHMAN TAKEN PRISONER BY THE BRITISH NEAR KIMBERLEY.

their blankets, shake themselves, and move about; there is a rattle of accoutrements; little fires are lit, and the early coffee is brewed. It and tea are Tommy's fighting draughts. There is no sign of hushed expectancy or nervousness; the private joke and talk and laugh, they squat about the little fires, feeding them with bits of bush and brushwood. It seems like any other day save for the galloping orders from headquarters, who, chattering, here and there, change from one regiment to another. Lumbering batteries of artillery move out through the camp lines. Roll call follows as the companies are formed, and as the sun rises the shrouded masses dissolve themselves into lines of dusty yellow.

Without martial music, or pomp of ceremony, the army moves, and the noncombatant falls in somewhere or anywhere and moves forward, too. A privileged person, he may go where he likes. He is subject to no orders. [This is a mistake.—Ed.] His danger zone is bounded by his curiosity and his scent for news.

Forward!

There is a line of kopjes rolling in succession down to the bush-dotted banks of a river. The Boers are there. But in the spreading morning light these kopjes look as innocent as any of the hundreds of other mighty hummocks that have been passed in safety. There is no fluttering flag to mark the enemy's position, there are no bristling guns, no line of earthworks, nothing but the bare, rocky hills rising out of the gray-green plain. Off to the left and right stretch the lines of men in khaki, they do not look like the spruce soldiers one sees at Aldershot or swaggering down Piccadilly. Their uniforms are weather-stained, the heavy helmets are dented and battered, their trousers are in rents, their boots in some cases are held together with strips of cloth or leather, their faces are bearded and burnt red bronze with the sun. But on they go from left to right and forward always, heads up and shoulders back, with their heavy harness weighting them down and their pouches filled with gleaming brass cartridges. The rifles form a threatening fringe above.

The Highland Brigade, with kilts, showing a black line, is in the van. Their khaki aprons make the Highlanders look from the front like medieval blacksmiths, but they

A few sharp orders and the men lurch out of the grass; the lines are formed. It is yet two miles or more to the dark-blue shadows, but the air is so clear that they seem scarcely a thousand yards away.

Down upon the plain gallops a battery of artillery, the men lashing and the horses stretching out. They seem regardless of any heaps and furrows, they charge through a gap in the wire fencing and swerve round with a flourish a quarter of a mile or so farther on. The men jump from their limbers, it seems hardly an instant, and there comes a sharp clanging report, and then a hissing, hissing roar in a defined diminuendo.

Heavy Firing Begins.

A little ball of smoke suddenly jumps out of the sky over the black kopje. "What ho! She bumps!" cried a Tommy. "Too short," says some one, and now there comes another report, and then another. You soon get used to them.

But on the left and center the khaki men are moving, the skirmishers are out ahead, tramping steadily on at equal distances, and behind them follow the grayish-yellow lines, waving and undulating. They seem to blend into the color of the ground, and it is hard to follow them without the use of the glasses. They disappear over a rise in the plain not before observed. A little knot of men press forward by themselves behind the others. They carry no arms, but bear ominous-looking brown canvas rolls on their shoulders.

It is not the time to philosophize, but somehow the question, "What is the use of it all?" flashes into your mind. Why should the men on the kopje want to kill the other men advancing? Why should the men on the plain want to make holes in the men on the kopje? It is past all reasoning, perhaps, but, strange to say, there does not appear to be anything horrible in it. It has all been done in such a casual manner. It looks quite harmless. It has not as yet the contagious excitement of a fire, or a football game. It is a bit unreal and ineffective as a spectacle.

You move closer down. As you start forward, except for the regular discharge of the battery guns, the day might be like any other. The same little ground birds hop about close to your feet; a startled springbok leaps and bounds

AMERICANS IN PARIS.

WOMEN RECOGNIZED BY THEIR BEAUTY,
MEN BY THEIR CLOTHES.

From a Special Correspondent.

Paris, June 4.—The French capital is swarming with Americans just now. At the exposition, on the boulevards, at all the show places of the city, in the cafes, in restaurants and theaters, the Yankees are making themselves every day more evident. In the midst of the competition crowd which the exposition has brought to this country folk are easily recognizable, even by their exterior appearance. The women stand out in any crowd by reason of their fine figures, regular features, easy and stately walk. "What a magnificent woman! A stranger? No. Must be an American," you will hear an old Parisian say as he slips his cigarette on the boulevard before dinner, watching the passing of the eternal procession. And, in very truth, the American has brought a welcome touch of fresh, quietly, independent naturalness and individuality into a city where the most beautiful women are often spoiled by their made-up affectedness and coquettish aims.

But in their own way the American men are quite as distinguishable here this year. They are picked out in a moment from the immense concourse of visiting strangers by their determined, clean-shaven faces, their "got there" walk, by the broad white hats with which most of them have elected to punctuate Paris, by their double-breasted jacket coats, and by the thin-legged trousers that most of them wear. These trousers, sitting close to the leg and showing the knee into strong relief, rather startle the Parisians, who think at once of stables—or prairie.

They Take Us All for Horsemen.

"Your countrymen ride a great deal, evidently; I suppose that is because, with all your vast railroad systems, you haven't had time yet to make suburban connections and that sort of thing," remarked a Frenchman to an American encountered in a cafe the other day.

It was a long time before the Parisian could understand that there was no necessary connection between the thin-legged trousers and horse riding, and that New York, Chicago and San Francisco were not merely vast collections of shops, rising unexpectedly out of wild prairie lands, dotted here and there with millionaires' palaces. The notion of the communist was new to him; he thought that millionaires danced waltzes every night round the carefully-guarded fetters where the all kings banded their earnings.

French ignorance of America, despite all the writers who have been at work discovering us in past years, remains extraordinarily dense. This year, however, the American citizen is leaving such a mark on the capital that, probably before the exposition has pulled in its last American dollar, the people will have ceased to accept the words of Fenimore Cooper, much read in translation, as accurate transcripts of our daily life.

One class of Parisians has already found reason to revise its opinion of our traveling folk. Formerly the tourist furnished was the pet customer of the scrappy guides—those plagues of Paris who talk a little of every language under the sun and pester the innocent stranger to death with their entreaties to be allowed to show him round the city in five minutes, five hours or five days, according to the length of million's stay. The American was generally in a hurry, and he always had lots of money. He told the guides at generous American rates, and put big commissions into their pockets by buying all sorts of souvenirs at stores which they indicated. But this time the Americans have not merely come for a few days' stay during a hasty scramble through Europe. They are going to stay a month, two months, the whole exposition season. And the national love of doing things oneself comes uppermost. The American brushes the guide away and blunders bravely round the city and its shows, with his Blackie and his Conversational Manual for his only assistants. So the guides, when they see the white hats and tight-fitting trousers, make little effort to do business. They probably think, in common with a large part of the French nation, that the Americans are all raised by the war with Spain, and are doing their own guiding from motives of economy.

Our Growing Interest in Art.

In the picture galleries and museums our country folk are gaining a reputation for an interest in art, which was unimagined in them of old. In former years they had a way of harrying staid frequenters of the Louvre and the Luxembourg by rushing in at breakneck speed, accompanied by their guides, tearing through the rooms with one eye on each line of pictures, stopping only for a few moments opposite some four or five of the most famous works. But this year the Americans are taking their time. The galleries are full of them all day long, and they spend hours making careful studies of the art treasures collected in these precious repositories. It used to be thought by the guardians of the art palaces that the Americans came only to choose pictures to be reproduced for advertisements of canned food or dry goods. Now it is seen that they study art for art's sake and understand art. Sometimes their minute questions disturb the peace of the men in charge, who generally show an incompetence and lack of intelligence that would prevent a man getting a street-cleaner's job in an American city.

The influx of trans-Atlantic visitors has been so great that in several quarters of Paris one might imagine himself, at parade time, to be on Fifth avenue. The beautiful and artistic quarter of the Faubourg Montmartre has become almost like an American city. From the beginning it was built on the American plan, with magnificent mansions like those that have sprung of late years along Riverside drive, in New York. Everything is American—electric

bells, electric lights, rapid elevators. Even the hall porters are designed on the American system—and a smart, well-groomed American hall porter, with all his faults, is a very agreeable substitute for the unspeakably-scrubby, beighted and generally insolent Parisian concierge. Americans with well-lined pockets were quick to discover the Parc Monceau, and now you hear all over the neighborhood a great deal more of "American" than of any other language. The trades-people are rejoicing. Never did they let out more horses and carriages and automobiles, and never did they cater for more splendid banquets. Half of them will be setting up automobiles for their own pleasure next year as the direct result of this year's lavish outpouring of American money.

At the cafes and "Anglich and American bars," which have sprung up over the city, and where you see painted assurances that "they speaken Anglich," shrewd Germans and Italians are drawing double the usual waiters' salaries, because they know how to say "Yes! Good morning, milled. Yes! You have cook-takes?" It is hardly necessary to say that "cook-takes" means cocktail. Despite the many warnings our countrymen have had against "American bars," these institutions are prospering enormously.

Willing and Able to Pay the Price.

Parisian cabbies welcome Americans with a special smile. For Americans are probably the only people on the earth who find nothing extraordinary in the high fares the Jehus are extorting this exposition season. Parisians have almost given up taking cabs, since they would certainly have to fight if they offered the ordinary fare of 30 cents for a "course," or 40 cents per hour. Americans, used to other standards, accept the cabbies' most imaginative terms as quite natural, considering their cheap rather than otherwise. Possibly, though, there might be trouble if a spirited American were to catch the parting wink which the Jehu frequently throws in his customer's direction after pocketing the fare.

Inside the great show the American pervades everything. You find him in every side show, spending his money freely, but expressing his opinion freely, too, when, as sometimes happens, he thinks he hasn't got his money's worth. He is the terror of the petty officialism which commands so much respect in France. His independent spirit has led to a good many laughable scenes in the exposition grounds, the men clothed in a little brief authority holding out for the observance of petty rules invented apparently out of a sheer spirit of contradictoriness, the American in the wildest French imaginable trying to get a substantial reason for the regulation. The French people themselves never dream of disputing the fact of a policeman or even of a responsible-looking man with a head; but their laughing applause frequently encourages rebellious strangers in their efforts to storm a forbidden gate or take a tempting, barred off short cut. It is in the same spirit, by the way, displayed much more freely in Paris than in America, that makes it impossible to make the average trans-Atlantic visitor understand that he is not at liberty to board a street car just whenever he feels like it. He does not see the sense of standing at the corner of the block with his "pumper" in his hand and waiting sometimes half an hour for his turn. He just jumps on when the car comes up. In vain the agitated conductor explains that he must wait his turn or that all the seats are occupied. All right, he'd just as soon stand. The conductor, horribly shocked, try to make the cool intruder understand that it was never known from the beginning of the world that a car built for forty people should be made to hold forty-one. Generally, the American stands his ground; sometimes he is put off by force. In either case the natives have a very good time, and tell each other that "ces Yank-ees" are the most extraordinary people on the face of the earth.

We Keep Our Ambassador Busy.

It seems likely that before the closing of the exposition the United States Embassy will have to do a good deal of intervening on behalf of American citizens who have got themselves into trouble through their inability to master the intricacies of French custom. Already the embassy is kept very busy attending to the large daily crowds of callers. Some of these come out of mere curiosity to see how the nation is housed in France. Others are in quest of all sorts of information, sometimes of a kind which, to the carefully concealed disgust of the polite officials, could just as easily be obtained from a hotel clerk or a directory. Others come in all good faith and patriotism to pay their respects to the Stars and Stripes on little bit of United States territory. As a matter of fact, it is worth while noting, a good citizen of the United States is not far to go to find an opportunity of taking off his hat to the flag. Paris is all a-dutter with busting in honor of the exposition, and of all the flags of foreign nations absolutely none is more in evidence than the Stars and Stripes.

If it were not for the Anglo-Bour war the Union Jack would probably run the Star Spangled Banner pretty close; but as things are, we knock the Britishness out all the time. Many of the main thoroughfares give a genuine Fourth of July effect. This is not only where there happen to be established some of the big American insurance companies or machinery firms which are making such headway in the French capital. The American flags are hung out by all the big French firms, too; a delicate recognition of the fact that the good American dollar is a substantial item in the prosperity of the city.

One curious remark has been made by observers of the exposition crowds. It is that Americans seem to have so far brought with them fewer children than any other people. The English drag wagonloads of boys and girls about with them wherever they go, and little dark-eyed Latin foreigners are very conspicuous everywhere, but it is rare to see small Americans in the wake of their elders. Jealous French people explain the curious fact by the supposition that there are not any children in the United States; that Americans, who do everything else so much more quickly than the other nations, got through their growing up also at the same unheard-of rate. Perhaps the true explanation would be worth looking for.

Our Workmen in Evidence.

It must not be thought that it is only rich Americans who are here for the exposition. Of course, a considerable

number of American workmen have been in the city for some time—many of them for more than a year—engaged in various ways about the exposition buildings, putting up machinery for their employers or working like hosts of other foreigners at whatever kind of work they could get. A colored man, who left New York eighteen months ago in a spirit of adventure, determined to see the exposition or die in the attempt, got work at once as a kind of general handy man at a good salary. He has learned to speak French quite fluently and will get himself naturalized as a French subject as soon as the law permits. He says that a colored man in New York is "just a black nigger," while here, on account of the French African colonies, the people treat him with great respect, and, if he likes, he can make them believe that he is the son of a dispossessed native chief.

But, besides those who have been engaged on the great show, there are American workmen here who have just come over to enjoy themselves until they have spent all their money. And, despite all that is said about the rise in prices, they do not find it too hard to "make out." A group of four workmen from Denver arrived a week ago, and the other day they were telling at one of the United States sub-stations in the exposition how they managed. They had been saving for more than a year to spend a month in Paris. When they arrived they found it impossible to get hotel accommodation within their means up to the home standard. But they were sharp enough to reflect that probably unfurnished apartments had not gone up so much in price. They found, just twenty minutes' walk from the exposition gates, a "lodgement" of three large airy rooms, with a kitchen, in the sixth story of a stylish house. According to Paris fashion, they were obliged to take it for a minimum of three months. The price was \$1.50, or \$3. They bought the strict necessities of furniture for \$65. Total result, they are well enough lodged—as well as hundreds of students—for three months at the cost of \$55 in all, or about \$3 per man. Not bad for strangers in Paris in exposition times—even though they are only staying a month.

Things have gone up in consequence of the exposition, of course, but even now, with a little gumption, a man can live more cheaply in Paris than on the same scale in the average American city. There is not a single restaurant in Paris where a man is obliged to spend for his dinner anything like the sum he must necessarily disburse at Cherry's or the Waldorf-Astoria. The prices that horrify Europeans seem reasonable enough to the average American.

STEPHEN HACKENHA.

HEAD MONEY TESTED BY MACHINE.

INVENTIONS OF CAPT. PORTER GUARD THE PUBLIC AGAINST COUNTERFEITERS.

[Chicago News:] Capt. Thomas I. Porter of the United States secret service has directed his inventive faculty for some years toward the perfection of devices for safeguarding the public against counterfeiters. He is an expert on bogus money, whether coin or paper. He was the first to discover the Jacobs bogus revenue stamp, and point out its defects. He recently has perfected three devices, which were suggested to him by his work in the Treasury Department. One is a coin detector, another an automatic counter of coin and a third a tie for bags containing money or valuables, that, if once opened, cannot be refuted.

Two or three counterfeit detectors have been given to the public by the Chicago secret-service man, but his latest invention in that line is pronounced by treasury officials and bank clerks to be remarkable. It is an instantaneous tester. A coin that has a suspicious look is tested in a slot cut in a metal tongue at the top of a small steel box. If it is good it passes readily through the slot, falls upon an apron beneath and rolls off on a square of plate glass, giving the "ring" test. If the coin is undersized it will not ring when it strikes the plate. If it is oversized it will not pass through the slot. The coin also drops on a disc attached to a bar; if of light weight the balance will not act.

"Counterfeit coins are either too light or too heavy," said Capt. Porter. "I have never found them of the exact weight and the exact size. Gold coins seldom are counterfeited."

The counting machine which will be used in the sub-treasury is another simple device that does away with the counting of coins by hand, for the silver, nickel and copper coins cannot be weighed like gold, because of the variation in thickness of the coins. The principle of the machine is that a coin dropped through a tube of slightly larger diameter will fall flat at the bottom. A plunger at the bottom of the tube throws the coin out of the machine and registers it at the same time.

The handler of the money has only to look out for plugged and defective coins as he sweeps the money across the table into the machine. The record in counting money has been 10,000 dimes in an hour. Capt. Porter's little machine will count 35,000. Tubes of varying size for any coin from a penny to a dollar are furnished with each machine.

The captain's other device for the safeguarding of the contents of a bag is a metal oval, armed with teeth on the inside of jaws that are hinged on one end. A staple on one jaw pierces the other at the free end and a seal wire to it holds the bag intact. The seal must be broken before the jaws can be opened and the contents of the bag released.

Capt. Porter had another invention some time ago for the detection of counterfeit paper money by reproducing the portraits on the various bills, but the government would not consent to a reproduction of any part of a bill, even to aid in the detection of counterfeiters.

MISMANAGEMENT.

[Washington Star:] "The trouble about New," remarked Senator Borah, "was that the people around him didn't know how to manage him. All that was needed was a little tact and diplomacy."

"What would you have suggested?"

"I would simply have gotten the capitalists together and made arrangements to present New with a block of stock in every insurance company in New. Then he wouldn't have had the heart to set fire to the town."

Peking, Tien-Tsin and the Great Chinese Canal.

THE LAND OF THE BOXERS.

PICTURES BY PEN AND CAMERA FROM A SCENE OF MUCH PRESENT INTEREST.

By a Special Contributor.

THE present disturbances in China have for the most part been confined to the provinces of Shantung and Chili, especially to the latter, wherein lies Peking, the capital of the empire, and Tien-Tsin, the most important port of Northern China. Peking being the seat of government, and just at present being, to Russia, the most interesting point in all China, the trouble with the "Boxers" assumes a graver aspect than if it were occurring elsewhere in the empire.

The country surrounding the two towns is not noted for its productiveness, and the commercial health of the province is due to the fact that Tien-Tsin is virtually the

the broad ways, merchants erect booths and tents on the curb of the footway, for the sale of their goods, until there is little room left for the pedestrians.

In Terror of the Tartar Cavalry.

There is but one thing that clears the way, and of which the Chinese lives in terror, and that is the Tartar cavalry, the body guard of the ruler. Detachments of these are dispatched to clear the way for any mandarin or great official who has occasion to pass through the thoroughfare. They clear the way with heavy whips, which they use most mercilessly.

In Peking almost no modern improvements greet the stranger. The dust of summer rises in choking clouds, while the rains of winter turn the same thoroughfare into a quagmire. Inclosed within "Tartar Town" is the "Imperial City"—which, in its turn, incloses the "Purple Forbidden City." This latter is fenced and fortified, and contains the imperial palace and gardens. The palace is quite

houses, lakes, streams and fanciful bridges. The lake or reservoir, which supplies all the water for the "bitten City," is large enough to accommodate pleasure boats and artificial islands, built of mud, covered with earth and sod, which constantly float along, bringing picturesqueness and life to the already beautiful scene.

Outside the "Forbidden City," but within the "City" is Prospect Hill, a curious artificial mound, five summits and each one crowned by a temple. It is prettily planted with trees and relieved by other attractions, while not far away is the most beautiful bridge imaginable, constructed entirely of glimmering marble.

The Temple of Heaven.

"Tartar City" has not all of the beauties, for the "Imperial City" has the Temple of Heaven, which is a work of art. The structure consists of three circular marble terraces, the bottom one 110 feet across, while the top is less than one hundred. This top circle is paved in marble. Once a year the ruler comes and offers up prayers for the center stone of the top circle and offers up prayers for times of famine or drought he makes special prayer. The roof of this Temple of Heaven is finished in blue and white porcelain of an exquisite shade, and adds greatly to the beauty of the structure, as the rest is of white marble.

The gardens of this imperial abode are beautifully and attractively arranged, but the palace of Peking compares in gorgeousness and fanciful design with the Yuen-wu-in-Yuen, nine miles northwest of Peking. There are thirty distinct imperial huts, for such they are, the Hall of Audience being the only structure in the village that a European would grace with the name of a palace. But the designs, the decorations and the furniture arrangement combine to produce a pleasing and, for the moment, magnificent effect. Having heard so much of the grandeur of this palace, a reaction occurs upon seeing and criticism sets in, and we find there is nothing magnificent about it, merely a pleasing effect. On seeing the royalty of China never designing to enter any imperial habitation, these must needs be accommodations prepared for them and their court. This is surely what is known in China as "traveling palaces," which a series of royal residences occurring along the route that connects the principal cities of the empire. Many of them exceed in sumptuousness the palace at Peking.

The Liverpool of China.

Peking is not self-supporting, but looks to Tien-Tsin, the Liverpool of China, for her daily bread. Here are herds of busy bargemen and miles of wharves, factories, warehouses, dockyards and buildings, while the river is covered with junks and a conglomeration of all kinds of craft, with scarcely a passageway for the passing. This commercial port has a vacillating population, it sways with the seasons and the crops. In times of plenty and prosperity the city boasts of a population of 1,000,000, while at another time it may not have 500,000. It is throughout China for its life and gaiety, its theaters, coffee-houses, its games and races.

While the Grand Canal established the commercial life of Tien-Tsin, it has a peculiar class of fun-loving people who have always lived there, and have established a perpetual scene of gaiety and amusement. The canal, in reality, terminates at the "Red gate" in the city, where the canal joins the River Ku-ho, the river that flows immediately to Tien-Tsin, the city. The Chinese prefer to extend the canal in their inclination to that city also. It is rather a tattered and dilapidated city as compared with Peking, for the



WESTERN GATE, PEKING.

head of the Imperial, or Grand Canal, that extensive waterway by which the interchange of commodities is carried on between the northern and southern districts of China.

Peking is the most beautiful, if not the most interesting, city in China. A visit to this walled-in garden, with its imperial palace, its Temple of Heaven, its pagodas and lakes, its two broad streets and wilderness of trees, is likely to induce a repetition of that visit, perhaps several times over.

The name Peking means "northern court." The city is situated about one hundred miles inland from the seacoast, and has probably nearly two million inhabitants. It is situated on the Yu-Lo River, a tributary of the Pei-ho, which latter is the waterway connection between Peking and Tien-Tsin. Since 1880 there has been a telegraph system between the two cities, and the railway, the destruction of which has been one of the greatest annoyances effected by the "Boxers," was one of the grand luxuries of China. No country is so behind in locomotion and other modern improvements and comforts as this vast horde of otherwise intelligent people. In the most ancient arts their entire country gives evidence of greatest skill. Take, for instance, the construction of their walls and bridges. The Romans and the Greeks were surpassed by them; the arches of the Chinese are conceded to be the most beautiful and symmetrical in the world. The wall surrounding Peking is a thing of beauty, not to speak of many portions of the Great Wall of China.

The Wall About Peking.

A trip of thirty miles would scarcely suffice to do the wall of Peking, the top of which accommodates twelve horsemen abreast, and is from thirty to fifty feet in height. From the top of the wall the town appears like a beautiful garden, each tree and shrub arranged according to complementary colors and shadings and planted with consideration as to height when grown to maturity. There are lakes and winding streams and a summer garden effect with the upturned roofs of the Chinese dwellings, so picturesque as they nestle among the soft-tinted foliage and brilliant colored flowers, themselves rivaling the gayest flowers in their coats of red and blue and green and yellow, deep shades in themselves, if not always cool. The guard-houses, or parapets, occurring every sixty yards along the wall, with their upturned roofs, also afford a pleasing setting for this quaint city within.

The approach to the city by the western gate, with the small bridge spanning the Yu-ho River and the graceful towers just beyond, is the one most used by strangers and foreigners, for through this gate lies the most direct and principal route to the imperial palace.

Peking is laid out in a way peculiar to itself. There are two cities walled together; "Tartar City" and "Chinese City." Through the town run two grand avenues, each 300 feet wide and extending from the west wall to the east, from the north to the south, and crossing at the "Four-Ways," the one point of commercial life in Peking. The rest of the streets differ in no way from those of other Chinese towns, comprising a series of unhealthy, narrow alleys, with the vendors of goods outside; while even along

imposing and beautiful, with extended colonnades and embattled terraces, giving the impression of security. There is an imposing court, known as the "Three Halls," where all military ceremonies are conducted, and which leads to the inner courts and apartments of state.

There is the same studied similarity of furnishings in the imperial palaces as in all Chinese houses. Their life is one of severe routine, and the same spirit pervades the house. A description of one room suffices for all—beautiful tables, stools, cabinets and gorgeously-carved, straight-backed chairs of teak, a profusion of china ornaments, vases, lac-



MOUTH OF THE RIVER CHIN-KE ANG.

querware and flowers. Every room is similar to every other one, and all have an air of comfort and elegance.

The imperial palace of Peking has long been noted throughout the world for its beauty and magnificence, when in reality it is the gardens and pagodas and temples and lakes that create the impression of grandeur rather than the palace itself. The gardens comprise an area about two miles square, and are walled in by a handsome red brick wall twenty feet in height and surmounted with bright yellow tiling, from whence it derives its name of "Yellow Wall." No one but those of the Emperor's household or his visitors is permitted within the inclosure. Every attention has been given the gardens and their beauty repays it, for they are a bower of rare and lovely flowers, summer-

are out of repair and never were grand like those of the capital; the shipping brings a rough class of men to Tien-Tsin, while the wealthy prefer to live in the suburbs. Tien-Tsin is situated at the conflux of the river Pei-ho and Ku-ho, the former going to the capital, the latter to the canal. On all navigable rivers, and especially on the Pei-ho, military stations are established; their magnitude of strength being proportioned to the importance of the commercial interests.

Military Strength.

Tien-Tsin, being the port for Peking, has a large number of these soldiers, or policemen, as they should be called, for they perform such duties as settling disputes

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and regulating the traffic; also firing salutes and cannon pass by, such as mandarins and high officials. This ceremony consists of discharging three short guns. These are fired perpendicularly in the ground, a long cannon is put into the barrel, over which earth is piled on a slightly raised. The police station is a scene of commotion and bustle. Gay national flags float in front of the pavilion and junkmen and trappers dispute and laugh, and there are over the ubiquitous juggler, fortune-teller or quack doctor.

Tien-Tsin is built on a vast alluvial plain, impregnated with salt and mire to such an extent that nothing but wheat and coarse grain can be produced. Therefore, the importance of this commercial port, for everything must be imported. It has been an open port since 1860, and hundreds of foreign vessels visit there annually, bringing cargoes of tea, shillings, sugar, steel, lead, opium and other commodities. Great quantities of tea are landed here, to be taken around via Kalgan and Kiachia to Siberia, from whence they bring skins. There are extensive coal beds west of Tien-Tsin, and, as exports, this city has straw, wool, tobacco and beans, peas, and rhubarb. The number of the province resides here a part of each year. The town presents a mean appearance on account of the narrow and narrow streets the only relief being the ornate tiled roofs of gay-colored tiling frequently adorned with serpents and gorgeous dragons. The stupendous that grace the roofs and tops of some of the public halls and buildings are most fantastic in shape and design. Serpents and adornments on the houses are as frequent as the gay coloring in the people's habilliment, and it all enhances the landscape and makes Tien-Tsin a port to be remembered.

The Grand Canal.

And now a word about the Grand Canal, as Europeans call this magnificent artificial river, though by the Chinese it is known as Yen-ho. As a waterway it is second only to the great Yang-tse-Kiang River. It was begun in the eighth century, but was not finished until the twelfth, and though scientific men belittle the merit of this great

workment and inundated the country. A general cut the banks once to drown a rebel army; but the army escaped to the hills and the town of Homan was inundated and over three hundred thousand people drowned. The course of the canal lies through the old bed of the treacherous Yellow River, and encounters several lakes and a few rivers. Formerly it afforded irrigation to the adjoining country throughout most of its length; but now the lay of the land has changed to such a degree that where the canal was above the land and easy to use for irrigation, it now lies below the level and is of no use, for that purpose, to the adjacent country. Whole sections of the canal have been allowed to go to ruin, and only those portions running through dry districts are kept in repair and used, while lagoons, small rivers and streams take the place of this once carefully-protected canal. In droughts the canal presents a sad spectacle, as compared with the magnificent river of former times.

At no place along the entire route do we meet with such life and commerce as at Tien-Tsin until we meet the waters of the Yang-tse-Kiang in the vicinity of the Golden Island, near the mouth of the River Chin-Keang. This is the southern terminus of the canal, and, therefore, a place of utmost consequence to the internal security of the empire. It is the key to the imperial canal and a hostile fleet of but a few powerful war vessels could effectually blockade the approach to Peking by the canal, and also the way to Nanking, up the Yang-tse-Kiang; while at the mouth of the same river lies Shanghai. At this point several rivers discharge their waters into the Yang-tse-Kiang, forming such a mighty river as to have the appearance and effect of a vast land-locked bay. The lofty rock that marks this point has been conspicuous in the history of China ever since it had a history. It is known as the "Fort" and has a garrison stationed here for the protection of the surrounding cities. It constitutes a sort of Tartar capital. Perched on the very summit, nestles the official residence of the little part, picturesque in their setting of soft-tinted lichens and rich shades of the pine. A pathway, cut in the rock, encircles the citadel, but the ascent is no arduous that



AN INCLINED PLANE IN IMPERIAL CANAL.

It is nevertheless one of the greatest monuments of human labor in existence. Nowhere, excepting in China, has such an undertaking been brought to a successful issue. Its length, including rivers, is about one thousand miles, nearly seven hundred of this distance being constructed by locks. Although it does not penetrate mountains nor perch on aqueducts, but is confined to comparatively level country, it ascends and descends slopes by means of flood-gates. It traverses half the length of the empire and has a breadth oftentimes of 1000 feet, and never less than 200; and, when a strip of low country is to be crossed it is elevated by embankments, supported by stone walls of marble or granite. So perfectly has the work been done that these embankments inclose a stream of water with a velocity of nearly three miles an hour, an ample supply for all purposes. When a grade was encountered in constructing the canal the labor was evidently commenced at the side of the slope and by cutting down the higher part and elevating the lower, a uniform height was effected. In no place along the entire length of the canal do we find a cut deeper than fifty feet.

A Canal Without Locks.

The imperial canal leaves the lower country, as has been said, in the vicinity of Tien-Tsin, and in its descent to the lower country the levels are not affected by locks, as in the upper country, but by lengthened stages, falling like steps, from station to station, the height of the fall ranging from six to ten feet. At these flood-gates the water is maintained at the upper level by planks let down one upon another, in grooves cut in the side-posts; while two solid beams inclose the inclined plane, up or down which the boats are to pass. On the fathoms are constructed powerful levers, worked by huge levers that are controlled by men and a few animals. Thousands of men find employment in working to the capstans, and the dexterity with which the boats are guided through these flood-gates is marvellous. The plane is frequently at an inclination of 45 deg. The pilot, or helmsman, stands at the bow and, with a prodigious oar, guides the boat down the plane, while the boatmen are swung down from the jetties to prevent the boat from being marred or injured.

Several Over Three Hundred Thousand People.

On more than one occasion the water has burst its em-

few others than those living there attempt it. The surface of the rock is fertile and fruits and vegetables are grown.

But it is the view, the enchanting picture seen from the summit, that one never forgets. A mountain chain—a grand river, the Golden Island, clothed in luxuriant foliage and studded with pagodas and temples, while immediately opposite is observed the opening of the imperial canal into the grand bay of Chin-Keang. It is one of the most beautiful bits of scenery in China, and there is no other more important place in the entire kingdom than Chin-Keang, or the key of the Grand Canal.

HARRY FORBES.

NEW GAS FOUND IN THE SUN.

REVELATIONS PRODUCED BY THE USE OF THE SOLAR SPECTRUM.

[Literary Budget:] The announcement was first made by Norman Lockyer that certain bright lines in the solar spectrum indicated the presence in the sun of a hitherto unknown gas, which he proposed to call "helium." In 1895 Ramsay isolated the gas. "But at the same time," says Cosmos, abstracting an article in Prometheus, "Lockyer found in the spectrum of the corona other colored lines, which he attributed to the presence of another element, to which he gave the name 'coronium.'" Neither Ramsay nor any other chemist has yet been able to isolate this body. Nevertheless, an Italian spectroscopist has discovered the lines of coronium in the gases thrown out from the crater of Vesuvius. This has encouraged physicians to search for this pearl of all the gases, present, past and future.

But this is not all. At the same time other physicians have had their attention directed to other lines of the spectrum, and announce that there will next be discovered two new metals that exist in the sun. They have given these elements by anticipation the names of "aurorium" and "nebulium." The position occupied by these bodies in the atmospheric layers of the sun leads these scientists to think that they are lighter than hydrogen. For chemists this discovery will be a veritable revolution. In fact, it will destroy Proust's hypothesis, which states that all the molecular weights of bodies are whole multiples of that of hydrogen. However, as no trace of either aurorium or nebulium has yet been found on the earth, the existence of these elements is yet far from conclusive demonstration.

SI—PHILOSOPHER AND CAPITALIST.

By a Special Contributor.

SI READ the papers and knew considerably more than most folks. He knew that there was an ocean of water on top of the land and a sea of oil beneath it. He knew that Alpha Alpha grew fast, and that Belgian hares grew faster, but that oil stock grew the fastest. He knew that he himself was clever.

So Si got in oil. He didn't go out barefooted to the yellow derricks and wade in the blackish residue. But he took some money from the county savings bank and came down to Los Angeles. Then he got in.

The man was very kind, the one that permitted him to take the stock. He gave Si his choice, and told him all about the different companies. Si selected the stock that had a ribbon fastened in the seal, because it looked more businesslike. And when he had paid for it, the secretary gave him a cigar and thanked him. Si took it, but his conscience smote him because there was that bright young fellow working hard with never a cent of salary. It was a wonder how he managed to buy cigars anyway.

Si felt ten years younger when he took the train to go home. Every one was talking oil, and little did they know that he had 10,000 shares right in his coat pocket. His was a good company, too. Some one who knew a great deal about oil, told him it was the biggest wild-cat company on the Coast, and while he was not very familiar with technical terms, he reckoned that it was a great compliment.



Besides, his company was capitalised for \$10,000,000, and of course was very rich.

When a man dropped in the seat beside him, Si was all ready to answer the customary greeting—"in oil?"

"Yes, Si was in oil.

"Ground floor?"

No, the office was on the 'steenth story.

"Producing company?"

Si didn't know.

"Where's the land?"

Si never bothered about land. He was not in the real estate business. He was an oilist.

"Par value?"

Si did remember that. It was \$1.

"And office price?"

Si was not sure about the regular price, but he had paid 50 cents.

"I'm afraid you're stuck," said the man. "What's the name?"

"Gusherfast."

"Oh, that's all right. I'm president. Hold on to it and you'll make a fortune—land slopes down to our property at an angle of 45 deg.—oil is drained from 3000 acres—right near the surface—almost pure kerosene—railroad ten feet from where the tanks will be built—strata too deep for measurement—gushers burst skyward bigger than the giant geyser—"

But the train stopped and Si bounded out, to be met by a crowd of the boys, a capitalist and a hero. They carried him round on their shoulders, and next day a score of the townspeople set out for the Gusherfast Oil Company to get rich.

Si was clever and he knew it.

J. E. M.

TO ART.

What are thine ends? To idle at the door,
The while the wharves call and the ships go by;
Set sail and drift under an April sky,
A curious mariner from shore to shore?
To strip from woodland pool the pipe of yore,
Bursting with many a high, sweet, ancient air,
And shivering down the country highways fare?
Son of the gods, and hast thou nothing more?
Storm through the tides, unheeding wreck or night,
Lord of the chart, the track, lord of thy fears;
Fling to the gusts the reed of weathers slight;
Blood of our blood, and kin to all our tears,
Cry through the dark, and drive the world to light;
Strike at the heart of time, and rouse the years!

[Lizette Woodworth Reese in Scribner's.]

HIS RICH COLLECTION.

COL. HILDER BRINGS TREASURES FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON (D. C.), June 11, 1900.—Col. F. F. Hilder, the first of Uncle Sam's expert ethnologists to visit the Philippines in an official capacity, has just returned to this city, heavily laden with treasure. He brought with him thirty-five packages of rare and valuable specimens. Seventy or eighty more parcels are to follow him within the next month or two. The entire collection will be exhibited first at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo. It will be afterward installed in the great National Museum, this city. Here it will give future generations a vivid idea as to how our oriental possessions were thriving at the time of Yankee occupation.

Doubtless the most important part of Col. Hilder's work was the institution of a sort of Bertillon system of measuring and photographing the many race types of the archipelago. Just as our police wish to carefully preserve all peculiarities of criminals for purposes of future identification, Uncle Sam's scientists desire to perpetuate the characteristics of the many different Filipino race types, liable to lose their identity within the next century. Before leaving the islands, Col. Hilder laid before a well-equipped representative, left in the field, a detailed plan for pursuing this work. The measurements will be so extensive in detail as to admit of an accurate reproduction of every form by a trained sculptor. Each individual will be photographed from three views—front, side and profile. Samples of these pictures exhibit the nude bodies of well-developed Filipino men, taken full length. They will aid the sculptor in giving

Billid. The ethnologist procured it for the National Museum, through the courtesy of Maj. Rodgers, in command of that prison. It is an upright post about ten inches square at the base and five feet high, having attached to it a shelf-like seat, upon which its many unfortunate victims were bound, their backs resting against the vertical portion. The base of the upright post is fitted with clamps with which it was originally fastened to the scaffold platform. A large, double-handled wrench is fastened to the end of a long screw passing through the post, at the height of the victim's neck, and penetrating a bronze collar also fastened to the post. The extremity of the screw, which bores its way into the neck within the collar, is so blunt that it combines slow strangulation with the agony entailed by the crushing of the prisoner's spine.

First American Civil Execution.

On March 30, while Col. Hilder was in Manila, there occurred at San Carlos the first civil execution under the American régime. Antonio Morales and Faustino Gonzales, two Filipinos who had murdered fellow natives, were hanged upon a high, double scaffold. The day before the hanging two companies of our soldiers brought the condemned men on a special train from Bayamban, where they had been confined in a convent. After being placed in prison they were visited by three village priests who had previously erected in their cell an altar surmounted by a cross and lighted candles. The prisoners spent their last night counting their beads and praying with the attendant fathers. At 6 o'clock the following morning chocolate, buns and eggs were set before them, and they ate of these until two hours later, when given beer, which they appeared to relish. Later they smoked cigarettes and cigars for two hours. At 11 o'clock they confessed their crimes to the priests. During this ordeal they knelt side by side before the altar resting their foreheads upon its edge. In the march to the scaffold, which directly followed, Gonzales walked proudly erect, with his hat placed jauntily on one side of his head. Ascending the scaffold steps, he doffed his hat and made a low bow to the spectators gath-

forces, and is a famous scoundrel, who has refused to submit to his extortions and gave vent to his cruelty upon Spanish prisoners under his charge. He is a small man, insignificant appearance, and when I saw him, in one of the prison stations, he was dressed in the height of military and wore several large diamonds. He is being guarded to await orders from the Provost Marshal. Were our soldiers to release him the Philippine prisoners would soon settle the question of his fate.

Col. Hilder, in his younger days, was an officer in the British army, where he earned the Victoria cross for his view of operations of colonial troops in England, India and South African dependencies, and he has navigated the globe several times. The Philippines by no means new to him. He traveled extensively in the archipelago during his earlier days. While he calls himself a loyal American citizen of long standing, his former military experience in colonial wars and Anglo-Saxon troops will add weight to many of his views.

"In respect to future military operations in the Philippines," said he, "I feel convinced that it will be of interest of our government to enlist segments of them, under white officers."

"In Luzon I saw one regiment of Manobo soldiers. Their white officers spoke in the highest of them. They were clad in our uniforms, and wore our weapons. Their diet is so simple that they eat at half the expense of American soldiers. They eat fish and fruit, particularly rice. They can be paid in currency the same amount as given the American soldier in our currency, the pay account being then one-half. Then, again, they are so well conditioned the small amount of sickness among them with minimal expenses. Their knowledge of the language and customs of the country increases their efficiency in the maintenance of order and suppression of rioting. The tribes have immense powers of endurance, although they are large. They are all loyal, and come from Luzon. Most of them speak Spanish. They are acquiring English, and understand their commands. They are Malays modified by centuries of intermingling with aboriginal tribes. They are brown-skinned, but looking less than the average Tagal. The Igorrotes, who in the insurrection resisted our soldiers with bows and arrows, can also be enlisted and trained into our material. So can the Visayans and Tagals. They have been enlisted into the native police. They are efficient in preserving order. The Negritos are out of the picture. They are wretched specimens of humanity, diseased, poorly nourished and sickly. They are on the verge of becoming extinct in a few years. They are quite in the scale of civilization as the South African or Australian aborigines. The Moros will make good fighting material, but I should not trust them among the Tagals. They could be sent north, while Tagals or Visayan tribes are sent to the Moro country, thus giving the English custom of employing one native tribe in the territory of another and never against its own people. This nation has been successful in holding tropical islands without the enlistment of native troops.

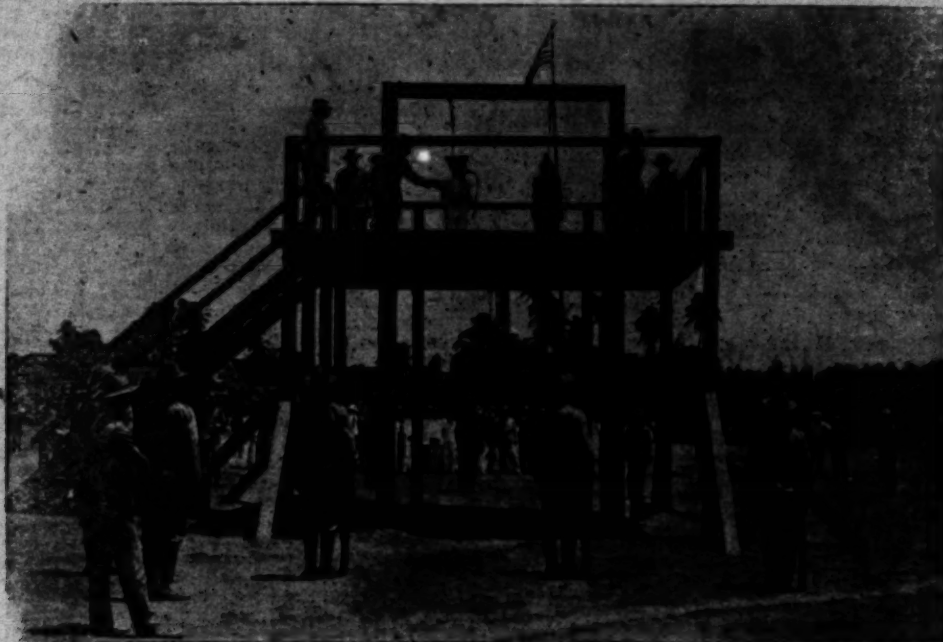
The Friars Must Go.

"But the burning question in the Philippines is posed by the hostility of the natives to the friars. They are all devout Catholics, more attached to their servances than any other tropical converts to Christianity. They wish to get rid of the friars and have many substituted for them. They do not care whether the priests are Spaniards, Filipinos or Americans. They think that the friars have been oppressive in many ways, and that there is any amount of compromise on the part of the Tagals which does not involve their interests. They think that the best interests of the Catholic church is served by the removal of these orders and the release of their property to the Catholic church. There is no doubt that the trouble between the friars and the natives was the origin of the rebellion against them, and it has always been stated by the Tagals that the permanent peace can be concluded if the American government gives the friars to the control of the parishes."

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.

THE FALL OF THE BACHELORS' CLUB.

O he was the head of a Bachelor Club,
Heigh-ho, my lady!
And he mused as he sat with his glass and his wine,
Heigh-ho, my lady:
"No wife with her wants and her troubles for me,
No blubbery babies to hold on my knee,
But a life that from jarring and jangling is free."
Mused he—
Heigh-ho, my lady.
O he was the pride of the bachelor boys,
Heigh-ho, my lady,
And he scoffed at men's visions of marital joy,
Heigh-ho, sweet lady.
He came and he went when he pleased and he said
"A man is a man till he's married or dead."
But the stubborn mule to the trough may be led,
Heigh-ho, fair lady.
O she was a maid full of maidenish wiles,
Heigh-ho, my laddie;
And she frowned but to make sweet amends with smiles,
Heigh-ho, my laddie!
What an ankle peeped out o'er the top of her dress,
What dimples she had, how she mastered them,
What she wished to have done 'twas a pleasure to see,
To do—
Heigh-ho, my laddie!
She chanced to trip past where he loitered and stood,
Heigh-ho, my laddie,
And tossed her proud head in a heart-breaking nod,
Heigh-ho, poor laddie!
"Men are manly until they are love-lorn!" she said,
The scuffer go bang! Love is manlier yet!
Thus in crepe on the door where the bachelor stood,
Heigh-ho, brave laddie!
—E. R. Kline in Chicago Tribune.



FIRST HANGING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

ing expression and character to the finished casts. Col. Hilder has obtained a valuable collection of Filipino costumes, representing most of the tribes. Some of the women's dresses are exquisitely embroidered.

Models of Houses and Boats.

He has obtained models of the representative houses of the whole group, models of curious native boats, a complete collection of every kind of net, hook or other device used in fishing, agricultural implements of all kinds, musical instruments, weapons, armor, puzzles, games, children's toys and samples of native products. A set of archaic musical instruments, representing the epoch antedating European influence, are made entirely of bamboo.

Gen. Otis gave Col. Hilder his pick of a vast collection of war trophies stored in the Manila arsenal. A number of Filipinos are still engaged in increasing this and other collections. Uncle Sam's soldier boys would have had an easy walk-over had all of the rebellious natives been armed with such weapons as the ethnologist unearthed. Among them are cannon made of piping, reinforced with bamboo and wound with telegraph wire or rattan, curious devices for the manufacture of impromptu arms, a large collection of holes or native knives, armor woven of vegetable fiber, but affording ample protection against native swords and arrows; blowguns, bows and poisoned arrows used by the wild tribes in the interior of Mindanao.

The colonel also obtained an interesting infernal machine, placed by rebellious natives upon the railroad near Manila, and captured by the engineer of a train just in time to avert a serious catastrophe. It is an oblong box filled with gunpowder and fitted with a detonating apparatus and trigger attached to a string.

Brought a Garrote With Him.

Americans have read with horror of the terrible garrote, the engine of capital punishment used throughout Spain and her dominions. Soon they will be able to feast their eyes upon the real thing. Col. Hilder procured in Manila the actual garrote used in that city for public executions. It is the first instrument of its kind to enter this country. After the Philippine capital came into the hands of the Yankees, this grim implement was removed from its established position and stored away in the penitentiary at

ered around. Morales followed, carrying a prayer book in his hands and a cross between his teeth. Both unfortunately calmly took their places upon the trap, but were in a semi-fainting condition when the drop fell. Death in both cases was due to strangulation. The execution was in charge of Col. Smith of the Seventeenth Infantry, who, previous to the appearance of the condemned men, went to the scaffold and addressed a representative gathering of citizens assembled around it. He impressed upon their minds that the murderers were not to be executed for any crimes committed against Americans and that no charge of revengeful intent could, therefore, be laid at the doors of the latter. A battalion of our soldiers formed a cordon about the scaffold, which was regarded by the native spectators as a great curiosity.

Visited Aguinaldo's Wife.

"Through the instrumentality of a native lawyer," said Col. Hilder, "I obtained an interview with Señora Aguinaldo—wife of the insurgent chieftain. I found her living with her mother-in-law and little son in a comfortable native house in the Binondo section of Manila. I found her extremely polite, courteous and self-possessed, but non-committal on every subject which I broached. She appeared to be an ordinary woman of the middle class, between 40 and 50, fairly good-looking and well dressed, according to the native style. Her costume was that of a well-to-do middle-class woman. She appeared to have pleasant surroundings, so far as her house was concerned. I asked her if she had any complaint to make against her treatment by the United States government, and she replied that, on the contrary, she had been very well treated. When I asked her if she had heard from her husband lately she said that he had not communicated with her for some time. Our conversation was in Spanish. She is a Roman Catholic. During the interview she was accompanied by a servant, who held her child, a 3 or 4 years old. Her mother-in-law—Aguinaldo's mother—was ill and unable to see me.

Saw Aguinaldo's Brother-in-law.

"In Manila I also saw Pasa, who married Aguinaldo's sister. He is a mestizo, half Chinese and half Tagal. He has been in command of a section of the insurrectionary

Stories of the Firing Line * * Animal Stories.

At Antietam.

THE second day of Antietam, when the Federal line was broken against Lee's right, an Ohio regiment was stationed on the banks of the creek not far to the left of the bridge on which was centered Lee's terrible fire of shot and shell, and away to the rear, with the supply train, was a commissary sergeant, a boy of 22, who, as the hours wore away, remembered that the regiment would be fainting and weary for the night in his charge behind. And then the boy, without being compelled by no soldier's duty, loaded his wagon, with volunteer drivers, and on from the rear to the front through the shower of shot and shell, braving death and instant, brought to the front and to the fainting soldiers the reinforcements of food and strength, and enabled them to go on with the conflict till the end. The regiment was the Twenty-third Ohio, its colonel was Captain B. Hayes, afterward the nineteenth President of the United States, and upon that field of battle the colonel and future President recommended for a commission a boy of 18 for gallantry in action, and the commission was given to the commissary sergeant, William McKinley, the future President of the United States.—[Secretary of War, Washington, May 30.]

Of Inventions.

THE SUCCESSFUL was Col. Baden-Powell during the Boer war of "making that he may surely be called a man of many inventions." Large quantities of food were needed in that frontier town, but even they got low as the days wore on, so that on April 5 a pound of beef was sold for two guineas, and a case of whisky for £10. At that time the money question was sure soon to become acute, as well as that of the food. But here also the ingenuity of Baden-Powell devised a means, for he issued a special currency in the form of paper money, which should be redeemed at face value on the resumption of the war. It was used in paying the troops and others, and by the commander of the Rhodesian forces.—[New York Tribune.]

Of Beef.

THE first day horseflesh was served out at Kimberley, and it was cooked for the officers' mess at the general camp. At the table Peakman said: "Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that we were unable to get all our horseflesh today, and had to take part of it in horseflesh. This which I am carving is beef; the horse is at the end, and any one who prefers it can help himself. They all prefer it, and so they all ate beef, and made a good meal. When they had finished, Peakman suddenly announced: 'My Jewel gentlemen, I find I have made a mistake in the joints; this is the horseflesh, and the other is beef.' It was just a dodge of his to get them started on horseflesh.—[Diary of Dr. Oliver Aaba.]

Of the Free State.

A GENT of San Francisco, who spent some years in the Transvaal and who still retains large quantities of gold, said yesterday at the Waldorf-Astoria, of New York: "Well, it seems to be practically over, and the gold is in no joke from a trade standpoint for the annual output of gold to be decreased so tremendously as it has been by this war. The Boers put up a fight while it lasted, didn't they? Did you ever see a really old beggar as Oom Paul? So long as it was the Free State territory they were fighting on, the Boers fought vigorously and without let up. The Boers, however, the Transvaal is entered the war practically. But results, Transvaal property is uninjured. The States must feel kindly, don't you think? I believe there's a head of cattle, a duck, chicken or something else to be found the length and breadth of the Free State today. The invading army will have everything portable and their horses and cattle will be consumed everything growing. You remember 'Phil' Smith's report after that wonderful Shermanish campaign of his—that if a crow undertook to fly up the Shoshone Valley he had best carry his provisions with him. That's the way the Orange Free State looks today. You must feel like a fool. You say they'll be paid? Well, they may be when the food has been requisitioned and sent given for it by the authorized officers, but even then they will have to wait a long time for their money. They have been a lot of white flags raised, and when surrounded by the British, the Boers have opened fire on them. They've fired on ambulances and they fired on the women's head at Mafeking. These things will incline the British officers to anger, and a very deadly anger at that."—[New York Tribune.]

On the Maine.

THE privilege of reading a sprightly and entertaining letter from a trained nurse on the Maine was had in Philadelphia. The hospital ship was lying at the wharf at Durham on February 23, and the nurse, who is graduate of one of Philadelphia's large hospitals, gave some interesting glimpses into warfare and life on board ship. About two hundred patients were on board, but most of them were recovering and almost ready for their discharge. The ship's staff at that time were waiting eagerly for news from Ladysmith; as soon as that place was retaken they expected to be ordered to go to the beleaguered town on a special relief train to bring away the sick and wounded. In the sight of this young woman, was revealed in one of its horrors. "I tell you," she says, "this war is costing so many lives have been sacrificed, and I guess many more are going the same way, for I believe there is a terrible battle going on at this time." We seem to hear the sound of the fray in her few graphic lines. The ship itself all was quiet and orderly. A few patients were being used, and the surgeons had been

most successful in finding and extracting the bullets. Sir William MacCormac and Mr. Treves have just visited the ship. They have both been doing "great work at the front." Down in South Africa the trained nurses are called "sisters," and they are doing something to help solve the problem of how far women nurses can be employed to mitigate the horrors of war. Certainly these young women on the Maine are having a unique experience in their chosen profession, and while they are successfully demonstrating their right to be there, they are also doing something in the way of advancing the claims of international comity.—[Philadelphia Medical Journal.]

Only Bread and Jam at a Dinner Party in Kimberley.

A WOMAN, who was in Kimberley during the siege, describes a dinner at which the "guests comprised all the city magnates, and the menu consisted of bread and jam." At the beginning of the dinner a large ham was placed in front of Mr. Rhodes, who, however, went on contentedly munching schoolboy fare without appearing to notice the ham. At the close of the dinner, however, when the bread and jam had disappeared, Mr. Rhodes rose from his place and summoned a waiter to bring him a large piece of brown paper, in which he solemnly wrapped the ham. Then, turning to the other guests, he said words to this effect: "Gentlemen, we are well and strong; with your permission I will send this ham to the hospital, where the need of the patients is greater than ours."—[New York Commercial Advertiser.]

Soldier's Tales of Money.

IT WOULD seem that Lloyd Brown, a Wichita, Kan., soldier boy in the Philippines, is possessed of either a good nose for hidden money or of that robust imagination which has led so many Wichita writers on to fame. In a letter to the Eagle, he says:

"When we captured Iloilo I found \$72,500 in Mexican money. We had taken possession of the hospital and I went upstairs to find a place to sleep and thought I would look around to see what I could find. I saw some sacks that I supposed to be filled with grain and took out my knife and ripped one open. You can imagine my surprise when, instead of horse feed, there rolled out dollars and half dollars. In the moments that it took me to regain my breath from the shock occasioned by finding more than I could carry off, the sergeant major of the Fourth Cavalry came up, and as he happened to know where the colonel was, reached him and reported the find as his own before I could find the colonel. The money was turned over to Gen. Schwan and I have learned since that the sergeant major was given part of it."

"I have gathered up coins from nearly all countries of the world. While I was on the south line we came upon a large stone cross away up in the mountains, and at the bottom of the cross was a crack three inches long and one wide. We camped there that night, and as I was sitting near by, I noticed several natives drop something like money. When they had gone I tried to get into it, but could not. That night, some one tied horses to the cross and it fell down, revealing a hole nearly deep enough for a man to stand erect in, which contained about eight bushels of pennies, which had been accumulating there for hundreds of years, the oldest bearing date of 1304. No one took any of the money except as curios."—[Kansas City Journal.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

A Strange Suicide.

A CORRESPONDENT of The Times contributes the following story:

Before the Santa Catalina Aquarium had reached its present splendid proportions, it consisted of a single tank, kept on the porch of Hotel Metropole, and was maintained by contributions of boatmen and fishermen. In the tank was a large purple and olive starfish which would probably measure eighteen inches from point to point. One morning one of the legs or rays of the starfish was found dismembered from the body. This excited attention, but when, an hour later, another leg was found dismembered it was thought passing strange. The starfish was much the largest and most powerful animal in the tank, and what was tearing it to pieces was a mystery. A gentleman, to solve the riddle, seated himself near the tank to watch for marauders when, to his utter astonishment, he presently discovered another leg torn asunder. He then set himself to watch the fish, which thus had but two legs remaining. And this is what he saw: The fish was fastened to the glass at the side of the tank by its hundreds of little suckers, which serve it as feet. It shifted its position so that one of the legs was directly above the body. Then this leg was released from the glass and bent back over the back of the fish until it touched the floor of the tank, to which it attached itself, gradually drawing down so that more of the suckers could take hold, until finally the strain was great enough to separate the parts and the amputation was performed. It completed the job, leaving not a leg connected with the body, and then died. It was a case of deliberate suicide, conceived and carried out with the most cold-blooded determination.

Deer Went Over the Falls.

THIS seems an improbable game story, but is vouched for by Fish and Game Commissioner Henry O. Stanley of Maine, who was in the city yesterday:

One day last week he and his colleague, L. T. Carleton, and P. O. Vickrey of Augusta, Me., were in a clubhouse in that city that overlooks the Kennebec. The room they were in afforded a good view of the dam and water pouring over it. The gentlemen were admiring the scene, the water rushing madly over the rapids loaded with huge cakes of

ice. The ice was just leaving the river above, and was bringing down all sorts of debris, including mighty saw logs that would have made the plunge of twenty feet over the dam, down through the undertow and up and on again through the quarter mile of rapids.

All at once they saw a live deer, standing trembling on a cake of ice. Rapidly he approached the falls. He seemed to gather himself for a final plunge for life. The gentlemen watching saw destruction coming to a handsome buck, and were powerless to hinder. They held their breaths for the final plunge. The great cake of ice rolled up, as the lower edge tipped over the mighty cascade, but the deer stood his ground.

He went under the water below the dam. He could not be seen for quite a distance down, and the gentlemen watched for his dead body to come to the surface. But he appeared after a moment of great suspense, alive, and immediately swam bravely for the shore. He reached the bank on the other side and quickly scrambled up, then bounded over the fence and disappeared in the fields beyond, going rapidly for the woods.—[Boston Herald.]

His Pug Dog Chewed the Diamond.

A FEW days ago Peter Donaldson left his diamond stud, a beautiful two-karat gem, on the dresser and went into an adjoining room. When he came back he noticed his pet pug dog chewing something and saw that his diamond was missing. Upon investigation he found the dog had got it and crushed the mounting out of shape. After some time he succeeded in taking the diamond out of the dog's mouth and at his earliest convenience started to have it reset.

Mr. Lock, a jeweler, examined more closely and discovered the dog had bitten a piece from the stone and damaged it badly. Donaldson was certain the stone was perfect before the dog got it in his mouth. He could scarcely credit the jeweler's statement until he saw it through the magnifying glass.

Telling of the matter this morning, Mr. Lock said: "I have been in the jewelry business for thirty-five years and it was the first time I ever heard of such a case. The diamond was a beauty and to all appearances as hard as the ordinary diamond. One corner, however, about one-fortieth of a karat, had been bitten off by the dog. The dog that can bite pieces off a diamond is a wonder."

The stone had to be recut and set and that cost a fair sum.—[Pittsburgh Press.]

Feline Strategy.

IT WAS not his size or his beauty which made him remarkable, though his possession of these "attributes of feline superiority" easily made him prominent among the cats of the neighborhood with whom he waged unrelenting warfare, but the fact is that he possessed a controlling mind and a strategic ability that would have made him a great commander had he been born in a more exalted sphere of life. For this cat, with true diplomacy, made friends with the dogs of his particular domain and went forth to battle attended by a bodyguard whose appearance inspired respect and assisted him in his combats. An English mastiff, a bird dog, and a small cocker spaniel shared his meals, and later enabled him to gain victories over his hated rival, the gray cat across the street.

This cat had had many a contest with that gray cat, but the combat always resulted in a draw, because of the guerrilla tactics of his wary opponent, who preferred a short fight and a rapid dash to safety to a prolonged conflict where the superior weight and fighting ability of the cat with the controlling mind would have a decided advantage.

The thought that victory, undisputed, had never yet perched upon his banners, vexed the soul of the diplomatic feline and embittered his milk and beefsteak with the wormwood of vengeance long delayed. But at last diplomacy triumphed and retribution overtook the gray prowler and disturber of midnight slumber.

One day in a fatal hour the gray cat invaded the precincts of the feline Bismarck when the allies of the latter were at hand. When he struck a sudden blow and ran, a smile of joy parted the whiskers of the cat with the controlling mind and with him the three dogs joined the chase.

Because of their superior numbers the dogs easily caught and brought to bay the gray cat and then formed a ring about him, while the avenger entered the arena and began the battle. Continually driven back into the ring by the three dogs, the gray cat was unable to pursue his favorite tactics, and the result, after one of the prettiest "cat scraps" that that ward had ever seen, was complete victory for the cat with the diplomatic inclinations. Only when the gray cat, by a flying leap over the heads of the dogs, escaped, did he let up in the work of righteous retribution. Then, in the consciousness of victory, the conqueror returned, accompanied by his allies, to his repast of milk and beefsteak, lord of his own domain. And the surrounding neighborhood as far as three blocks owned his undisputed sway.—[Grand Rapids Herald.]

Intelligence of Fish.

DR. SAMUEL DIXON, the president of the Pennsylvania Academy of Natural Sciences, in Philadelphia, has a large aquarium containing goldfish and marine creatures which he is in the habit of feeding every morning. During the winter he wore dark-colored clothing, and as soon as he approached the glass tank all the fish came to the surface of the water looking for crumbs. Changing his clothing to light-colored fabrics the first of May, the fish failed to recognize him, and went without food for two days. At last, however, they began to recognize his face as he approached the aquarium, and rose to the surface for their food from his hands. His friends, who know the tenderness of his heart, assert that he had ordered an extra black serge suit to please the fish, when they gave in and allowed him to appear in gray.—[New York Tribune.]

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

The Tale Was on Hermann.

WHEN Bill Nye, in collaboration with James Whitcomb Riley, was touring the country as a lecturer, he stopped at a well-known Chicago hotel, one evening, and was escorted to a place in the big dining-room directly across the table from a dark gentleman with heavy black mustaches, and a Mephistophelian goatee. He recognized his vis-a-vis as Hermann, the magician, but beyond a quizzical stare, gave no sign that he knew an eminent prestidigitator. Hermann was very well aware that the tall man opposite him was Bill Nye, but did not attempt his recognition by word or manner. Hermann had, in fact, prepared a little surprise for the humorist, and several others seated at the table were in the secret.

Nye was about to lance a leaf from his salad, when he noted, lying beneath it, a superb and scintillant diamond, set in a very fine gold ring. Without showing the least emotion, he lifted the ring from the salad bowl, slipped it on his finger, conscious all the while that every eye was upon him, and, turning to Riley, who sat next to him, remarked, with his dry, inimitable drawl:

"Gee, how careless I am getting to be in my old age. I am forever leaving my jewels in unlikely places."

Hermann was dumfounded at the sudden manner in which his trick had miscarried, but he was destined for a still greater shock, for, when the dark waiter, who presided over the table, brought on the next course, Nye turned to him and, solemnly handing him the gem-set ring, said:

"This is a very good waiter, Joe."

"Yes, sir. I guess I is, sah."

"And you always will be a real good waiter, Joe?"

"Yes, sah. I'm bound ter do me best, sah."

"I believe you, Joe. I believe you; and, as an evidence of my faith in you, I want you to accept this little trifle. Wear it, and always remember the man who most appreciated your services."

The darky's eyes bulged. Hermann's fork rattled to the floor, and he was tugged at his great mustaches, but was far too dumb to cut in with an explanation at such an inopportune moment. There were half-suppressed titters all around the board during the rest of the meal, which the waiter of course did not appear to enjoy. At a late hour that night, Hermann was heard in loud argument with the darky recipient of the diamond ring, trying, in two languages, to convince him that it was all a joke on the part of Mr. Nye. Finally, after discharging a tip of more than customary liberality, Hermann got back his ring. He showed around the stone alone was worth \$5000, and the Bill Nye's nonchalant presentation of it to a grinning waiter had spoiled a whole evening's performance in legions. (Written Maxwell in Success.)

What Knew Butler, the Dandy.

THE MAKING of queer fads of dress affected by public opinion, said a veteran doorkeeper of the Senate chamber, reminds me of an experience Gen. Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts once had. Butler was a great dandy in the matter of dress, and seemed to have as many changes as an actor.

One time I remember he appeared here with an immense overcoat of beaver fur, with a hat of the same kind, making him look for all the world like a great bear. He never appeared on the platform of an evening in a dress suit, with a red rose in his buttonhole. People associated this rose with his love for his wife's hair, for it is said that she always pinned such a flower in her buttonhole before he left home for his day's work. Although he was then no longer in Congress, Gen. Butler was much of his time at the Capitol, and the doorkeeper, who was prepared for his queer freaks in the matter of dress, knew him well.

One day he had the right of entry to both House and Senate, and usually went in without any trouble, with a lone exception at the beginning of a new session. That memorable day he appeared, radiant in the morning sun, in his gorgeous white umbrellas, patent leather pumps and dandified suit. He came to a rear door of the Senate chamber and started in. The doorkeeper was a new one and thought he was missing the Capitol. He put an arm across the door and told Gen. Butler to stand back.

"You can't go in there," he said. "This door is only for Senators when the Senate is in session." Gen. Butler looked at him and growled out:

"I am Butler and have a right to go in."

"Oh, no, my antiquated master," replied the doorkeeper, with a wink at a bystander. "You are trying to play me a trick. You think I don't know Senator Butler? He comes from South Carolina and just went in through this door. You can't get in. Go up and smash 'em from the gallery, my dandy."

Butler was paralyzed for an instant and then, drawing a deep breath, wheeled on the astonished doorkeeper and bellowed:

"Butler of South Carolina be blanked, I am Butler of Massachusetts—Gov. Butler, you impudent fool!"

"And said the profuse apologies of the doorkeeper he went in the Senate, having the right to do so by virtue of his being an Congressman as well as Governor." (Washington Letter.)

He Never Needed Light.

AN O'RELL (M. Paul Blount), who has recently come to this country for the triple purpose of lecturing, to dispose of a novel, and to sell a play based on the incidents of the novel, tells, in the June issue of Success, a good story at his own expense, in which he figured in the last American trip:

"I was lecturing to the students of a religious college," he said. "But, before I began, one of the professors, a

very solemn man, stepped forward and offered a prayer, in which he asked the Lord to permit the audience to see the point of my jokes. This was the petition, as it fell upon my astonished ears, and it impressed me so much that I afterward wrote it down as a souvenir or keepsake:

"O Lord," said the petitioner, "Thou knowest that we work hard for Thee, and that recreation is necessary in order that we may work with renewed vigor. We have tonight with us a gentleman from France, whose criticisms are witty and refined, but subtle; and we pray Thee to so prepare our minds that we may thoroughly understand and enjoy them."

"I am still wondering," said O'Rell, "whether my lectures are so subtle as to need praying over, or whether these particular auditors were so dull that they needed divine assistance to help them out. Of one thing I am morally certain—that they showed, by their appreciation, that the professor's prayer was not in vain."

Why Philadelphia Beat Chicago.

"THE whole West is for Chicago."

"Including St. Louis?"

"Oh, well, St. Louis is nothing but a suburb of Chicago."

This dialogue took place in the banquet hall of the Arlington Hotel, in the city of Washington, last December. The Republican National Committee was in session to decide the place and time for holding the next Republican convention, and to hear the claims of the contesting cities. It was the Chicago spokesman who comprehensively brought the whole West into that hall, urging the committee to go to Chicago. It was a member of the committee who ironically asked that innocent question about St. Louis. The answer of the Chicago man was happy—for the moment—and costly later. It rained a laugh, and it was not the first time that a joke in politics has turned victory into defeat. When the committee proceeded to ballot for the convention city, Chicago and Philadelphia were tied. Then the St. Louis committeeman, remembering how his city had been sturred by the jocular orator from Chicago, threw his ballot to Philadelphia. A joke and a ballot won for Philadelphia. (A. Maurice Low, in Scribner's.)

Joe Manley of Maine.

PROBABLY the best-known man in the State of Maine is Joseph H. Manley, the Republican leader of that commonwealth. No southern enthusiast respecting State rights has a more intense love for his native State than has Mr. Manley. He was born in Bangor, and during the fifty-eight years which have elapsed since that event, he has kept in touch with everything pertaining to the welfare of Maine.

Some years ago Mr. Manley ran for the Legislature. Among his neighbors was an old-lie Bourbon Democrat, who, according to Dame Rumor, voted religiously every Presidential year for Andrew Jackson. To the surprise of the city of Augusta this voter cast his ballot, for the first time, for a Republican, Mr. Manley. He was reproached by his party friends and replied, "Yes, I'm a Democrat; always was and always will be. I chipped into your campaign fund and I helped you on the rest of your ticket and you've never done nothin' for me. Now, when it comes to going against Joe Manley, who got us a Statehouse, a postoffice, a reservoir, and a gilt-edged jail, and who, if he is elected, is liable to get us anything, and who doesn't mind calling me hard names when I deserve them, I'm for Joe, Democrat or no Democrat." (Washington Correspondence St. Louis Post-Dispatch.)

Forgot His Horse.

A HEAVY-SET German, of the type usually caricatured on the vaudeville stage, walked puffing and wildly pawing the air at La Salle and Madison streets the other day and attracted no end of attention by the queer figure he cut. Finally he stopped short, wheeled around, and looked about him with a most perturbed expression of amazement. The big policeman was a few feet away and edged up to find out what was the trouble.

"What, golly!" burst out the little fat man, as he pawed the air more wildly than before. "I drove off mitout my horse!"

The policeman stared at him as though his eyes would jump from their sockets and two or three bystanders, who had heard the exclamation, gradually began to see an enormous humor in the remark. The little man opened his mouth and spoke again:

"And mitout my buggy, too!" he exclaimed. "I go pack and get him."

Puffing, steaming and pawing, the little man wobbled in the direction whence he came. It was several minutes before the policeman recovered sufficiently to laugh. (Chicago News.)

Two Stories by Joe Jefferson.

JOE JEFFERSON was asked by Success what he considered the most amusing experience of his stage career, particularly in connection with his famous "Rip Van Winkle."

"The most amusing incident connected with this play," he said, "was the receipt of a letter from a citizen in a small town where we had played the night before. He said he had enjoyed the performance very much, and would not have missed it for anything in the world. It might be unusual, he said, for a stranger like him to write his thanks to so distinguished an actor—those are his words, not mine—in appreciation of the smiles and the tears of a whole evening; but that, while he was thoroughly disinterested in the matter, he felt under an obligation, and would like to make some reparation and some return for the favors he had received as an auditor. 'I am the inventor,' he wrote, 'of a patent spring bed, and I would like to send you one of these beds as a present; all I would ask of you is just simply, when you wake up in the fifth act, you would say that you wouldn't have felt so bad if you had been sleeping in one of Dunk's patent spring beds.'"

But by far the funniest experience of his road life was furnished by the late W. J. Florence, with whom Mr. Jefferson was starring the New England circuit of last night stands. Mr. Florence loved to be called out to make

a speech before the curtain. One night, in a Connecticut city, he was called out, and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: It is to you that I owe all the success I have attained in my profession. It was the early encouragement that I received here that prompted me to go on with my professional work. I was here a boy; I know you all; I recognize you all; we know each other, and I can never forget the kindness that has been showered upon me by the people of Hartford."

A man in the audience shouted: "This is New Haven, Mr. Florence."

"It thus behooves an actor," said Mr. Jefferson, in telling the story, "not only to be prepared in his speech, but pretty well satisfied in what place he is acting."

Why He Was Anxious.

WHILE Archbishop Trench was dean of Westminster he delegated Canon Cureton to preach at the abbey on a certain saint's day. On such days the boys at Westminster school attend service, and after service have the rest of the day as a holiday. While Mr. Cureton, on the morning of the day he was to officiate, was looking over his sermon at the breakfast table his son asked in a tone vibrating with anxiety:

"Father, is yours a long sermon today?"

"No, Jimmy, not very."

"But how long? Please tell me."

"Well, about twenty minutes, I should say. But why are you so anxious to know?"

"Because, father, the boys say they will thrash me awfully if you are more than half an hour." (Pearson's Weekly.)

One of Everts's Cleverest.

PROBABLY the most of Mr. Everts most widely known concerns the apocryphal feat told of George Washington in "jacking" a silver dollar across the Rappahannock.

The story goes that a party of tourists, visiting the haunts of Washington in Virginia, came to the spot, where the anecdote was related by some local antiquary, to illustrate the prodigious strength of the man whom Providence made childless that he might become the father of his country.

Aside from the unlikelihood that the thrifty George would throw a silver dollar over the river when a pebble would have done as well, the distance was so great that the skeptics were incredulous, and another legend seemed on the edge of being destroyed, when Mr. Everts came to its rescue with the suggestion that "a dollar went much farther in those days than now!"

The explanation is so simple and so satisfactory that the wonder is it occurred to no one before. (Saturday Evening Post.)

Wanted No "Dead Man" in Her Garden.

IN ORDER to support the guy rope for a derrick," said Arthur Wilder of Boston, yesterday at the Plaza Hotel, "when no convenient tree or other thing to which it can be attached exists, it is the habit among railroad men to bury a sleeper in the ground, to which the rope is attached. This sleeper is buried at any depth sufficient to withstand the necessary strain, and has been called from time immemorial in railroad slang in New England, and I fancy elsewhere as well, a 'dead man.' At one time on one of the little northern roads, since consolidated with others to make up a system, for some reason or other a 'dead man' had to be buried. The most convenient place was in the garden of a well-to-do middle-aged woman, whose house was near the railroad track. The boss of the gang of workmen knew her well—in fact, had been a playmate of hers in childhood—and so he went and knocked on the good woman's kitchen door and bespoken the required consent. 'To bury what, John?' she questioned, as the color forsook her ruddy face. 'To bury a "dead man," Martha,' returned he, oblivious to the terror in her face. 'We only want to bury it for an hour or two, and it won't hurt your garden a bit.' 'Oh, John! John!' she screamed, 'to think, with your bringing up, you should want to do such a thing, and, with a rising and indignant inflection, 'in my garden, too!' The truth dawned on the foreman, and he hastened to explain, but it took a long time to satisfy the woman, who insisted on being present during the burial and resurrection, and was manifestly fearful during the entire affair that a real corpse might at any moment be rung in on her." (New York Tribune.)

John Allen on Depew.

JOHN ALLEN, whose career in Congress has made the little town of Tupelo famous, knows more good stories than any other member of the House. One of the best in his repertory is the tale of the darky and the 'possum, which was told in the Senate cloak-room the other day apropos of the patronage Senator Depew is supposed to enjoy, but which is quietly absorbed by his senior colleague. A negro epicure caught a fine, large 'possum, skinned, dressed, and hung it before a blazing fire under a spreading tree, and while it was baking to a delectable brown, lay down on the ground and went to sleep beside it. About the time the 'possum was done, a slick little darky happening that way, stole the 'possum and ate it all up. Then he took the bones and laid them down in front of his sleeping brother, greased his lips with 'possum grease and smeared 'possum grease over his fingers. When the owner of the 'possum awoke he looked about dazed and surprised to find his piece of resistance gone, but the bones lay in front of him, he saw the grease upon his fingers, and tasted it upon his lips. "Is it possible," he said, "I dun eat dat 'possum when I was 'sleep? I smell 'possum, I tas' 'possum, and dar is de bones. It sartainly do look lik' I mus' hab eat him, but fo' God dat dar 'possum dun hab 'ees 'feet on my cons'titue-dan enny ole 'possum I ever did eat befo'." "That is the way with Depew," said the man who repeated this story. "He should have patronage, it looks as if he did have patronage, but 'fo' God dat dar patronage has 'ees 'feet on his cons'titue-dan enny ole patronage he ever did have befo'." (Lendie's Weekly.)

Circling the Pacific. By Frank G. Carpenter.

THE WILDS OF THE PHILIPPINES.

STRANGE PICTURES OF LIFE AND SCENERY IN SOUTHEASTERN MINDANAO.

From Our Own Correspondent.

DAVAO, April 25, 1900.—I am in the town of Davao, at the head of the Gulf of Davao, in the southeastern part of the great island of Mindanao, in the wildest region of our Philippine possessions. In coming here I sailed 300 miles from the Bay of Illano, about the province of Cottabato, going southward to about three hundred miles above the equator, then turning to the north and steaming through this enormous bay almost to its head.

We had mountains in sight all the way. The country is more rugged as you go toward the east, and we are now right under the shadow of Mount Apo, the highest of the Philippine peaks. It lies nine miles almost due south of Davao town, but its slopes are populated with savages, and, as far as is known, only one white man has ever gone to its top. This was M. Montano, who ascended it in 1890. He estimates its altitude at 12,000 feet, but the Spanish authorities claim that it is 300 feet higher, or more than two miles above sea level.

Mount Apo is a volcano with an enormous crater, which promises at any time to break out into eruption. As I

write, I can see great clouds of vapor rolling out of its side toward the east, and early this morning I noticed this vapor was mixed with flames of fire.

The lower part of the volcano is wooded. There are huge tree ferns at its base, and its sides are almost covered with a mass of dark green. The summit looks chalk-like in the distance, and on the south side there are no trees whatever. The land at the foot of the mountain slopes down toward the gulf. It is a natural pasture, covered with a rich growth of grass, falling so gently that it would seem to be an excellent place for a town. There are, I judge, about eight or ten miles of such slopes, a mile or so wide, all covered with masses of green. It would be a profitable site for a stock-grazing ranch.

Monkeys, Parrots and Wild Hogs.

The country surrounding Davao is almost a wilderness. Only a short distance back from the town the jungle begins. If you walk a few miles in any direction you come into a land of monkeys, parrots and wild hogs. There are monkeys everywhere, even in the town itself. Nearly every one of our soldiers has his pet monkey, a little brown or drab animal with a well-wrinkled face and short tail. There are some tailless monkeys in this part of the world, and some little ones not bigger than your two fists. One of the company cooks has a monkey named Bob, which lives in the outdoor kitchen and makes war on every white stranger

that comes within reach. A pet pup belonging to the company has been adopted by Bob and the puppy touches the pup at once has a fight on his hands. The dog for him and the offender is lucky if he does not get the monkey's teeth in his leg.

There are parrots here of many colors, the most common being large white parrots with tufted heads. They are about in flocks of twenty or more and may be seen anywhere in the woods or about the bay. Another parrot is a bright red, with wings of an evanescent green. It is as large as the white parrot, but it is a great singer and talker. It is caught and sold by the natives, and you can buy a good talker for about a dollar and a half, gold.

Then there are dove hawks which have golden bodies and green wings; white snipe, which fly about the shores and a great bird as big as a turkey and is not unlike one. I am told that there are black parrots, green parrots, although I have seen only the white ones. There are white herons and wild pigeons there as big as our pigeons at home.

The woods contain many wild hogs and these are of deer of various kinds.

How They Hunt in Mindanao.

The soldiers go off for a hunt now and then in the woods and they usually are well paid for their time. The natives are fond of hunting and help them. The other day the ex-President of the town took a party of the soldiers and soldiers out to a hunt "a la Mindanao." He had a dozen great nets, each six feet high and fifty feet long, which his men carried out to the woods. They took them to an open place and so set them up that they formed a circle. The lower ends of the nets were fastened to strong poles driven firmly into the ground, and the upper ends, through which a rope was run, were hooked over high in such a way that if anything ran against the net it would slip off at the top and fall down, enclosing the animal in such a way that the harder it pushed and struggled against the net the more tightly it would be closed. These nets ran around the three sides of a square about two acres. From the corners of the square the hunters placed themselves in long lines ready to shoot anything that came in the direction of the net. A couple of tinajas and slaves with spears and bows were then sent out with dogs to beat up the woods for several miles around. They were so arranged that all the game was driven toward the net, and, after an hour or so, half a dozen wild hogs and a drove of peccaries came rushing toward the opening. Several were shot by the soldiers and then tangled themselves up in the net and while thus they were killed.

Pig shooting is one of the common amusements of the Southern Philippines. It is the chief sport of the islands as well as Mindanao, and the Sultan, I am told, has his regular hunt during the season. The pigs are fierce-looking animals of the kind known as razor-backs, such as you find in the mountains of the South. They fight when brought to bay, so that the sport is by no means unaccompanied by danger. The flesh of the wild pig is delicious. It is exceedingly sweet, and has a gamey taste.

As Big as Massachusetts.

I am surprised at the extent of this island of Mindanao. The province of Davao is larger than the State of Massachusetts, but I doubt whether its cultivated portion is greater than the District of Columbia. The country is almost all wild. The mountainous portion is covered with forests, interspersed here and there with strips of pasture. The grass is rich and it forms excellent pasture. There are many herds of from fifty to one hundred head, and near Mati, a town about twenty or thirty miles from here, there is one man who has about two thousand of stock.

The cattle of this region are like those I saw about boanga, a cross between the sacred cow of India and is probably the Australian cow. The animals are Jerseys. They give milk in small quantities, but of the richest quality. The people do not use the milk for butter. They let the calves run with the cows, and result they have but small udders.

The country is especially well watered; it has springs and mountain streams furnishing as good water as the dairy counties of Orange and Delaware in New York. The cattle thrive, and it would seem that this might come a great dairy land and supply the butter and milk of this part of the world. Such articles have been imported chiefly from Europe and the United States. I estimate a large amount of Australian dairy products and Australian beef is being brought in.

These dairy lands extend all along the foothills of the mountains, and they are found in spots in the interior themselves. I am told that there are rich grass lands in the interior along the streams and about the numerous lakes which Mindanao is noted.

A Land of Valuable Timber.

The timber here is excellent, and the mountains are covered with it. The trees are large and straight, many of them extending upward for fifty or seventy-five feet without a knot or a limb. There are ninety varieties of soft and hard, including mahogany, teak, ebony, white cedar. The cedar is of a delicate pink, and could be used for cigar boxes. There are also trees which yield red dye woods. They are red, yellow and of other colors. It is said that rubber trees exist, but I see no rubber in the markets, and have no reliable information regarding them.

A great deal of resin is brought into Davao. It comes from a tree called *Almaga*. It is a transparent resin which is shipped to Paris, where it is used for making varnish and also for varnish. The trees are tapped, and the sap that runs out hardens before it falls to the ground. It is pulled from the trunks in lumps and brought to the natives for sale.

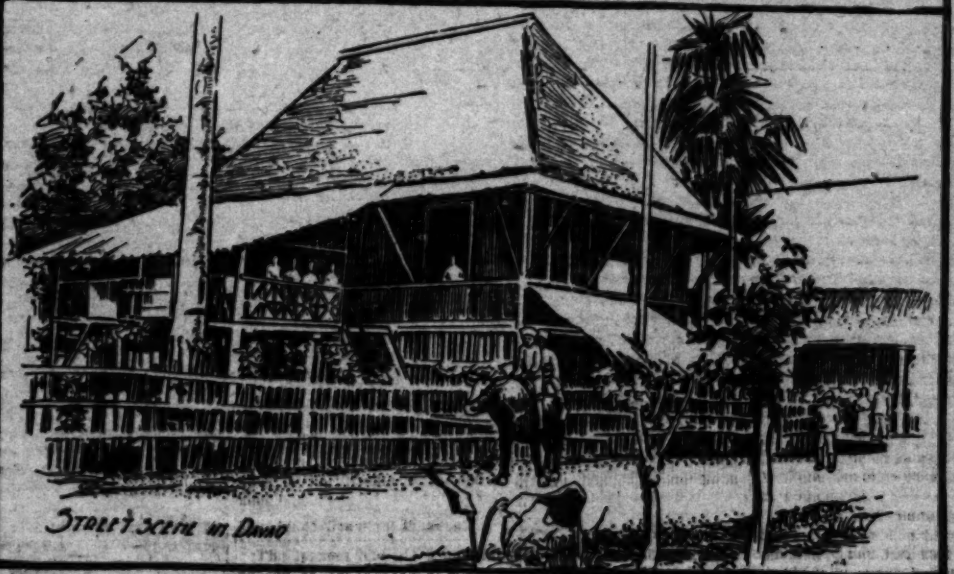
All the lumber here is sawed out by hand, the



Davao River



Davao Children



Street Scene in Davao

in the town and here cut into pieces, board by board, is being built of mahogany here in Davao. The structure, fully thirty feet square, on a raised platform, eighteen inches in diameter and ten feet high. The roof is of bamboo poles, with a thatch of dark mahogany wood forms the sides and the tall coconut trees which hang over it give a picturesque inconceivable to people who know only the open country. When I went by the house this morning the women were at work. Logs sixty feet long and eight inches in diameter were being cut. One was upon a pile of logs and another was upon a pile of logs. I am told that the workmen have been laboring on the house for two years, and that it has already cost

them with good sawmills the difficulties of lumbering in the country will be great. It will be almost impossible to get the wood out. The trees in many places are covered with long lianas or vines, making an almost insuperable jungle. There are frequent streams, but many of the wood are so heavy that they will not float, though I should think that they might be brought to the coast on rafts of bamboo. I am told that the logs of the wood and those of hard wood are sometimes floated together, every alternate log being of some soft light wood, such as cedar, thus counteracting the weight of the heavy ones or hardwood or oak.

The Native Gardens.

The soil about Davao appears to me to be exceedingly rich. It is as black as your hat, and is in places from six to ten feet in depth. There seems, in fact, to be no end to it, for where the rivers cut through you see nothing but black soil. It will grow almost anything—sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes and maize. I am told by the natives that wheat, barley and the harder grains can be grown in the mountains and that coffee and cacao would flourish in the lowlands. There are many delicious fruits, and one or two large hemp plantations.

One, Bantfield, who runs the officers' mess, has cleared out a quarter of an acre just outside of the town and has planted sweet potatoes, watermelons, cantaloupes and other such things. His vegetables are all growing finely, and in a short time he will have a better garden than you could find in the States.

It would be a good idea for the Secretary of Agriculture to send out to all of our permanent posts in the Philippines. Each station would start its own garden and we would then have a large number of experimental farms at our disposal to the government. The people would learn something of our methods of farming, and the posts could serve as little agricultural schools, which would be of great value in aiding the work of civilization.

The Kind American Tools.

What the natives especially need just now is agricultural implements. They do everything in the most difficult way. Such implements as steel harrows and plows are unknown. There are not, I venture to say, a dozen plows in the province of Davao, and such as there are, are merely iron sticks, with a piece of iron fastened to the end by a nailhead. The harrows are bamboo poles, with blades or trimmed that they scratch the earth when dragged over it. I have seen no hoes, nor anything in the way of good tools. Notwithstanding this, all that is needed sprout up and grow luxuriantly, it being necessary to keep down the weeds.

I asked that Maj. Hunter Liggett, who is in charge of the station in this region, has already sent to the Agricultural Department for a supply of seeds. He wants all kinds of vegetables, including peas, beans, cabbages and radishes. He should have a variety of lettuce and spinach, and, in fact, everything in the vegetable line. It is a good idea to include some tobacco and cotton seeds, as well as the seeds of the rubber plants which are being cultivated in Brazil. Grasses should be sent, to the grazing possibilities, and if some Holstein or Ayrshire cattle could be put upon some of our mule transports brought here satisfactory tests of the milk-producing capacity of the country could be made.

The Town of Davao.

If you could take a walk with me through the town of Davao, it is more like a botanical garden than a United States village. Imagine thousands of tall palms waving like fan-like banners in the air above a collection of painted cottages built along wide, level streets. Let some of the palms have great bunches of green and yellow coconuts hanging to them and others be loaded with the round red and yellow nuts of the betel. Let there be bananas here and there, bunches of nipa, great fern-like bunches of banana, each about four feet long and a yard wide, sprouting up from the ground. Put in cotton trees from twenty to thirty feet high, their leafless branches standing out at right angles with their white trunks, and great bolts of white wool hanging to them. Let there be flowers of strange shapes and colors. Hang an orchid here and there upon a dead branch, and under all put a turf as thick and as green as that of the blue grass of Kentucky, and you have some idea of Davao, which has but a few weeks been occupied by our troops. The most odd, however, the houses, cottages more numerous than any you find in the mountains of Switzerland. Some, in fact, look like Swiss chalets, except that they are built upon high poles and you must mount stairs to reach the first floor. Some have walls of a basket work of woven bamboo. Others have walls of boards, and not a few of gray thatch composed of grass or nipa. The roofs of all the houses are of the nipa palm sewed to a framework of bamboo poles in such a way that it comes over the walls with wide extending eaves. There is not a glass window, a chimney nor a bit of plaster in the whole town. The windows are mere holes in the walls with shutters which can be raised or slid back, and the floors of most of the houses are of strips of bamboo, in some cases so close that you have to be careful not to catch your feet in the cracks while walking over them in your bare

Method of Carrying Pickets.

The houses are all some distance back from the street, and are reached by pickets driven into the ground. The pickets

have been put in green, and it is an evidence of the richness of the soil that the most of them are sprouting out green branches and leaves. There are no gardens about the houses, no beds of flowers, nothing but grass and trees of various kinds.

A common tree is the mango, which here grows as big as the giants of our forests and which is now loaded down with fruit. The boys and girls may be seen everywhere throwing clubs into the branches of these trees and knocking down the fruit, just as our boys gather chestnuts.

Speaking of the children, they swarm. The crop of humanity is bigger than any other, every family having from six to a dozen. The inhabitants of the town are Visayans or Christians, and their children are exceedingly bright. Although the troops have been here only a few days the little ones have already learned to say "good morning," "good evening" and "good day." They hardly understand the precise meaning of the words, and they will frequently give the three citations of the words at once. They also say "Americano much bueno," and seem very much pleased to have the soldiers here. Maj. Liggett will open a school for them next week, and he is now having a new roof put on the schoolhouse. He will have 160 children of school age to start with, and will begin with two female teachers and one male. He expects to have them taught English and to make English the principal study. He says the children are very quick to learn, and he believes they will be made into American citizens in the future.

Our Soldiers in the Philippines.

I find here at Davao, as at every other place where I have been, that the soldiers have made great improvements. As soon as they take charge of a post they set the men to cleaning the streets. They make them remove all the garbage, open up the gutters and cut down decaying vegetation. There are, I venture, no cleaner towns in the United States than those occupied by our soldiers in Mindanao. While I was at Zamboanga, Col. Pettit was having a canal stripped of its vegetation and garbage. This was



A DAVAO BEAUTY.

done by natives, who went through and pulled up the weeds with their hands and scooped up the filth in the same way. Pollok, on the Gulf of Bilau, is as clean as a new pin and the same may be said of Davao.

Maj. Liggett is repairing the public buildings. He has put a new roof on the hospital and he is now having a roof sewed onto the building occupied by himself and his staff as headquarters. This building covers at least a quarter of an acre. It has several large rooms, with a great porch twelve feet wide running about it and a veranda in front. Its roof is of a ridge shape and so large that it would take 10,000 nipa shingles to cover it. Each of these shingles is made of leaves fastened together with strips of rattan, and all are being sewed to a framework of bamboo poles which forms the foundation of the roof. There will probably be 5,000,000 stitches in the roof, but when completed it will be as tight as any steel roof of the United States and cooler than any covering that can be made here.

The Soldiers Are Well.

I have had a talk here with Capt. A. L. Haines, the surgeon of the post, as to the health of the troops. He tells me that they are in good physical condition and that they stand the climate remarkably well. He says the statements as to the unhealthiness of the Philippines are greatly exaggerated and that the soldiers are more healthy here than in most parts of the United States. Those who are stationed at Davao came to this place almost directly from the States and went at once into camps and barracks. So far there have been but two sick in quarters and scarcely any in the hospital. Capt. Haines says that the diseases that they have are not the result of their residence here, but of things contracted in the past. He says that there is some intermittent malaria fever, which yields readily to treatment.

Typhoid and consumption are practically unknown among the natives and although the people have no medical attendance they live to a good old age. The mortality among children is great, largely owing to their ignorance as to the

laws of health, and also that little trouble is taken to save the sickly child's life. There are no intestinal disorders to speak of and ordinary care as to fruit and water is all that is necessary. Capt. Haines thinks that white men can live and work in this country quite as well as in the southern parts of the United States. I have heard similar statements from others. I think, however, such statements should be carefully weighed before being accepted as final. I find that one grows tired much more quickly than at home. The sun is hot at midday and I doubt whether our people can live in the tropics and do any considerable manual labor. If one merely acts as an overseer, keeping indoors in the middle of the day, there is no reason why he should not live just as comfortably as at home, but the working of the islands by American labor would seem to me to be still a matter of experiment.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

[Copyright, 1906, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

LIVING IN JUNEAU.

SOME FEATURES OF LIFE IN THE PRINCIPAL CITY OF ALASKA.

[Washington Evening Star:] Juneau is not a pious town, notwithstanding it has a Methodist, a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, a Greek, a Catholic, and an Indian church, all of them thrifty. The fact is, Juneau is a good deal Parisian in style, and is decidedly wide open. Gambling places, saloons, dance halls and dives abound, and they appear to be a necessity of existing conditions. The streets of Juneau, beyond the one at the water front, are mostly uphill, and they are all paved with plank. Wagons are few, ten in all, but there are platform sleds on low runners, that can slide down a street like a toboggan. There are twenty-five horses in town and one buggy. There are twenty bicycles, but just where they can run is not apparent. There is an opera-house, and a unique method of having shows in it. Every Friday night it is open to the best people, at \$1 a seat, with selected talent from the variety shows of the town, where the best people cannot go—except the men.

Socially, Juneau is quite gay, and pink and other hues prevail in the afternoons, while assemblies, balls and other functions take up the night time. On special occasions flowers are ordered from Seattle. There are twenty-five or thirty ladies, who are prominent in society, and entertain. Men are plenty, but there are few unmarried women, and there is an urgent demand for them.

There are two banks, and the stores are very large, with fine window displays. One firm pays its window trimmer \$105 a month. What 3500-size town in the States does as well as that? Extensive stocks are carried, running from \$10,000 to \$150,000, with annual sales running as high as \$350,000 at retail. There is a big business done in Indian curios, the Indians selling as high as \$30,000 worth a year from their houses and on the streets. One excursion steamer last season carried out \$3000 worth of Indian baskets.

The press is represented by the Dispatch (daily,) and its weekly, the Morning Record, by E. C. Russell, Jr., a hustler; the Alaska Miner, and the Truth are weeklies.

There are two or three libraries and free-reading rooms maintained by the citizens, and they are all well patronized. Dealers sell large quantities of paper-back novels as well, and all the periodicals of the East are in eager demand.

There is no police in Juneau, the police function being in the hands of deputy United States marshals, and there is little disorder. The fact that a man can find trouble very easily if he is looking for it, acts as a deterrent to disorder, and scraps are few and far between. Nobody has been shot within a year. About a year ago a deputy marshal was killed and three wounded. This seems to have cleared the atmosphere morally. Nothing on earth could do it meteorologically, for Juneau has a climate that is all cloud and fog and mist and rain for 365 days in the year.

All kinds of hardy vegetables are raised around the town, and one man has a floral garden where roses and other flowers flourish, as the green bay tree. Prices are quite reasonable. Good board may be had at from \$5 to \$6 a week, and rooms at from \$10 to \$20 a month. Drinks are 25 cents each, except beer, which is 15 cents, and cigars are usually two for a quarter, but good 5-cent cigars are to be had, and the time-tried, fire-tested Pittsburgh and Wheeling stogie can be had at "two for," or \$2 a hundred. A shave costs a quarter, and a hair cut 50 cents. Best hotels, which have water, electric lights and all the modern improvements, charge \$2 and \$3 a day, and some very fair as low as \$1 a day. Juneau, 1000 miles from everywhere, is a cheaper place to live in, comfort for comfort, than New York City is, which is in the midst of everything.

The town is lighted by electricity from a fine plant, and it has waterworks, supplied by mountain streams, so high up that there is force enough to throw water all over town. It is cold water, too, and beautifully clear.

Forty-five merchants and other persons have telephones. A brass band of twelve pieces wakes the echoes now and then, and as long as the echoes do not complain, nobody else ought to or does.

SUBMARINE NAVIGATION NOT NEW.

[Engineering Magazine:] William Bourne, an Englishman, has the credit of operating the first submarine boat, as such, in contradistinction to a diving bell; but the records of his operations have been lost in the years since his work was done, rather more than three hundred years ago.

In 1624 the Hollander, Cornelius Van Drebbel, took twelve persons for an under-water run in his submarine boat worked by twelve pairs of sculls, and carried "quintessence of air" for them to breathe—probably what we now call compressed air.

During the succeeding twenty years, the history of submarine navigation was worked out, the main principles well grasped, and in 1633 a Frenchman, name unknown, built and operated a submarine boat at Rotterdam. Later in the century an Englishman named Day built and operated a submarine boat and is reported to have lost his life in her upon his second submerged run, through the crushing of the hull under pressure due to depth of water.

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Even with good sawmills the difficulties of lumbering in this country will be great. It will be almost impossible to get the wood out. The trees in many places are covered with long lianas or vines, making an almost impenetrable jungle. There are frequent streams, but many of the wood are so heavy that they will not float, and I should think that they might be brought to the coast on rafts of bamboo. I am told that the logs of all wood and those of hard wood are sometimes floated down together, every alternate log being of some soft light wood, such as cedar, thus counteracting the weight of the heavy ones or newwood or oak.

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The soil about Davao appears to me to be exceedingly rich. It is as black as your hat, and in places from six to ten feet in depth. There seems, in fact, to be no end to it, for where the rivers cut through you see nothing but the black soil. It will grow almost anything—sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes and maize. I am told by the natives that wheat, barley and the hardier grains can be grown in the mountains and that coffee and cacao would flourish in the lowlands. There are many banana plantations, and one or two large hemp plantations.

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The Best American Tools.

That the natives especially need just now is agricultural implements. They do everything in the most difficult way. Such implements as steel harrows and plows are unknown. There are not, I venture to say, a dozen plows in the province of Davao, and such as there are, are merely made of iron, with a piece of iron fastened to the end of a handle. The harrows are bamboo poles, with the teeth so trimmed that they scratch the earth when dragged over it. I have seen no hoe, nor anything in the way of good tools. Notwithstanding this, all the crops sprout up and grow luxuriantly, it being necessary to keep down the weeds.

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Current Literature. Reviews by Adachi Kinnosuke.

FICTION.

The Stories of the Wild Days of the West.

THE West is a rich soil for a literary miner. You can count, however—and that on the fingers of one hand, too—the rich men who know how to use their money. And it would seem that the use of literary materials is a harder art to learn—a rarer gift of the gods—than the art of handling money. Happily, for us, the author of these stories knows how to make use of his wealth of materials. That is saying a great deal; I have not said it in haste.

There are eight stories collected here, and they tell you of the ranch life in the West, of the early days, of an old ranchman, Max Vogt, very wise in his day, and you can judge him by his sayings; for example: "Bah! Never do you tell any goat business man you are satisfied with what he gives you, for either he don't believe you or else he thinks you are a fool. And older ways, you go down his estimation," and a "little rascal" of his boy superintendent and what a western boy of 19 could do; of the glimpses of Indian life on the frontier; of how pistols and whisky entered into the making of history; of the life of a family whose imagination and hope paved the fitterable deserts with the promises of a happy land beyond somewhere on the Pacific Coast; of a sinner who had a very white and large heart; of "Hank's Woman" and of "Padre Ignazio."

When you read "The Promised Land," you may be surprised to find yourself as soft of heart. Also, you may have no serious difficulty in seeing that, after all, the modern short stories are the invention of a good angel to drive out of literary market and out of the limit of human patience, these three-volume novels from the pen of the time of Queen Elizabeth, and those 300-page novels (which are infinitely longer than a thousand pages of the traditional and classical romances) from the commercial typewriters of the later-day sinners, and which, as everybody knows, are the cunning invention of Satan.

It is a strong story—no mere fragment. And, that is where it differs from the rest of the stories in the book. You feel that comfortable sense of completeness when you are through reading it. There is plenty of blood, whisky, deaths in it, and it does not end in a happy marriage. All the same, you are very apt to rise from it a better man than before your acquaintance with the story. It resurrects your faith in humanity—which certainly is a very good thing in our day—and once more it calls you to stop and think before judging a man by what he wears and by the scars on his face. Things are not what they seem, they say. And men—the adage is truer of men than of things. Moreover, it is a very vivid picture of the western life. Had you been there and seen it with your own eyes, I am not at all certain whether you could have seen it any more clearly as you are made to see through this story.

The author may not have the pathos and humor that are Bret Harte's—especially of earlier days. And one may not be able to find in the author's writings that finish and polish of prose which draw a rather strong line on the borderland between true literature and a mere clever writing. Moreover the work of the author does not come to us with that startling freshness which the stories of Bret Harte carried to the reader. After all is said, however, the author has that pictorial gift which throws a spell over you, transports you into the horizon-fenced sandy solitude haunted by Indians, the memory of crimes, and the white bones of the dead. And you are made to shudder with Clallam family under the hard-faced moon when "cold came over the ground, and their musings turned to dreams."

The author opens "The Promised Land:"

"Perhaps there were ten of them—these galloping dots were hard to count—in the distant bottom across the river. Their swiftly-moving dust hung with them close, thinning to a yellow veil when they halted short. They clustered a moment, then parted like beads, and went wide ampler on the plain. They veered singly over the level, merged in twos and threes, apparently racing, shrunk together like elastic, and broke ranks again to swerve over the stretching waste. From this visioned pantomime presently came a sound, a tiny shot. The figures were too far for discerning which fired it. It evidently did no harm, and was repeated at once. A babel of diminutive explosions followed, while the horsemen galloped on in unexpected circles. Soon, for no visible reason, the dots ran together, bunching compactly. The shooting stopped, the dust rose thick again from the crowded hoofs, cloaking the group, and so passed back and was lost among the silent, barren hills."

After reading this far, is there no desire in your heart to read the rest of the story? I dare say you need not search very carefully for the answer, either. All of which means that the writer has an essential element of a good story-teller.

[The Jimmyjohn Bows and Other Stories. By Owen Wister. Harpers, New York. Price, \$1.25.]

A Book of South African War Stories.

A collection of rather readable short stories—all of them have something to do with the Zulu and Boer wars—comes to us from a new hand. The title of a book goes a long way—especially in a financial way—in making a book popular. The author is happy in choosing a very attractive and timely one for his collection. Few would take these stories seriously—from the literary standpoint. At the same time, they will do more—it is hoped—than merely killing yawning hours pleasantly. At any rate, Englishmen would like them, no doubt.

The author—it is said—is an electrical engineer by profession and a man of letters only in the freer hours of recreation. Moreover, he has never been in South Africa. He was schooled in England, however, and not a few of

his school-mates were in South African campaigns. That accounts, then, for the vividness of description. He has utilized historical incidents largely in his stories, and the first, the story of a football man, Brooks Major, was suggested by an incident at Majuba Hill, and the surprising return of Major to the school happened very much as it is told in the story.

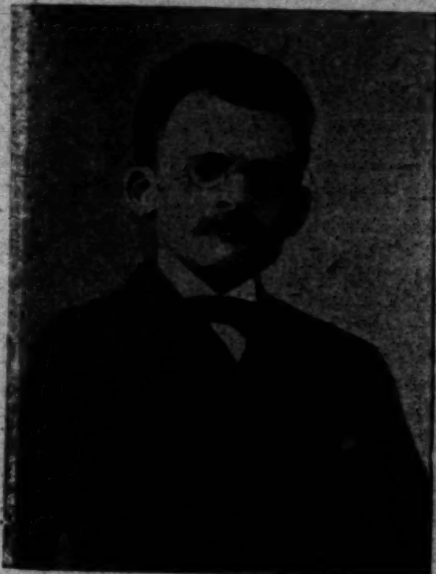
[For the Queen in South Africa. By Caryl Davis Harkins. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.]

HISTORY.

Julian Ralph on the Boer-English War.

Not every war has been so fortunate in its reporters as the present trouble in the Transvaal. G. W. Stevens—but surely we have mourned enthusiastically enough over his early loss, and then, our sorrow, when you come to the bottom of things, does but very little good after all. And Mr. Ralph is perhaps as good as any man famous in newspaperdom, to step in the brilliant steps of Stevens.

In this, the story of Lord Methuen's course through South Africa—and this is the first book on the war from the American standpoint—the author has gathered his contributions to the London Daily Mail, together with a deal of matter which one has not read in the columns of the paper. He devotes some forty pages to "historical foreword," and the rest of the book is given to the description of things, events, and men that passed before his eyes in a nervous panorama. The battles of Belmont, of Enslin, of Modder River, and of Magerfontein, are described in the book; also the relief of Kimberley. The book stops with "the record of the siege." The author promises us that he would bring out, from time to time, additional volumes—that is to say, if the gracious Providence would



CARYL DAVIS HARKINS.

[From the Book Buyer.]

see fit to spare him for the enlightenment and entertainment of readers—till the story will have been completed.

There are correspondents rich in their experiences of many fields, and of thorough technical training. Some of them do sing with a bewildering carelessness a perfect volley of learned words, and present to the amused literary world a novel spectacle of "an ungrammatical rhetorician piling up the agony." And for that reason an English critic congratulates Mr. Ralph and the reading public on Mr. Ralph's limited experience as a war correspondent. That is not giving much credit for the "horse" sense of an American reporter. In these descriptive pages, you will see once more the pictorial power of the author of "Alone in China" and his genial humor—only in a more exciting way.

Take, for example, this picture of the battle of Belmont:

"Like a colossal centipede with 20,000 legs, the column moved along the shadow of the more friendly hills, crawling a few score yards, then halting, then crawling a little further. . . . The faint flash in the sky at the end of the Boer position told us that very soon they would also see us. And now the golden rim was pushed above the farthest kopje; the wind-rumpled clouds that reached half across the plain took on the hue of blood—the look of curdled blood. The strange little birds called 'dikkopps' or thickheads, so abundant here, began their work of shooting out from the velvet twenty feet and crying, 'Hui!' and dropping back again upon the ground. At that moment we saw our valiant British moving in thin lines, nearly two miles long. They looked like sportsmen stalking game, as each held his rifle ready in both hands, and all crouched as they strode along with frequent haltings. At that moment, too, there ran along the crest of the great southern kopje, quick, vivid jets of fire, like jewels flashing in a coronet on the hill's brow. It was the flame of the volley from the Boers, fired at the nearest British! This was the beginning of a fearful fight, one of the severest that even English soldiers have ever faced. It fell to the lot of the Grenadier Guards to storm that particular hill. They saw the rim of fire beads flash along the crest, and die away and race along the crest again, as tiny gas jets blow out and reignite in heavy wind. But it was what they felt—a deadly hail of bullets—that tried them, without finding them wanting."

Mr. Ralph is not too desperately in love with "the dust-

bin of creation," and certain ones of its inhabitants. He does like those who fought against the English. He was of that class of Boer," says the author, "who the Boer soldiers left dead on the field, 'who' Bryce describes as having started at a conventional military standard, and deteriorated for 300 years." And of their officers: "They had done what damage they to us, and, as soon as their own lives were in danger, they commanded their subordinates to remain and their own safety." He states that he had seen the train their guns upon Red Cross men and abuse the flag.

Certain portions in the chapter on "Correspondence" are good enough to make a reputation for a national humorist.

"Say something funny," said the younger man, young B— was here. He'd keep us laughing. But that was close. It fanned my ear."

"I wonder what become of our horses." "Hang the horses! What I wonder is, how the mule can stand there a hundred yards ahead of us, and the bullets are like drops in a slanting rain. I'd be a brute is full of holes and doesn't know it. Pigeons are too."

"Of all the sublimated fools in any army, this was the worst. He next asked for a drink, and, covered bottle, raised himself on his elbows, put his head, lifted the bottle high, and began to quaff. A rifle balls and ten minutes' play of the 'putt-putt' and that this had been accepted as a challenge. Again he was sworn at for an idiot—and what was his reply?"

"I know it. When I was laying over there, I had a hand-ill, I 'old up me blooming 'elmet, an' got a bullet through it before I could get it down again."

"He was quieted by the impressive assurance he would get a pistol ball through his skull at the provocation, and for another half-hour he lay motionless."

"Gents, I'm blimed tired of planting me nose in sand, and waiting for it to sprout. What I say is, for it, each one in different direction, so the Boers won't know which to pig at."

[Toward Pretoria. By Julian Ralph. Stokes Press, New York.]

MEDICAL.

On Sex Relations.

In his transparent moments, Descartes used to say: And the author quotes one of those prophecies at the end of his book: "If it is possible to perfect mankind, means of doing so will be found in the medical sciences. I like to think of Descartes, when he said this, was free from the intoxication of his own rhetoric."

And the one which Dr. Scott handles (by the way, R.A. of Yale and M.D., C.M. of Edinburgh University, also late obstetrician to Columbia Hospital for Women, Lying-in Asylum—a very competent man to handle themes of this sort, therefore,) is perhaps one of the vital problems whose solution would bring longed-for dream of the perfection of human kind.

The author commands a forceful prose, and his is not shy, in the least, at "much plain talking." It is nothing vague or very hard to understand in the book. The author walks through the delicate and sensitive subject with that ease and simplicity which are due to a master of a theme.

"Physiology of the sexual life," "Proper calculation of the consequences of impurity from the personal point," some of the tempting influences for immorality, prostitution, abortion, gonorrhea, chancroid, syphilis, "the perversions," are some of the principal themes treated.

"My endeavor has been to avoid generalization, the author, which shows his wisdom and makes the unique among the cowardly and prudish congenial scarecrow literature on this subject in the English-speaking lands, 'vagueness, indefiniteness—to truthfully physical and ethical facts—not evading unpleasant, nor yet transgressing the limits of propriety.' And you think of it, it is a happy thing that science has a feel of a pride, who feels so morally guilty—reason he does not quite understand—in laying a hand upon the draperies on a certain subject."

Beside his university training, the author has a vast deal of professional experience, and from this you can see that he seemed to have kept his eyes open. And he adds: "I have made it a point to get the subject matter of this work with several widely different kinds of advisers—men of science, doctors, lawyers, and with quite a number of 'men about town.' Some of it has also been prudently discussed with friends."

It is not the cleanest or the most pleasant deal with, to be sure, still so many of master men called upon from time to time to deal with sin, with black sins. And one is not at all surprised to meet the commencement of this book on an unclean theme, a description which is really noble:

"Painful as it is to treat a subject so repulsive, I cannot choose his duty, nor can he honestly evade. Therefore, knowing of no other book of like character, I present this as the best effort of which I am capable for the preservation of the individual and welfare of the race."

[The Sexual Instinct. By James Foster Scott. Treat & Co., New York. Price, \$2.]

THEOLOGY.

On Eschatology.

With a very modest preface—to the effect that other theologians will find nothing in the book to them—over very big and deep themes in a simple language, and in a badly-printed book, the author gives many a page of sermons.

Man, life, death, future existence, the second coming

the resurrection, the judgment day, the saved, and the punishment of the impenitent are some of the themes treated.

And the sermon is "fairly orthodox."

But it is to say the author does not—to all appearance—use the naïveté of logic like the following:

"These spiritual beings [spirits of men after death] are not infallible, hence they are not everywhere; they must be somewhere." It does not so much matter whether he be a monist or dualist; he will, I fear, find it rather difficult to define spirit from matter. But, of course, he is according to the traditions of orthodoxy.

[The Things That Are To Be. By Clarence True Wilson. A. Mahaffey, Cicero, Pa.]

EDUCATIONAL.

A Spanish Grammar.

An able book of interest—in this part of the country especially—comes to us in its English translation. The book, it is reported—has been a success in its French and German translations, and in German-speaking countries it has reached its twelfth edition. One of the aims of the book is to maintain the student's interest in the book and break the monotony of grammatical rules—which mean the same thing.

The forty-nine lessons are divided among the eleven parts of speech, and the additional nine lessons deal with syntax. A handy, concise, practical book.

[Hill's Spanish Grammar, translated and edited by Frederick Engel. Cassell & Co., New York. Price, \$1.25. For sale by Fowler & Bro.]

The Public School System of California.

The topics discussed in this little book are certification of teachers, relation between university and the elementary and secondary schools, courses of study in elementary schools, grammar by the inductive method, the State textbook system.

The author thinks that in a near future, there will come upon the educational system of California a critical period of transition. He also sees not a few defects in the present school system, and although he has but little hope that all the evils would be corrected during the transition period now pending, at the same time, he feels it his duty to call the attention of the public, the educator, and the legislator to some of the chief evils. Hence this book.

It is concise and although he points out the remedy for the defects he attacks, the book is eminently more suggestive than instructive. The author is a Stanford University man, and has had practical experiences in the field of teaching.

[Educational Questions. By W. C. Doug. The Whitcomb & Ray Company, San Francisco.]

JUVENILE.

The Story of Bianca's Dolls.

Bianca is a little lady, rich and happy over her queen-doll. And in it there were four inhabitants—in a more graceful way of speaking, four dolls. In the course of her random life, the little lady becomes possessed with the notion of enjoying social hours with her dolls. The trouble was while she could talk to them as much as she pleased, they did not respond to her in the least. And she was frustrated.

Then, it was that, when she was deep in her troubles, one day in her innocent hours of sleep, a good fairy—named Starlight—was her pretty name. And with the aid of her day-like wand, the fairy made everything as out as the little heart of Bianca wished. And wonderful things came to pass between her and her dolls. It is a pretty conceit. Happily, also, the author has that rare gift of telling a story with the vocabulary of a child.

[Fairy Starlight and the Dolls. By Elizabeth Seal. New York. A. C. McCreary & Co., Chicago.]

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Bonnet Twins" was published June 1 by the Macmillan Company. The author, Grace Marguerite Hurd, has for some time been on the staff of the Boston Transcript, of which paper her father is the literary editor. "The Bonnet Twins" is a story of student life.

Miss A. B. Whitney will immediately publish through Houghton, Mifflin & Co., a little book on "The Integrity of Christian Science." She points out what she regards as mistakes in the present teaching, and offers what seems to her a much-needed corrective, which would secure to Christian Science greater completeness.

"Miss Johnston typewrites her own stories," writes Annie Knicker Walker in the New York Times Saturday Review after an interview with Miss Mary Johnston. "She spent last summer at a fashionable resort in the Alleghenies, and the click of her typewriter was frequently heard by her into the summer's night, as she was at work on the concluding chapters of 'To Have and To Hold,' then running serially in the Atlantic Monthly."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have in press four farces by Mr. Knicker, "Her Majesty," by Elizabeth Knight Tompkins, is the latest romantic novel to find its way to the stage. The play, which has just had a week's successful trial "on the road," is by Joseph I. C. Clarke, the well-known dramatist and until lately editor of the Criterion.

Hamlin Garland's most recent work is a vigorous story of western life, entitled "The Eagle's Heart." In this story is shown a strong picture of the adventurous life in cow-boys and mining settlements. "The Eagle's Heart," superbly illustrated by Harrison Fisher, will begin in the Saturday Evening Post for June 16, and run through the summer numbers of the magazine.

Miss Tompkins's latest publication is a novel, entitled "Things That Count," a tale of more than ordinary interest, dealing, as it does, with a character wholly new to fiction. This will be followed closely by "Talks With Nature," a charming treatment, in breezy dialogue style, of the many conventionalities that confront American young men and women of today.

"The Secret of the Crater," a tale of adventure by Richard Coburn, is soon to be published by the Putnam.

"Fables of Expansion," by the Hon. Whitlaw Reid,

editor of the New York Tribune and, ex-Minister to France, was issued by the Century Company on June 9.

[New York Times, Saturday Review:] "I live in filth, dust, hunger, thirst, exposure," says Julian Ralph, in his letter. "I am having the 'gol darnest,' hardest, toughest time I ever had in my life. If I were by myself I should not think I could stand it, but when I see 50,000 other men soaked to the bone, sleeping in frosty air, eating three biscuits in four days, and being shot to pieces all around me, I calculate that what they can stand I can endure, and so I let it go." Mr. Ralph says, in another part of his letter, in reference to his book: "I have tried to treat the war as war has never been treated before—in a series of pen pictures of what I see around me, whether it is a battle, a mass tent, or a hospital train. The number of letters I get from home for articles and lectures and the right to reprint my stuff in book form suggests that the thing has some go in it." Inclosed in the letter is a pink ticket, upon which Mr. Ralph has written, "October 12, 1899, to February 5, 1900. A souvenir of the siege of Kimberley." On the other side the ticket bears the following printed legend: "Siege soup, three rations—one pint in lieu of one meat ration."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mickey Finn. By Ernest Jarrold; with an introduction by C. A. Dana and illustration by Ike Morgan. Jamieson-Higgins Company, Chicago.

Grammar; The Autobiography of a Cat. By Dr. John S. Owen. American Publishing Company, Detroit. Price, paper, 25c.

The Complete Angler. By Isaac Walton, edited by Prof. Henry Morley. Cassell & Co., New York. Price, 10c.

Graded Literature Readers. Second and third books. Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York.

Harriett. By William Leroy. Conkey Company, Chicago.

A Commercial Pilgrim, or Around the World with "Cedars." Allen. George H. Allen, Clinton, N. Y. Price, 25c.

Coin on Money, Trusts and Imperialism. Coin Publishing Company, Chicago. Price, 25c.

Beauty on Ice. By John Erb. Ogilvie Publishing Company, New York. Price, 25c.

Cash on Money, Trust and Expansion. Cash Publishing Company, Chicago. Price, 25c.

The City Problem. By Albert A. Hoskin. John R. Alden, New York.

THE VITALITY OF THE GRIZZLY.

By a Special Contributor.

"TO UNDERSTAND the danger of huntin' grizzly you ought to see a big one about lead the way I did once in the Santa Margarita Mountains," said old Bill Ellis, one day as we sat down to lunch in the hills. "There's been more nonsense written about bear than anything else. There ain't much bravery in huntin' 'em because a hunter that knows his business don't take any chances on 'em. If you haven't got dogs that are sure to stop 'em, you wait just let 'em entirely alone, unless you got a dead sure shot at the butt of the ear or 'in the kidneys. A bear is mighty dangerous even shot through the heart, for even a deer would be a terror shot through the heart if he made for you as fast as he goes away from you. All there is in shootin' bear is lots of nerve to hold the gun straight when you do get a shot at the right spot, for a miss of half an inch may get a feller killed in."

"About as near as I ever come to bein' let out was one day in Santa Margarita. I was out one mornin' early after deer, with a pointer dog that I had trained to point a deer almost as well as a bird, and gain' through some patches of live oak brush he seemed uneasy. He held his nose up high like he always did when slow-tracker deer, but he got behind me and whined. I wasn't thinkin' about bear and kept urgin' him along, when all of a sudden I struck the flavor of bear as strong as you ever smell it in front of a bear's cage in a menagerie. It came down a little gulch on the cool mornin' air and brought me to a halt quicker'n a stone wall. Just then I saw a live o' brush shake some twenty-five yards ahead, and in another second the top of the head and the ear of a bear came in sight, as he reached up for a bite.

"I had just got one of the new model Winchesters of the '73 pattern, 44-caliber. We all thought they were wonderful fine tools because we hadn't tried 'em enough. Unless you try a rifle a good deal at a mark it will take you a long time to find out if it throws wild balls. I hadn't done that and thought it was all right because it shot half a dozen shots all right. So I drew a fine sight on the butt of that ear and unhit the hammer.

"Woooooo went the ball over the tops of the trees, showin' it had glanced from somethin' hard, and smash came the bear through the brush right for me. Before I could see him so as to get a decent shot, he was half way to me, clearin' a big road in his track, an' big as a haystack on wheels. The dog slid around behind a rock 'way behind me. There was no place to run that I could reach quick enough, the nearest tree was fifty yards, and the bear travelin' as fast as a horse.

"There was nothin' to do but shoot, so I started up the works again. He was comin' head on, so there was nothin' to do but aim for his eye as near as I could, for there was no chance at his body any place where it would have troubled him much. It took him square in the end of the nose. He reared up just as if he was tryin' to smell of it, and almost tumbled over backward. That gave me a fair shot at his breast and I made an awful quick snap shot at that. He hauled out like a big calf, grabbed his breast with one paw, and started for me again before I had time to shoot. He didn't come so fast this time, but the pace was all a reasonable person could ask. I ain't at all particular about such trifles. Neither was the bear, and before I got him well located again he was within twenty feet, while the dog was gettin' farther away in the rear.

"Now I began to get scared. If you want stiver rocks

in short order you want to be where I was. The sight of a grizzly that close is the finest fertilizer for gray hair in the world. But there was nothin' to do but shoot again. A long furrow of white showed on his forehead at the crack of the gun and the ball went singin' away in the air again. He shook his head, gave an awful snort and made another dive for me. Talk about music, you ought to hear a ball sing that way in high tenor to the bass of the grizzly ten feet off. But I tried to hold the tune and let go another that raked down his side and only seemed to stiffen his gait.

"Just then a big change came over the dog. Seem' the bear so close he had sense enough to see that I was in trouble and would get hurt if he didn't help me. All of a sudden he jumped out ahead and begun to bark at the bear. This turned the attention of the old cuss and he started for the dog like a hurricane. Such a smashin' of brush, barkin' of dog and growlin' of bear all mixed in a heap would have stopped a well-bred cyclone long enough to see what it was. But it didn't stop me, for just as he turned I gave him a shot in the ribs well up where the heart ought to be. But it only made the durned beast leave the dog an' turn at me again. I loaded another pill in his neck near the ear as he turned, but it had no effect at all. But it had on the dog, for he flew at that bear's hams with more spirit than I ever knowed a pointer to have. Durned if he didn't actually grab him. The chaparral cracked as he wheeled and made a whack at the dog with his big paw. But the dog dodged it as slick as you ever twitched your hand out from under the ruler in the old-time school, while I planted a pellet square in the middle of his back. It must have just missed the backbone, for he wheeled around at me just in time to catch another shot in the shoulder as the dog made another raid on his tail.

"He whirled about and made another savage slap at the dog, and chased him two or three steps. This gave me time to anchor another chunk of lead in his postscript. He found he wasn't doin' business very fast with the pup, so he changed off onto me again. But he wasn't quite as fast as before and got a ball in the shoulder as he turned and another in the bosom as he raised his head and grabbed at his shoulder.

"But they hurt him about like so many bumblebees and he shook another reef out of his sail and steered straight for my port. But the pointer swung his stern around in a jiffy and jumped out of the way just too slick when the bear made a swipe at him. This gave me time to open him up in three places. You just ought to see them empty shells fly over my head from the ejector of the rifle. I got 'em in so fast that he stopped a second and then he suddenly struck me that I was a big fool for squirtin' so at random when there was time to take good aim where it would bring some return. So, while he was tryin' to locate his whereabouts in the smoke, I took a good sight on the base of his ear and pulled. "Click," went the hammer. The durned pill squirt was empty.

"Did you ever have a congestive chill? If you occupied my boots you'd a-knowed what one is. The dog sampled one of his hams again and brought out some hair, for he was now developin' courage very fast, as he saw the bear weakenin', but that didn't help much, for he was still strong enough for all practical purposes and I had no more cartridges. All I had in the gun were inside his crust, but there was an uncomfortable amount of life still left there, too. It was a long way to the house for more ammunition even if the bear was willin' to let me go. And it looked most powerful like I'd have to consult him about it.

"My legs argued that runnin' was the best way out of the business, but the deuce of it was that the dog's legs were as sound on logic as mine. Before I had made ten steps he concluded there wasn't any fun in worryin' that bear alone. How could I blame him? I wouldn't have stayed there alone to herd anybody's bear. But the bear didn't stop to argue the pint and come after us in great shape, if he did limp. Then I got another shower bath of chills, for I found that the cussed dog wouldn't tackle him now when I was runnin' like he would when I was standin' still. Seemed as if he thought it safe to take his cue from me and that, get out bein' the order of the day, he might as well do his best to help me in that line. Smart folks dogs are, and so faithful. He stayed by me in great shape, not over twenty yards ahead any of the time, an' lookin' round over his shoulder like a coyote to see if I was a-comin'. He didn't seem to me that the gait that was play for him was awful hard work for his poor master. The more I belliered 'ic 'em' the faster he went ahead and I couldn't stop to straighten out his ideas of progress.

"All this time the blasted bear was a-gainin' on me. I could hear him wheein' and snortin' and puffin' as if his wind was gettin' short, but the deuce of it was the distance between me and him was gettin' shorter at the same time. Pretty soon he got so close that there was nothin' but sling the gun at him, and, turnin' half round, I

"It took him fair in the nose, an' I guess it was the biggest damage the cussed pepper box did to him at any one time. Any way he stopped and grabbed it, bit it two or three times, turned it over and took another bite an' then concluded that wasn't exactly the man he wanted. But this gave me some twenty yards or more the start again and the dog about a hundred, which he utilized as if he had been trained to that business. He would a made the finest grand marshal for a procession you ever saw.

"There was a young live oak a few rods ahead and with the little wind I had left in me I managed to reach it and, as luck would have it, the trunk was just crooked enough to let me climb into the branches or I would never have made the perch in time, for the old sinner's claws just missed my pants a few inches as I got out of reach. The chills I had before was nothin' to what I had now, as I found that the crooked trunk of the tree was just as well adapted for bear as for humam. Talk about a grizzly not climbin' trees! Of course there's some he can't. But anythin' a man can get up in a hurry he's mighty apt to shim up at his leisure.

"Worth somethin' to learn that new pint on bear.

"This was the worst part of the whole show, and just as he got up to where he could almost reach me, and only needed another little hitch up to anchor his claws in my leg, and I was just a goin' to jump out one side, there was the deuce of a wov-wov-wov, and the dog grabbed the bear's hind leg just as it was a gettin' out of his reach, and his front ones was a gettin' in reach of me. Talk about a dog not reasonin'. His logic was all right this time. He knowed I was in danger and you never see anythin' so savage. He hung onto that leg so tight the bear had to drop down and go after him. Then there was a waitin' around there like a dog runnin' after his tail, and then all of a sudden the bear stood still with his head awayin' from side to side. He was done for, but was slower a-dyin' than a rich uncle. The dog scolloped his tail and chawed hair out of his hams for a while and then the bear sank down and flopped over."

T. S. VAN DYKE.

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

Know Her Husband's Bones.

NOT every woman knows her husband well enough to identify his skeleton two years after death. But such was the claim made in this city yesterday by Mrs. J. J. Sullivan, and so well did she substantiate it that Sheriff Spencer allowed her to take away with her a ghastly relic which he had been treasuring for over twelve months.

A little over a year ago, the Sheriff was notified that a skeleton had been found in the woods near Six-Mile Creek. The Sheriff went to the scene and took charge of the unknown remains. He advertised their finding, made diligent inquiry to discover any case of disappearance that could be connected with this particular skeleton, but was unsuccessful. He locked the bones, which were those of a man, carefully away in one of his claw-depositories, with the idea that they might some day be useful in clearing up a great murder mystery.

Forgotten, the skeleton rested, and the temporary sensation was forgotten with it until yesterday, when Mrs. Sullivan came. Mrs. Sullivan lives away up in a corner of the county. Two years ago her husband started on a trip to Tampa. He did not reach here; he did not return home. She made up her mind that he had abandoned her, but never lost hope that she would some day find him again.

Last Saturday Mrs. Sullivan was cleaning out an old wardrobe at her home. Among other articles inside, she found several old newspapers. One was a copy of the Tampa Weekly Tribune of last year's date. Mrs. Sullivan is one of the few people in Hillsborough county, who do not take the Tribune, and she wondered how this copy came into the house. She glanced over the paper. It contained an account of Sheriff Spencer's discovery of the mysterious skeleton.

"What if that should be the remains of John?" she asked herself, in real melodramatic style.

The more she thought about it the more Mrs. Sullivan became convinced that the Six-Mile Creek skeleton was that of her missing husband.

Acting on the thought, she came to Tampa. Yesterday she appeared at the Sheriff's office, and asked to see the skeleton.

Sheriff Spencer had almost forgotten the incident. He had to collect his thoughts before he could remember where he had left it.

When the bones were pulled from their hiding place, Mrs. Sullivan made a careful examination, particularly of the skull. She breathed a sigh of relief.

"Yes, that's John," she said to the Sheriff. "I know him anywhere. That's just his height, there's the two upper teeth that were kicked out by the Colt, there's the missing finger on the right hand, and there's the dent in the skull. Yes, it's him. If you please, Mr. Sheriff, I'll just take these along with me and give him a decent burial."

The Sheriff could not but be satisfied at this complete identification. He delivered over his ghastly keepsake.

But the mystery remains unsolved—if these were the remains of Sullivan, how did Sullivan meet his death?—[Tampa Tribune.]

Ox Yoke That Lincoln Made.

A RECENT rearrangement of relics in the Agricultural Museum of the University of Illinois brought to light the old ox yoke made by Abraham Lincoln and presented to the university in the early '70's. By orders of President Draper the yoke was inclosed in a glass-topped case, made of boards from the old Lincoln home at Springfield.

The yoke was made by Lincoln when he was on a farm near Decatur. For several years it was in service about the Lincoln homestead.

The yoke is of black walnut, and shows evidence of hard usage. The workmanship is rough, the iron parts being especially crude, indicating that they were made at a country blacksmith shop.—[Chicago News.]

Fishing in Chicago.

CHICAGO'S sanitary canal, among other benefits bestowed on this city, has brought minnow bait within reach of the humblest citizen who wants to go "a-fishing." All along the docks of the main river, where formerly nothing was to be seen in the stream but last year's berry rates and other refuse, the clear flowing water is full of blue fish, which make the best possible lure for catching lake perch. Heretofore, minnows have been caught in basket or dip-nets from the outer breakwaters, and have been sold to fishermen at 5 cents a pail.

Now, however, the fish have moved into the river mouth with the coming of the clean water, and have gone far up the channel to spawn. The "shiners" are to be found in any desired quantity in the quiet waters beside any of the big bridges, and all the angler has to do to get them is to use a scoop-net on a pole. The fishing itself is far more accessible this year over than before in the memory of the present generation. The fish have deserted the waters about the government and new piers, which were formerly the only places where they could be caught in quantities. They have come to the mouth of the river, and are now best caught from the north pier, which can be reached by a walk out over Illinois street.

As a result, the new pier is deserted and the north pier is crowded daily with patient anglers. On the edge of it they sit in a row along the wharf so close that their poles and lines are frequently entangled. The sport is unusually good this year, and long strings are captured every day.—[Chicago News.]

Dangers of the Bowl.

REV. HOSKYN has what appears to be a bullet hole in his hat, but this does not necessarily signify that an attempt has been made to assassinate our Methodist minister. There is, however, a very interesting story in connection with that hole. They have some gold fish at the

parsonage, confined in an ordinary round, glass bowl, such as is commonly used for the purpose. The bowl is on a stand in front of an east window, where the sun strikes it for a short time each morning. Yesterday morning, Rev. Hoskyn left his hat on the stand while he was at breakfast. When he went for his hat he noticed a tiny column of smoke ascending from it. He picked up the hat to examine it and discovered that a hole nearly half an inch in diameter had been burned through it. This was somewhat surprising, but not more so than another discovery he made at this juncture. For he found that while he was looking at his hat a hole had been burned in the tablecloth where the hat had been lying. The cause of the trouble was that the fish bowl had focused the sun's rays, acting as a sun glass. When the cause was ascertained another mystery was explained. The bowl had for a time stood on another stand, where there was no cloth. They had discovered several places where small holes had been burned in the stand and had wondered who had been laying burning matches on the table.

Probably few people have realized that a fish bowl was a dangerous thing to have around, yet in view of the occurrence related above, it may readily be seen that under right conditions it would not be impossible for one to be the cause of a house burning down.—[Colton News.]

St. Louis's Proposed Mammoth Watch.

ALREADY novel features and schemes for attractions at the St. Louis Fair of 1905 are being planned. One of these already announced will be a mammoth watch. It will lie on its back, have a polished metal case, just like the ordinary watch and will be as large and roomy inside that people will be able to walk around in it among the moving wheels. It will be nearly seventy-five feet in diameter, and more than forty feet high, with most little stairways running all about in it, and all the wheels properly protected, so that no one can be hurt. The balance wheel will weigh a ton, and the "hair-spring" will be as thick as a man's wrist. It will take about two minutes for the balance wheel to swing around and back again. It will be pivoted on two enormous agate blocks, substituted for diamonds, and will be made of brass. One of the greatest difficulties will be in getting a balance spring of the size and strength, and that can stand the strain and keep its elasticity. The mainspring, of course, will be an enormous affair, something over three hundred feet in length, and made of ten spring steel bands two inches thick, bound together, as it would be impossible to roll so large a piece, either in thickness or length. The projector of the enterprise claims, of course, that the scheme has an educational side. Those who visit the watch will be given instructions, with practical illustrations on the care of a watch. Guides will point out and name every part, with its uses and its proportionate movement. The watch will be wound by steam regularly at a certain hour during the day, to impress upon watch-carriers the necessity of a watch having regular hours, whether its owner has or not.—[Philadelphia Record.]

Bed Hangings of Spiders' Webs.

ONE of the most novel exhibits in the colonial section of the Paris Exposition is a complete set of bed hangings manufactured in Madagascar from the silk obtained from the halabe, an enormous spider that is found in great numbers in certain districts of the island. It was a missionary, Rev. Mr. Cambone, who was the first to conceive the idea that these insects might be made to replace the silk worm. He succeeded without difficulty in obtaining a sufficient quantity of silk to be of practical use, but he did not pursue his efforts beyond the purely experimental stage.

The matter has since been taken up by M. Nogues, the head of the Antananarivo Technical School. The results he has already achieved show that the production of spider silk should quickly become a highly important industry. The chief problem to be solved was to find a practical process for extracting silk from the female spiders. M. Nogues has invented a most ingenious appliance for this purpose. It should be said that the female halabe allows herself to be killed of her silken store with exemplary docility, and this in spite of the fact that she is distinguished for her ferocity; her usual treatment of the males who pay her court is to eat them, and she feasts without compunction on members of her own sex weaker than herself.

Mr. Nogues's apparatus consists of a sort of stocks, arranged to pin down on their backs a dozen spiders. The spiders accept this imprisonment with resignation, and lie perfectly quiet while the silken thread issuing from their bodies is rapidly wound on a reel by means of a cleverly designed machine worked by hand. Each of the twelve spiders thus "milked" simultaneously yields from three to four hundred yards of silk. As soon as a spider has yielded up all its silk it is replaced by a fresh insect, and the work of reeling off the thread thus goes on with very slight interruption. The spiders whose threads have been exhausted are set free, and ten days afterward they are again ready to undergo the operation. The silk of these spiders, which is of an extraordinarily brilliant golden color, is much finer than that of the silk worm, but its power of resistance is remarkable, and it can be woven without the least difficulty.—[The Manufacturer.]

A Fifteen-Year-Old Business Woman.

PROBABLY the youngest and most venturesome business woman in the country is Mary Elizabeth Evans, 15 years old. She keeps a grocery store in Syracuse, a candy kitchen, a meat shop, a drug department and an ice cream parlor. All these she superintends herself, doing most of the actual work, besides continually thinking up new plans and features.

Little Miss Evans is a granddaughter of the late Judge Henry Ringel of Onondaga county, and a niece of Charles Ringel, the actor. She wears short dresses and long-sleeved

gingham aprons, and her head is adorned with a braid of fluffy light hair.

"But I think I should do it up, now that I am a business, don't you?" says Mary Elizabeth. "And in dresses down, too. I'm quite large for my age, and had long skirts I would look nearly grown up. That's a difference when you are in business," she added.

"I'll tell you how it began. You know Grandpa left a large estate when he died, but it was so involved that we really got no income from it. We lived in the city, and with mamma, grandma and two aunts we needed a good deal of money to keep us over. We just had to do something, and mamma and I took over. I am the eldest of the family. Grandpa bought this tract of land in Burnet avenue as an investment, and with his other affairs it took all mamma's time to manage it. I was too young to get employment at that time, so I took over. A girl of 15 can't, you know. So after we had turned over a great many plans we hit upon this. We gave up our house down town and moved up here. This is on our own land and we have rent to pay, and the community is a manufacturing laboring one.

"You'd laugh at the beginning I made. The only thing I could really do well was making candy. I like to do better than anything else in the world. I have made it home ever since I can remember. I put up some of my nicest candy and bought a few drugs, and started to sell them in that little bakery across the street. Last Year's I had made such a good start that I took time and increased my stock, adding groceries, meats and other things.

"My candy business is the most profitable. Business like it, and I have so many regular customers for it that I've had to get a girl to help me make it. I do and do costs a pound for it, and I have put it on the New York at the Harlem Woman's Exchange. I make different kinds and I use the very best materials."

"Isn't it hard work for a little girl like you?"

"Oh, yes, it's hard; but you see I'm earning money helping mamma. I was sorry to leave school—I was in high school—but I keep up some of my studies sometimes I get a few minutes between customers."

Of the store I have a little sitting room that mamma set up for me, and my piano is there, so I get some practice. "I am learning a great deal about business, though that seems to be more useful than music. The very first customer I had I lost money on. It was a man who wanted tobacco. I hadn't had time to learn the price of tobacco, and the man told me it was worth 10 cents a pound. It was worth 15 cents. I know all the prices now."

The sign over the little yellow store reads: Evans, groceries, drugs, confections."

Everybody in the neighborhood, down to the youngest child, calls her "Mary Elizabeth," and here is the popular establishment in the whole city.—[Syracuse Post-Reporter New York Journal.]

Played Golf With Ice Balls.

THOMAS EDDY, who has just returned from a tour around the world, said that in Singapore, which is a Chinese city, with a population of 500,000, he found the game of golf had infected every European. He said there were two golf clubs there and that the members were more enthusiastic than any golfers he ever met. "It is near the equator," he said, "and the climate is so hot that it is almost impossible to keep the golf balls in condition. So they keep them on ice, like champagne. Your Chinese caddy, when he goes out with you, carries a small ice bag, in which the balls are kept. I wish you would knock them egg shape every time you hit them."—[New York Sun.]

He Was Jefferson's Slave.

THE audience at the Vine-street Congregational church this evening, when Judge Crosby of New York lectured on "Jefferson and Lincoln," will be treated to a story. He will be introduced by the venerable colored man Peter Fennett, now nearly 85 years old. "Peter," as he has been known and called familiarly by two generations of prominent families of Cincinnati, has a most interesting history. He is believed to be the only man living in western country who has seen and known the framers of the Declaration of Independence. Having known Mr. Lincoln, Peter is a living link between great American expounder of man's freedom and one of the illustrious statesmen who interpreted the meaning of that doctrine in his Proclamation of Emancipation.

Peter was one of Thomas Jefferson's slaves, born at Monticello estate in 1815. His mother was Mr. Jefferson's favorite cook during his two terms of the Presidency. His father had charge of all mechanical work done on the estate. This made Peter a sort of family pet about the homestead, and he was given special advantages in education by Mrs. Polly Randolph, Jefferson's daughter and the other ladies at Monticello.

Though a slave for thirty-five years of his life, he never knew much of slavery's darker side. He recalls the visits of the world's celebrities, both of this country and those who visited the Sage of Monticello after he retired from the Presidency.

Mr. Jefferson died July 4, 1826, on the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration. He provided in his will for the emancipation of all his slaves, but the laws of Virginia made it impossible for the executors to carry out his wish, as they found the estate incumbered with debt. The slave property had to be counted among the assets. It was sold when 15 years old to Col. James of Charlottesville, Va. His father had been freed by Mr. Jefferson during his lifetime, and had settled in Cincinnati. He purchased him and Peter together bought the latter from his master in 1830. He then joined his father in this city, and he has been known and respected for half a century. He lives in Stone street, in a home of his own. He was in aiding slaves to escape to Canada in the days of the underground railroad.—[Cincinnati Commercial-Times.]

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

The Possibilities of a Dining-room.

V. S. R. Los Angeles: You wish to build in your proposed house a dining-room which is something more than "a square room with a table in the middle." There are many variations which can be introduced into a dining-room to give it character and charm, and one of them is to "let in the outside," so to speak. You say that you would like to have the south side of the room open like a conservatory, but that you cannot afford to build one, and from this remark I judge that you agree with me in a hurry for an out-of-doors effect in a dining-room. You can obtain this effect in a much less expensive way than building a conservatory. You can admit the real out-of-doors into your breakfast and dining-room, instead of having that which merely "seems" to be. By putting in two or more large French windows, or rather French doors, you can literally throw open the whole of the south side of the room to fresh air and sunshine in the morning, and you can temper this with a leafy coolness of vines by a sort of ramada arrangement. What more delightful arrangement in a breakfast could there be than to see

parlor in willow or rattan furniture. It would probably come under the head of a Japanese room. Suggestions as to window and door hangings, wall decorations, etc. Room 15215. The floor, parquette flooring, oak, cherry and ash."

In the first place I would advise you to get a few Turkish rugs for your floor, as there is nothing which so gives color and a handsome effect to wicker furnishings as the contrasting richness and depth of oriental rugs. I do not know your preference in colors, but dull blue in silk cushions, etc., goes beautifully with the rattan. Hangings of kiskillems and jute, as I recently recommended, would be pretty in your doorways. Hassocks in rich stuffs and brilliantly soft colors look well interspersed with this furniture. Turkish saddle-bags, as I may have mentioned before, make beautiful and artistic hassocks when stuffed Point d'esprit net, ruffled or bordered, make the prettiest curtains for this sort of room, as they carry out more effectively than any other kind the idea of refinement and delicacy which such furnishings give. As for wall decorations there are many things which decorate a wall besides pictures. There are Indian grass plaques and flatish baskets, East Indian fans, fans imported from China, made of feathers, artistically-made bracket book shelves, small shelves holding Zuni ware, Indian jars (a discreet projection here and there from a wall removes the sense of flatness and sameness.) Then there are now the beautiful casts that are made in plaster of Paris—works of art, and sold for a song. One of the most effective wall decorations I ever saw was a superb Mexican sampler, of wonderful workmanship, and decorated with olive cords and tassels; it

white striped awning canvas for the seats. A pile of cushions, made of Chinese rice mats, bound with red or yellow braid, should complete a pretty porch, and one not too rustic for the style of the house.

Pale Blue in a Violet Bedroom.

Julia, Los Angeles: I do not think you could do better than to use pale blue with the violet paper in your bedroom. I know that the conjunction is very beautiful, because I once saw a room which was papered with violet-colored paper, having a cream ground. The curtains at the windows, which were of sheerest white net and ruffled, were caught back and tied with large butterfly bows of watered or moire ribbon, in pale blue. The curtain drawn across the head of the brass bed was of thin, pale-blue silk, and all other accessories were in this lovely tint. The ceiling above the picture mold was in light green, and corresponded with the leaves and stems of the violets. The room was very beautiful, and dainty to a degree.

Gilded Canvas in a Library.

R. W., Los Angeles: You wish a very rich effect in your library walls, and yet you do not like frescoing. I think I would use above the book shelves gilded fabriciana or burlapa. This gilding can be washed on in great circles; that is, it can be put on with a sweep of the brush, which leaves the brush mark in gold. This makes a fine effect, and is much handsomer than smooth gilding with a flat surface. I see by your diagram that your book shelves run all around the room, except where your fireplace intervenes. Have the entire chimney breast filled in with dull-red tiling, and use andirons and accompaniments of wrought iron. Curtains at your leaded windows of gold-colored silk will go well with the scheme. I can imagine a beautiful effect if you had some rare old ecclesiastical lace to use at these windows, with the border running across the bottom. However, the gold-colored silk will be handsome and harmonious. I do not think you will find that a difficulty arises about using your gold-framed paintings against this wall, as the gold tinting on this canvas will be dull and soft, and it will, I think, make an excellent background for the other. Put a molding of Flemish oak against the ceiling, where your canvas is tacked, and tint your ceiling old gold color. Throw a handsome kiskilleim over your library table, and you will find that your green leather chairs will go well in here. The other woodwork should, of course, be of Flemish oak, and I would have door knobs and hinges of brass, while the fixtures, electric lights, etc., should be of wrought iron. A fine piece of bronze would be particularly appropriate for this room. Pick out the colors of your kiskilleim in silk and plush cushions.

Pomona: I will gladly answer through these columns any questions you may wish to ask me.

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will answer, so far as possible, all proper and clearly-stated queries addressed to her in care of The Times, from whatever source or locality, whether the writer be a resident of California or not; and where she may not have been clearly understood on any particular point, will answer privately, making necessary explanation. Answers to inquiries have frequently, to be deferred for a week or more.

POLITE CONDUCTORS OF THE SOUTH.

[Chicago Chronicle:] During a recent visit to a Southern city, where a hotel car was under the charge of a driver, a Chicago young woman walked to the box, deposited her fare and asked the driver to stop at Prytanis street. After a ten-minute ride the driver checked his horse, put on the brake, walked down the car until he stood in front of the stranger, and, lifting his hat, said: "Madam, this is Prytanis street, where you wish to get off!"

Some few days later a tremendous rainstorm flooded the streets and gutters. This same young woman, used to storms and blizzards, was not to be outdone, and went about her visiting regardless. Before the hotel a system of boards enabled her to reach the car in safety, but, arrived at her destination, she beheld streams and puddles grouped together like a great chain of lakes. She pulled the strap, stopped the car, and on reaching the step at the



A PORCH AT ALTADENA.

the play of sunlight and shadow just beyond your table, look over beyond it to grass, terraced to the perfect confusion of green velvet, having a border of scarlet geraniums or other brilliant flowers, over which humming-birds, bees and butterflies are busy, and perhaps still further away lie the quiet shadows of trees on the lawn? This last picture of busy insect life, of quiet repose and that may be outside of many of our breakfast rooms, in the within dark walls we may not imbibe refreshment; its beautiful and healthful possibilities are all at our very feet, by walls of our own rearing. When we have once realized this fact, I think that many of us will excuse the obstructions, and wonder why we ever missed them. Practically, this may all be accomplished in simple manner. The French doors may be made architecturally attractive by having a portion of this upper part put in diamond-shaped panes; the lower three-quarters should be a single sheet of clear glass, so that when they are closed in winter the view may be uninterrupted. Their frames, of unobtrusive or ruffled muslin will serve to frame the picture beautifully. Wire screens to these doors may be made to open in the middle, as do the doors, and the preference is for placing them on the inside, as they are never to be allowed to stand open, and hence do not interfere with the furnishing of the room. The glass doors may then open out onto the ramada or terrace. To get the best effect in this open-roofed porch the floor should be laid with the floor of dining-room, and should be flagged with cement or tiled in black and white. A very slight air separating the dining-room and porch brings them naturally into one. Still beyond, the turf of the terrace should be on the same line, and should stretch to where it ends, and is bordered with flowers like a smooth floor, which seems to be one with that on which your breakfast table is set. Two or three broad and shallow stone steps, leading down from the terrace to the lawn below make a handsome finish. The inestimable advantage of being able to enjoy such a scene as I have mentioned at midwinter, when our eastern friends are suffering from a reverse condition, cannot be adequately appreciated by those who build their Southern California homes in precisely the same style as their New England or Chicago ones. Many think to themselves on a wide porch; they come to us with a vague intention to enjoy and make the most of all the opportunities of our wonderful climate, but they fail to lift its possibilities. They often, as I have said, build a wide and beautiful porch and then content themselves with living under the eaves, which are possibly rendered much darker and less pleasant by the heavy roof of this porch. I have seen many a fine house in Pasadena, with its expensive photographs and nearly-always-appearing residences and grounds, called an avenue of mansions. This is because they drive up and down its length day after day, and never catch a glimpse of its people. To have a porch that is shaded and pleasant, and not to work, read, and sit on the lawn, is a waste of opportunity, and to the beautiful grounds and never to walk in them seems almost criminal.

These give suggestions for furnishing.

hung against the wall, surrounded by Mexican curios of various and interesting descriptions, and as the hall in which it was hung with wraps and Navajo blankets its environment suited it exactly. A Japanese cabinet of ebony or teakwood is also pretty for such a room.

A Cottage Porch.

"Summer cottage" says that she will buy any article for her porch that I advise; she wishes to give it an artistic and livable look; her cottage is dark red, with cream trimmings; the porch looks toward the west, and is ten feet wide by twenty-five feet long. There are many pretty arrangements and schemes of color which give character to such a porch. One of these would be to close the opening toward the west with a Japanese curtain of slate "seda-



A PASADENA PORCH.

raa," I think they are called. These curtains admit air and some light, and are very artistic in effect. Hang a Chinese water jar by a knotted rope between two of the pillars and a hanging basket of ferns between two others. Under the fern basket set a low bamboo table, holding a crock with a growing plant. One low table, large enough to hold a tray for tea-cups and saucers, magazine and work basket, should be placed near the inclosed end; beside this table place a simple and comfortable-looking wicker rocking or sewing chair. I should think that there would also be room for an East Indian chair and two hammock chairs. These latter I would paint deep orange, and use blue and

rear found the driver ready to assist her. Without any hesitancy he picked her up, carried her across the puddle, and, placing her on the sidewalk, bowed profoundly as he lifted his hat, jumped in the car and was off.

Thus he proved that chivalry was not yet extinct, and that a man may be both a gentleman and a street-car driver. And all this happened in New Orleans about a month ago.

[Detroit Journal:] (Tenderfoot?) Is it a fact that miners are unable to keep the money they make?

(Miner:) Sure thing! If they make too much of it to lose gambling, they run for the United States Senate.

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

PRETTY AND BECOMING ECONOMY. THE MORE SIMPLY A WOMAN IS DRESSED THE SWEETER SHE SEEMS.

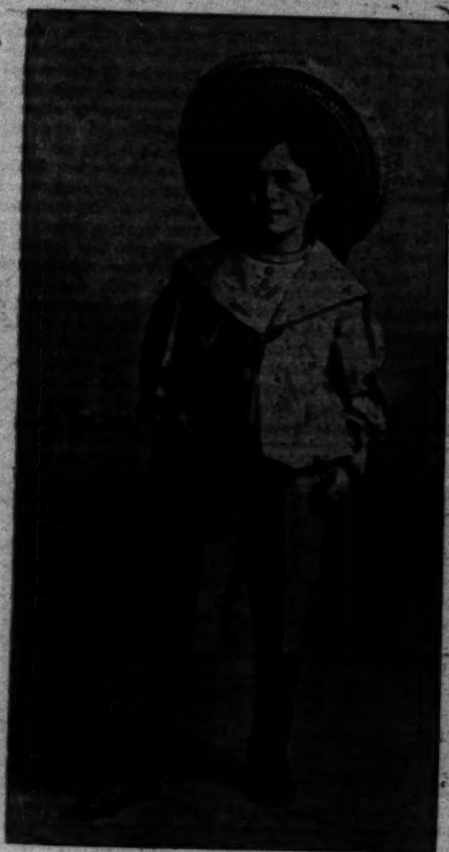
From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, June 11.—"There she goes!" whispered Maisie, excitedly peering through the vines. "Why, the best-dressed woman in this well-gowned watering place, to be sure. I've been watching her like a hawk all week, since from the bow in her hair to the bow in her shoes she is an infallible indicator of which way the wind of fashion blows. Yesterday morning I saw her climb the steps of that new big colonial house down the drive. She was evidently a luncheon guest, and in her lovely chestnut hair was a big bow of black grenadine ribbon, for she wore no hat, a new and, I think, sweetly informal fashion of dropping in to pick one's mid-day chicken wing and crush a strawberry with a friend. Of course, she carried a parasol of white silk, with two inset bands of black lace, and a white wood stick having a prodigiously-curved ebony handle, which was very chic indeed. Her gown, dear me! Now, why didn't I have one like it, instead of my corn-flower blue muslin? Here was in pastel green, a veil incrustated in embroidered black silk dots and big, delicate, black lace flowers laid on, and the goods was not cut out beneath. This formed the lower half of her sweet waist and the overdress, which last was cut in long points from the knees down, to allow a vaporously-light accordion-pleated source of the finest black silk muslin to flower out about her feet. The yoke of her body was made of fine pleated green muslin, with rows of black baby pannes ribbon running now and then between the tucks, and a narrow strip of black panne ran around her slender waist, while a broader band, with sheer muslin points turning over, inclosed her throat."

"I like it all except the parasol," commented the hostess, going back to her easy cane chair in the shady, breezy corner. "There is something newer than that—a parasol made wholly of tucked Swiss muslin, showing in set bands of Valenciennes entre deux and heading, with narrow ribbons run through the fast. It goes without saying that double frills of gathered lace finish off the bottom, and such a cover can be dropped in all its transparent loveliness over the naked ribs of a parasol and used thus, or stretched upon a plain pink, blue or yellow silk sunshade to instantly adorn it. That is the latest whisper from Paris, and some women I know are showing off their genius for fine needlework by making these sunshade covers of white silk muslin, and some are using the most delicate handkerchief batiste, and are embroidering their crests and initials thereon."

Sweet Simplicity.

"There are times," quoth Maisie, going back to her chair and supreme idleness, "when I am almost persuaded by papa's fatuous argument that the more simply and least expensively a woman is dressed the sweeter she seems. I met two girl friends of mine on the beach this morning



A SUIT OF GRAY FLANNEL.

A very correct little flannel suit of light-gray flannel, with white-embroidered yoke and black silk tie. The hat is the very newest sailor shape, and extremely becoming. The costume is from New York City.

who were such visions of fresh and tidy economy in dress that I felt positively ashamed of my puffed and pounced French muslin. One sat on the sand baring her handsome auburn locks to the wind and sun, wearing the smartest white outing-cloth gown, picked out in clear crimson dots no bigger than pin heads. Her waist fastened in the back, bloused a trifle in front and across the shoulders from the front of the collar, and over the top of each sleeve ran a strap of heavy white flannel, stitched down. At the base of each sleeve a cuff of the same fell over her hand, and a belt and collar of stitched crimson taffeta just rounded the whole thing off.

"Her friend was in pique, white spotted with marine blue, plain skirt, a close-fitting sailor waist, laid in tucks over the bust, and having a big collar of stiff white linen, turning back from a vest and collar of solid blue linen to match the dots in her gown. Her belt and cuffs were blue, and under her collar waved the soft silk ends of a blue silk tie. She carried a serviceable blue linen sunshade, having a band of white about the edges, and her white-stitched linen hat had a cloud of blue straw bows at one side. They took me home to their hotel, and showed me their things, and made my mouth water with their fine bargains and my cheeks burn with shame over my own extravagance."

Highair Gowns.

"What do you think of evening gowns of cream white meshair, the skirts laid in fine tucks about two inches apart and running from the waist to the knees, these worn with tucked waists of the same or of cream taffeta, and finished off with belts and collars of colored panne? The girls found skirts like that all tucked, and put on the band and ready to be hemmed up the proper length at the shops for a simply startling price. In the evenings they wear white organdy frocks, with each a big cabbage bow, and single-fringed ends of pastel-tinted panne on the left breast, and a giraffe with side knot and fringed end to wear at the waist. All in white, with these two touches of color, they were charming, and by means of having a black and a white and a colored set of breast knots and giraffes they contrive to get at simply no outlay at all an effect of several changes of costume."

"It is admirable," replied the hostess, "but I am afraid so much can't be said for your pretty little glass of fashion across the way. No concealed bargain counter about her frocks."

"I should say not," replied Maisie. "I am told that she is the girl who has set the fashion at Newport of wearing black veil or muslin or net gowns, with a hat all of one bright color. A black liberty silk and a toque of peleronnet, pink-tucked chiffon, lavishly trimmed with large silk-muslin blossoms of the same shade is what I mean, or you can wear a black veil with a wide pink-straw hat, buried in small pink roses."

A Peacock for the Hair.

"She was the one I saw at the dance last night wearing a truly attractive ornament in her hair," answered the hostess. "The hair was put up high, and then in front on top was set a gorgeous peacock made of sprangles. Every one turned about to watch it, and we women en-

viously wondered where she had bought it. By the way, she relaxed her stately attitudes on the table, I saw her admiring note of her skirt waists. She has been at least two weeks, and every morning she rubs her waist with a waister of complete freshness, in cut, it is said. It only goes to prove, of course, how infinite the waist variations are. Yesterday morning I saw a pink bottle affair, tucked a little on the shoulders, chiefly relieved by narrow white heading, and a front and intersecting all the seams. The day before it was a white lawn affair, every inch laid in tucks, and a half-shaped cuff over the hand. Then she went by in a very taking little confusion of blue batiste, made with a yoke, sailor collar, cuffs and band of the sheerest tucked white Swiss. Next, respectively of pink, white and blue linen were shown with these, and back of those three my memory can carry me. However, they were any one excellent copy, and it rejoices me to see how the skirt-waist-ling sisterhood have given up the hard, clumsy, narrow collars they used to set so much store by.

Shirt Fixings.

"The prettiest waists I have seen have the tiny, trimmed neck fixings that can be worn with ribbons under the overstanding embroidered edge or points. Some made to wear a more or less shaped turtleneck of the same and a fringed scarf crossed tied under. Others are bought so small that they will stand up about the neck, and then by crossing the ends of the scarf and bringing forward, knot tiffy as a man's cravat under the chin. Aside from these I've had my tongue from a window full of newly-invented neck wear, pastel-tinted liberty taffeta, that is very tender of the neck, but can stand up for itself. These go twice about the neck in front, and let fall two fringed ends that are fastened open with floral bouquets of shiny lace. 'Now you know,' sighed the good lady, as she rose at the announcement of luncheon, 'these are as new as the new, and far from frittering away one's income in bewitching trifles. One is obliged to cultivate a very stiff upper lip and clean pants fastening these days when the world is fastly overhauling with almost incredible ingenuity down, as one woman calls it.'"

MARY ANN.

MODERN SEA-GOING COMFORT.

SOME THINGS THAT SHOULD BE FRAMED IN EVERY TRAVELER'S OUTFIT.

By a Special Contributor.

This summer a feminine mariner of extended acquaintance who had grown disgusted with the fatigue that an arranged oceanic chair invariably produces, found a deck seat of her own that has been widely commended to threaten ultimate substitution for the staid old portance that are rented by the comfort companies. Her chair has a Morris back that, by the adjustment of a little iron pin, can be pushed up or down to any height. The extender is much longer than the seat proper, so that when the seat itself is perfectly level, so that when the



FOR A LADY OF 13 YEARS.

A gay, little pink and white organdy for a young lady 13 years of age, trimmed with lace and white satin ribbon. The hat is a Manila straw, dressed elaborately with black velvet and pink and white clover blossoms. The entire costume is from New York.



A MODISH TOILET.

The above modish little toilet is of red and white silk, having a yoke of fine needle work and deep black lace. Belt and bands are of dark red velvet, and the straw bonnet is dressed with white satin ribbon and bows of tulle.

and thrust under the seat and the back of the chair for an upright posture is the most complicated first voyagers nowadays in steamship comfort a feather pillow. A thin rubber bag, blown up to any degree of plumpness desired in the smallest space, tucked into the creases of the seat, is just as pretty and as comfortable as its down-filled brother. The most important in the deck dinner basket, that is an Englishman, and that contributes very largely to the comfort of any one who must of necessity dine in the open air.

The dinner basket is a wicker tray that sits on the deck, and is divided into compartments for hold-alls, plates, cups, tumblers, napkins, knives and forks, and bottles that hold salt, pepper, oil, vinegar, and other condiments. The wicker tray is a most comfortable and secure means of taking the dinner to the deck, and for all its racks and compartments it is wonderfully provided for the in-land traveler. It is a most comfortable and secure means of taking the dinner to the deck, and for all its racks and compartments it is wonderfully provided for the in-land traveler. It is a most comfortable and secure means of taking the dinner to the deck, and for all its racks and compartments it is wonderfully provided for the in-land traveler.

When going out on a voyage the prospective traveler must take care to take with him a few sheets bearing a dictionary of simple words in his own language and a few sheets bearing a dictionary of simple words in his own language. When going out on a voyage the prospective traveler must take care to take with him a few sheets bearing a dictionary of simple words in his own language and a few sheets bearing a dictionary of simple words in his own language. When going out on a voyage the prospective traveler must take care to take with him a few sheets bearing a dictionary of simple words in his own language and a few sheets bearing a dictionary of simple words in his own language.

Most persons long to keep a record of their travels and doings while abroad, but are too indolent or too busy to do so. This diary's compiler does for them by giving them a book that contains all the information as to how to keep a diary. The date, name of hotel and country, and length of journey taken, arrival or departure, and all the other things that a diary should contain, are all given in a simple and easy-to-understand manner. The date, name of hotel and country, and length of journey taken, arrival or departure, and all the other things that a diary should contain, are all given in a simple and easy-to-understand manner.

There are some of the really useful conveniences that affect the traveler and relatives should think to bestow on him. A traveler with good sea legs eats and drinks with a good appetite for the good reason that the steamship is so comfortable and secure. There are some of the really useful conveniences that affect the traveler and relatives should think to bestow on him. A traveler with good sea legs eats and drinks with a good appetite for the good reason that the steamship is so comfortable and secure.

CHOOSING A HAT.
THEY HAVE BOUGHT ONE.

That Commercial Advertiser: The was not at all like the one I love, and heard her speak. Heard, in the listening watches of the night, The sweet words melting from her sweeter lips; But what she said, or seemed to say to me, I have forgotten, though till morning broke I strove to remember her melodious words. Long, long may Jami's eyes be blest with sleep, Like that which stole him from himself last night— The perfect rest, which closing his tired lids Disclosed the hidden beauty of his love. And flooding his soul with music all the while, Imposed forgetfulness, instructing him That silence is more significant of love Than all the burning words in lovers' songs! —[R. H. Stoddard, in Harper's Magazine.]

shirt waist. "No? Well, then, to tell the truth, I don't quite like that right side. It droops too much." "Oh, I do, but the left side is a little too high, don't you think?" "It ought to come down a little." "Give it all the style it has. The sides are all right. But the front, you know, there's something queer about that." "I like those best of all," said a chic little girl from the corner, "but it seems to me the back isn't very pretty. It comes out too much over Elsie's hair." "H'm," said the wily girl who had not spoken, "I think Elsie. Those red flowers are lovely against her dark hair, but that's the only good point about it—for her, I mean." "I think that's so. She can get something that looks better on her," the chorus agreed with broken sentences of acclamation.

THE DANDY OF THE MOMENT.
HE IS WEARING DUCK TROUSERS WITH PONGEE COAT AND WAISTCOAT.

From a Special Correspondent.
NEW YORK, June 11.—The man with a reputation to maintain for careful and modish dressing is having to wear with dark-blue reeder coats and waistcoats, with pongee upper garments. Handsome linen is exceedingly expensive, and for this reason at least, these gentry who revel in a novelty. Not up to date has the American man, unless he is a naval officer, found it possible to bury his prejudice against the white linen coat and coat smacks too much of the restaurant waiter and harbor cream, pongee, being light, cool and washable, is very nearly the most comfortable and fashionable habit for use in the country during the dog days.

White damask, figured percale and linen are some of the newest ideas for summer shirts, their bosoms laid in three tiny box or side pleats to right and left of the button band, the collar and collar done in heavy, plain linen, the collar, of course, a high rollover, showing a tiny butterfly tie between the rounded ends in front. These shirts are not to be laundered with starch in the bosom, slight damask figures or lines in the linen surface lose in gloss when hardened with starch, and the washwoman must be instructed to dip the bosom in very hot water, wring it as dry as possible, and rapidly press with a very hot iron. By this means body and gloss is given the linen, along with all the stiffness necessary in a negligee shirt.

Old Time Gold-headed Cane in Vogue.
Thirty years ago the fashionable young man carried a straight walking stick of very highly-polished wood, tapering to the ferrule end, while the handle showed a hand-somely-decorated cap of fine gold. An inch or two below the cap the stick was pierced, the ends of the hole bored them ran a cord of dark silk, the ends fastening together and concluding in a full silk tassel. Now the wheel of the stick that the fashionable man carries when on garden parties, afternoon teas and formal calling bent. Sticks of this type in ebony, teak, mahogany and fine cedar wood are produced, with gold caps that are distinctly XV and XVI designs, done in gold, and three and even four colors, the decorations appearing elaborate in the extreme of the capitals of Greek pillars, that is, either the Corinthian or Ionic caps.

deal blue and pollen yellow, in solid tones, are some of the select styles in pure sputnik or lilac for use with evening dress.

THE LAST COMANCHES.
PASSING OF ONE OF THE BRAVEST AND MOST INTERESTING OF ABORIGINAL TRIBES.

[Winfield (Kan.) Correspondence.]
The settlement of the Comanche and Kiowa country soon to be accomplished, and which will doubtless be carried out in a few months, involves in it as one of the most striking incidents of the changing affairs of the West the passing of the Comanche tribe, one of the wildest and most untamable of Uncle Sam's wards. "To yell like a Comanche Indian" has become one of the nation's favorite phrases, and it is not too much to say that this is about all the general knowledge that is possessed by the American people of the tribe that gave rise to the expression. The Comanche yell is unique, and once heard is never forgotten. It will long survive the tribe, and the phrase will probably become one of the idioms of the language.

The Comanche Indians were not like other tribes. They refused until a late date to consent to treaties with the United States. They occupy today a part of the very land they occupied when the first white man set foot on American soil, and this being very far West, they did not for a long time come in contact with the westward-flowing settlement. When the settlement came they were jealous of the usurpation of their rights that they saw was about to be visited upon them, and with all their feeble might they fought off the inevitable.

Two conflicting civilizations met around their territory—that of the Spaniard, who came up from Mexico, and that of the Anglo-Saxons, that poured across the plains from the east and pushed down through the lands now included in Oklahoma. Against both they fought valiantly, and in the hearts of both adversaries they created a fear that was the result of many bloody meetings on the plains and deeds of cruelty and rapine. At the beginning of this century the Comanches numbered about twelve thousand and the Texas Indians, their headquarters being in Central and Northern Texas, but they warred north, east and west over a large territory. At one season they would be attacking the emigrants that were following the trails through Kansas and Southern Nebraska to the gold fields of the Pacific Coast. Again they made forays on the farms and ranches of Texas, and both Mexicans and Americans feared them, keeping out of their way as much as possible and losing equally in the savage attacks they strayed far enough out of their way to wage war on the Osages and Pawnees, both of which comparatively peaceful tribes they defeated with much bloodshed.

The Comanches were the original rough riders of the continent. Much of their success in war was based on the fact that they were the best horseback riders in the West, if not in the world. There is in the Comanche tribe an admixture of Mexican, and hence of Spanish blood. At one time they had a headquarters near Santa Fe, N. M., and mixed a great deal with the Spanish-Americans there. In many other instances they captured Mexican children and adults, and the mixture of blood came about that way. They also captured Americans occasionally, and held the captives as members of the tribe. Cecilia Parker, the mother of Quannah Parker, a chief of the Comanches, with more than a dozen of the tribe, were once captured by the early Comanches and held as captives. The early Comanches were not accumulators or seek skins of any kind, and hunted the buffalo alone. This they did with the bow and arrow, they had acquired firearms from the settlers who came into the territory they traversed. They were the kings of the bow, as they were of the saddle, and the force of their arms was something remarkable. Many a Comanche could shoot an arrow through a buffalo and have it come out and stick in the ground on the other side of the animal.

It has been many years since the Comanches have been on the warpath. The closing in of the white civilization and the opening of Oklahoma have broken the tribe spirit, and the old men who dream in the shelter of the cabins and teepees are the ones in whom are left the remembrances of the days of daring. The greatest chief of the tribe was Parrow-a-kifty, or Little Bear, who flourished in 1819. He was a sober and severe man, and it is said of him that he never laughed except in battle. He was a hard ruler, and made his tribe the best fighters in the West. Mercy was unknown to him, and he treated the prisoners with a cruelty that is yet a memory in the traditions of the Comanche historians. Another great chief was Carno-Tua, who had ten wives, and seems to have attained fame largely on that account.

A PERSIAN GAZELLE.
(Jami.)
Last night when my tired eyes were closed in sleep, I saw the one I love, and heard her speak. Heard, in the listening watches of the night, The sweet words melting from her sweeter lips; But what she said, or seemed to say to me, I have forgotten, though till morning broke I strove to remember her melodious words. Long, long may Jami's eyes be blest with sleep, Like that which stole him from himself last night— The perfect rest, which closing his tired lids Disclosed the hidden beauty of his love. And flooding his soul with music all the while, Imposed forgetfulness, instructing him That silence is more significant of love Than all the burning words in lovers' songs! —[R. H. Stoddard, in Harper's Magazine.]

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

THINGS ALL AROUND US.

NATURE SERIES—XXXI. THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUST.

By a Staff Writer.

THERE is no insect more mysterious in its life and strange to our human way of thinking than the seventeen-year locust. Down around the city of Pittsburgh, Pa., and other places of that section, the people are having a chance, this spring, to watch the creature in the short-winged and social period above ground with which it finishes off a round seventeen years of darkness and solitude, without wings, below the surface of the earth. According to some of the Pittsburgh newspapers, the insects are so thick on some trees that the branches are breaking under their weight; and this is certainly quite possible, for it has been known to happen in other places where the locusts have appeared. Hundreds of boys and girls have been gathering them in large numbers, to destroy them. One boy, who must certainly have broken the record, is said to have gathered 3500 of them.

Of course when you hear that the children are destroying them in such large numbers, you understand at once that they must be considered harmful. Nevertheless, the people about Pittsburgh are not worrying very much about them, for the reason that they are seen to leave the grain crops and vegetables alone and harm only the trees, chiefly forest trees, and trees down there are not so valuable as here, you know; there are so many more of them, and it is so easy to get others to grow.

The seventeen-year locust gets its name from the fact, which I have already told you, that it is seen only once in seventeen years, in any one section of the country. The seventeenth year in which it appears is not the same everywhere, however. But in any one place it can appear only once in seventeen years, because the time when it appears is the time when its eggs are laid, and it takes these just seventeen years for the insects to hatch and pass through the wingless form down in the ground.

The eggs are laid in the twigs of trees. Apple and oak trees are favorites. A slit is made in the wood of the twig, by means of two little saw-like instruments, and in the slits the eggs are left for the warmth of the summer sun to hatch into the tiny, wingless baby locusts. The twig withers and dries up, and is very likely to be broken by the wind at the place where the slit is. Many of the eggs then roll out on the ground and are destroyed in different ways. But so many are always laid by each insect that there are plenty left to hatch out, nevertheless.

When the young locusts come out of the egg, they appear to know just what to do. They do not waste any time, but begin to burrow their way into the ground, as if the light and warmth of the sun were unpleasant to them, and here they stay, in the cold, damp earth, for their seventeen years. During this time, they live upon the juices of the roots of trees, growing in size, each year. Toward the end of the seventeenth year, they seem to understand that a change is coming to them, bore a clean, smooth burrow to the surface of the ground, and, when the right time arrives, crawl out and make themselves fast to something, a leaf by preference, where they stay, like the caterpillar in its cocoon, stiff and quiet, until the hard, shell-like outside covering of their body cracks and splits. Then the winged prisoner, who has been shut up inside, the locust which the children of Pittsburgh are gathering, comes out—to fly about in the sun a few weeks, eat, lay eggs, and then die. In the latter part of May, the winged insects make their appearance, and about the Fourth of July, they disappear. So you see they have only a very little time to enjoy the sunshine, after so many years spent below ground. But we ought never to forget, when we are studying animals, that the way we look at things may be very different from theirs. Probably they enjoy their underground as much as their overground life.

Underneath the wings of the male locust, on each side, just back of the legs, that is, a little forward of the middle of the body, on each side, there is a whitish, shell-like looking piece, covering the instrument with which the insect hums or drums. People who have a great deal of imagination say that the noise made by the seventeen-year locust, sounds like the word "Pharaoh," and it used to be thought that this sound was in remembrance of the time when the crops of Egypt were destroyed by a plague of locusts. However, they say that, in the usual chorus, you cannot hear the word. In order to be able to make it out you must hear a single locust singing alone. But I think you will not be able to make it out then, unless you have, as I said above, a good imagination.

Years ago, when little was known about the habits of the seventeen-year locust, it seemed even more wonderful to the people in the regions where it used to appear than it does to us nowadays. Its sudden coming in great swarms, its short life and sudden disappearance, to be seen no more until just seventeen more years had gone by again, made the country people think it a very mysterious kind of creature. Even after people began to know more about it, they still continued to look upon it as very uncanny, its habits were so different from those of most other creatures. That is probably the reason why they were so ready to use their imagination to connect it with the miraculous plagues of locusts told about in the Old Testament. But there are many other kinds of locusts, besides this, and it is probable that the one mentioned in Exodus is rather an insect that travels in swarms, not our seventeen-year visitor.

In parts of this country where the seventeen-year locust is in the habit of appearing, the people say that not so many are now seen as used to come. The reasons for this are thought to be that so much of the forest, on whose trees the insects were used to feed and lay their eggs, has been cut down, and also that there are now many more hares and other fowls which like very much to eat them. These

fowls destroy a great many of them before they have a chance to lay their eggs, and so the number grows gradually less.

ALEXANDER A. ALEXANDER.

HIS REMARKABLE MANNER OF VISITING THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

By a Special Contributor.

Alexander A. Alexander was his full name. What the middle A stood for no one knew, but many thought that it must be Alexander, for they said that a parent who was foolish enough to double his son's name would be as likely to trouble it. Those who knew the boy well enough called him by his first name, but strangers generally called him by his last name until they got better acquainted. Alexander looked like a Russian, and he had as imperious a nature as that of any czar that ever lived. Before he was 15 years old there was no one able to cross him. If he had been wicked or even ill-tempered he could have made it unpleasant for the world in which he lived—which was this world, by the way—but despite his power over people he seldom exercised it unduly, and so it was possible to live in his vicinity and enjoy life.

Once in a while he exercised his power for the good of the public. Almost everybody has heard of the strike of the painters of Paulton. Some of them were portrait painters and some were landscapists, and they were all in the employ of a very rich art patron. They made up their minds one day that he could afford to pay them more than they were getting, and so they struck for higher wages. Of course they had a right to strike, although I dare say that they were receiving all they were worth, as many of them used stencils in painting portraits in order to save time. But they had no right to stop other painters from working, as this has been a free country since 1863. And yet that is what they did. They told the new painters that they would upset their palette of paint and destroy their brushes if they attempted to paint any portraits or landscapes in

friends with several of the passengers, and he took them, too, for the inexperienced boy had supposed that a day would take him to France. One of his new acquaintances, a bishop of—well, I can't think now, but he was a big man and fond of children, so that he got along famously, although Alexander was a nationalist.

"Well, where are you going all by yourself?"

"Visit an uncle in Southampton?"

"No, sir," said Alexander, "I have no relatives."

"Not that Southampton is in France," said the laughing.

"Oh, isn't it? Well, I'm going to the World's Fair, and that's in France."

The bishop smiled. "Yes, Paris is in France, but you can't go straight to it; you'll have to stop at London and take another steamer across the channel to then take train to Paris."

Alexander was vexed and he showed it. "What the way to Paris by water?"

"All the way by water, but not in a steamer."

"You should have taken a French liner if you go direct to France."

Alexander was tempted to use his power, and he said to say that he yielded. It would have been a matter if he had swallowed his chagrin and gone to London with the good bishop and then crossed the But no, he had set out to sail to France, and he would do it no matter how much he put out the passengers.

"I'm sorry, but this steamer has got to take France. Are you sure that she can't sail directly to Southampton?"

"Not unless you deepen the Seine."

"Oh, I don't want to do that," said Alexander, if he could, and the bishop was much amused.

"But tell me, if you've made a mistake, what steamer, what are you going to do about a steamer?"

"A what?" asked Alexander, with a puzzled expression.

"A steamer. A place to live in and sleep in on your way to Southampton."

"I'm not going to Southampton," said Alexander, heated.

"Why, does it take over night to get to Southampton?"



Paulton. And then it was that Alexander used his authority with good effect. He went to where the band of striking painters had assembled. They stood around in their blouses with their long hair waving in the wind, and he said: "Say, painters, if you want to strike you'll have to do it in some other town than Paulton. I always have my way, and you've got to go."

And so they did. They walked off in a body down to the railroad station and took train to New York. And now they are glad to work at any price. And the other painters were so grateful to Alexander that they all united in doing a crayon portrait of him for him and he didn't have to pay for the frame—which is very unusual.

Alexander wanted to go to the Paris Exposition, but he knew that his father could not afford to send him. If he had told Mr. Alexander to do it that man would have been impelled to do it by the boy's strange power, but Alexander knew that his father was a poor man, so he determined to get there by some other means. And right there he made his first mistake, to call it nothing worse. He ought to have made up his mind to do without going to the exposition, as so many boys will have to do. But that would not have been like Alexander. What he wanted he must have.

So one evening after his parents were asleep he stole into their bedroom and kissed them both affectionately, and then he left the house and made his way to the station. He had packed a few clothes in a hand satchel and he had taken all his savings for three years, which amounted to \$50. He took the midnight train for New York and dispatched from there an affectionate letter, telling his parents that he was going to the fair and that he would bring them each a pretty present.

By noon of next day he was sailing out of New York Harbor on the Pacific of the Red Crescent Line.

Long before they were out of sight of land he had made

"My dear boy, we'll be the best part of six hours on the trip, and you won't be allowed to sleep as in the saloon."

"I should hope I wouldn't sleep in a saloon, I am a gentleman with dignity."

"Of course not," said the bishop with a smile. "Now, I have a whole stateroom, and you may occupy the upper berth, and welcome, if you wish."

"Why, thank you, sir. I'll be glad to, but I don't think it took so long. You see, I had the money to cross the Atlantic Ocean, and I had the money to cross the Atlantic Ocean, and I had the money to cross the Atlantic Ocean, and so I don't know much about geography."

"Well, you'll know more before you return, parents know where you are?"

"By now they do. I left a note. But I won't land. The ship will have to let me out at Paulton."

A steward happened to be passing. "Here, Alexander in his most autocratic manner. "Send the man."

The steward looked astonished, but he didn't mind he came back. "The captain says he's on the question. You must go to him."

At this Alexander flushed scarlet. He made a dash for his hands and called out: "Captain, I want to see you here at once. I want to speak to you."

Everybody within earshot gasped for breath. The captain was one of the best-tempered and one of the most dignified men on the Red Crescent Line. But when he saw Alexander he lost his temper and came to Alexander as if it was the most ordinary thing in the world to call him down.

"What do you want, young man?" said he in a stern tone.

The bishop, who had expected to see Alexander

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Every woman is interested in this subject, and nearly every one will tell you just how these "Foot-prints of Time" can be prevented and removed. Yet, after twelve years' experience, I have found but one method of successfully removing wrinkles, that is absolutely effective.

If Your Skin is Wrinkled, Crinkled or Withered

If your eyes are puffy and baggy, and your neck, throat and chin are flabby and leathery—these and all other imperfections are removed, and the skin rendered smooth, white and beautiful.

Miss Herold Restores the Beauty of Youth in One Scientific Electrical Treatment.



MRS. GRAVES

SMALL POX PITS SUCCESSFULLY ERADICATED.

To whom it may concern:

Miss Herold treated me for deep pittings, at the advice of Dr. Robt. Levy; and I am very much pleased with the result. Anyone having small pox pittings should certainly avail themselves of Miss Herold's treatment, as it is the only treatment that will remove them. MRS. J. C. GRAVES.

Denver, Col., Jan. 2, 1900.



MRS. WATSON

Denver, Col., Feb. 12, '98.

My Dear Miss Herold:

I am very grateful to you for your ministrations to me. Your deep wrinkle treatment put to flight the yellow wrinkled appearance of my skin. I am quite envied for my rosy color. To your wonderful treatments I give full credit for my improved appearance and I cannot recommend your method too highly. Yours sincerely,

KATHLEEN H. WATSON.

REMEMBER THE ADDRESS:

MISS S. N. HEROLD

Office No. 625 Laughlin Bldg.
No. 315 South Broadway.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Miss Herold's Electrical Facial Massage Treatments

When ladies cannot for any reason take Miss Herold's Deep Wrinkle treatment, they can take a course of



her Electrical Facial Massage Treatments, which require longer time to secure results, but are less expensive. Ordinary wrinkles or "crow's feet" yield readily to this treatment and can be eradicated in from one to three courses of ten treatments each. The adjoining portraits, of one of my patients, shows the effect of four months' use of Miss Herold's Marsh Mallow Cream with Electric Facial Massage.

MISS HEROLD'S TREATMENTS FOR SKIN DISEASES

Are the same as those given by Dr. George Fox, the great skin specialist, of New York City, with whom she has studied. Miss Herold absolutely guarantees the cure of the most obstinate cases of

Eczema, Acne, Pimples, Blackheads,

MOTH PATCHES, LIVER SPOTS, FRECKLES, TAN, OILY SKIN and OPEN PORES.

Miss Herold Scientifically and Permanently Removes, by Electricity

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES AND BIRTH-MARKS

Without scarring or pain and without leaving a trace. Miss Herold uses the methods of Dr. F. G. Welch, of Heidelberg, who for the past thirty years has been the leading electrical specialist of New York City.

SOME UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS

SMALL POX PITS SUCCESSFULLY ERADICATED.

To whom it may concern:

This is to certify that Miss Herold successfully treated my face for small pox pittings, and I cheerfully recommend her method to any one needing her services in this line.

GUSSIE SABRASKA.

3635 Delgany St., Denver, Col.

MISS HEROLD HAS NO EQUAL.

Denver, Col., Dec. 1, 1899.

My Dear Miss Herold:

I take great pleasure in recommending to my friends your work and your delightful toilet preparations. There has never been a lady in Denver who could equal you in any line of your work. I hope you may continue to prosper, for you deserve only great success.

Yours sincerely,

MRS. J. C. TWOMBLY.
(Wife of the present postmaster of Denver.)

SHE LIKED THE FRAGRANT BALM.

El Paso, Texas, Sept. 20, '97.

Miss S. N. Herold:

I inclose money order for \$14.25 for

which please send me ten bottles of Fragrant Balm, by express. I wish to add that your Fragrant Balm is the most delightful article of its kind I have ever used.

MRS. BRITTON DAVIS,
500 Magoffin Ave.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR PAINLESSLY REMOVED.

Denver, Col., Oct. 25, 1897.

Dear Miss Herold:

It is with the greatest pleasure that I write praising your method of painlessly removing superfluous hair. The work you did for me in that line is most satisfactory. Yours sincerely,
MRS. DANIEL ROSCHIE.

AN UNQUALIFIED INDORSEMENT.

Mrs. N. P. Hill very cordially recommends Miss Herold to any one needing her services. In all the various branches of her profession she is thoroughly efficient. She understands scientific massage of the face, the extraction of superfluous hair by electricity, and the removal of moles and other facial blemishes.

Denver, Feb. 11, 1900.

HER NAME IS A HOUSEHOLD WORD.

Denver, Col., Feb. 13, 1898.

My Dear Miss Herold:

It gives me pleasure to add my testimonial to the excellence of your toilet preparations, for your name is a household word with us, and your cream and hair tonic articles of daily use. Wishing you all the success your energy and ability and perfect mastery of your profession deserve,

I am most cordially yours,

EVA F. LEFEVRE.

(Wife of Superior Judge LeFevre.)

TONIC ENDORSED BY A GREAT ACTRESS.

Morrison Manor, Peekskill, N. Y.,

June 11, 1897

My Dear Miss Herold:

I will have to have another bottle of your tonic. The blackheads are all removed and the festered places almost healed, and your tonic has proved most successful. I prefer it to the treatment of Fox, the great dermatologist, of New York, to whom I went for treatment. So you have my eternal blessing. With regards and best wishes,
FLORENCE ROBERTS MORRISON.

The originals of these letters, and hundreds of others equally as strong, may be seen at Miss Herold's Office, No. 625 Laughlin Building.

Miss Herold's books on "Toilet Hints," and her "Treatise on Superfluous Hair and All Facial Blemishes," are free for the asking. They are concise and right to the point, and contain "in a nutshell" just what you want to know.

CONSULTATION FREE

MISS HEROLD'S Hygienic Toilet Preparations

ARE THE PUREST AND BEST MADE

And have a World-Wide Reputation for their Effectiveness.

It is not so much the quantity as the quality of an article that determines its value. More than one-half of the wrinkled, sallow faces are caused from improper care of complexion and the use of cheap toilet preparations, the base, or principal ingredients of which are vaseline or cotton seed oil. These goods are made to sell at 25 to 50 cents and are dear at any price, for they cause the skin to shrivel and hair to grow on the face. Many years of experience and careful study has enabled MISS HEROLD to formulate and manufacture the purest and most effective toilet preparations ever offered to the public. They are

MADE FROM THE PUREST INGREDIENTS OBTAINABLE

and are absolutely free from poisons. They are guaranteed to do all that is claimed for them when used according to directions.

YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT AS REPRESENTED
PRICE LIST

MISS HEROLD'S MARSHMALLOW CREAM,

For the removal of Wrinkles, is a tonic to the nerves of the face and never fails when used according to directions. Price, \$1.50 and \$3.00 per jar.

MISS HEROLD'S MASSAGE CREAM

For Facial Massage has no equal. Keeps the face beautifully fresh and young. Feeds and softens the skin. Absolutely pure. Price, per jar \$1.00.

MISS HEROLD'S JASMINE TOILET CREAM,

Has no equal for softening and cleansing the skin. Excessive use of soap and water is very injurious to the complexion and destroys the delicate texture of the skin. Jasmine Cream should be well rubbed into the skin and then dust lightly with Rice Powder before going out in the wind. Price, 75c per jar.

MISS HEROLD'S CUCUMBER AND ELDER FLOWER CREAM

For cleansing the face instead of soap and water. Softens, whitens and bleaches and purifies the skin, and keeps it always soft and velvety. Excellent for chapped lips and hands. Price, per bottle, \$1.00.

MISS HEROLD'S SKIN TONIC

Will cure Freckles, Tan, Blackheads,

Moth Spots, Acne, Pimples and Eczema. Price, \$2.00 per bottle.

MISS HEROLD'S ROSE LIP STICK.

The ideal lip salve. Prevents roughness chapping and cold sores and imparts a dewy, rosy appearance to the lips. Price, 50 cents.

MISS HEROLD'S CORAL TINT.

A delicate, natural tint for the cheeks, closely resembles the rosy glow of health. Price, per bottle, 75 cents.

MISS HEROLD'S PATE BRUN.

A delicate brown paste for darkening the brows and lashes to any desired shade; very lasting and convenient. Positively non-injurious and harmless. Wonderfully effective. Price, per box, \$1.00.

MISS HEROLD'S EYEBROW AND EYELASH STIMULANT.

For increasing the growth and beauty of the brows and lashes. Remarkably effective in producing a thick and healthy growth, removing all tendency to fall out. Price, per bottle, \$1.00.

MISS HEROLD'S EYE BALM,

For weak and inflamed eyelids, renders the eyes soft and brilliant. Sim-

ple, harmless and effectual. Price, \$1.00.

MISS HEROLD'S FRAGRANT BALM,

To be used in the bath or daily ablutions. Removes the harsh effect of soap and water and delicately perfumes the skin. Composed of bland and delicate substances. Makes the skin soft and delicate and of ivory whiteness. Price, per bottle, \$1.00.

MISS HEROLD'S HAND WHITENER,

Softens, whitens and removes all stains from the hands. Price, \$1.00.

MISS HEROLD'S FINGERNAIL TINT,

A beautiful natural polish for the nails, giving the pink tint of the sea shell. Good for dry and brittle nails. Price, per bottle, 50 cents.

MISS HEROLD'S PEDALINA,

For tired, aching feet. A liniment to be applied with a camel's hair brush. Takes out the swelling and soreness and is very cooling and soothing. Is a sure cure for chilblains. Price, per large bottle, \$1.00.

MISS HEROLD'S HEALING SALVE.

The best household ointment in use. For chafes, bruises, burns; good for almost all aches and pains. Especially good for taking the soreness out of corns. Price, 25 cents per box.

Fastidious people who know good toilet preparations, when they see them, is the class of trade Miss Herold caters to

MISS HEROLD'S HAIR RENEWER

Is the finest preparation in the world for the scalp. Cures dandruff and baldness and stops falling hair. It tones up the scalp and creates a healthy growth. It is a herbal preparation and is harmless. Price per bottle, \$1.50.

Mail orders receive prompt attention. Expressage prepaid on orders of \$5.00 and over.

MISS S. N. HEROLD

Office, No. 625 Laughlin Bldg.,
No. 315 South Broadway.

Los Angeles, Cal.

...heard a sigh of relief and opened his eyes as if he were awaking. He was expected to be astonished for the first time in his life, and he wanted to be prepared. He went to go to Paris direct, but they told me it is impossible, so I want you to let me out at once. I made a mistake in the steamer. Just let me go. They said: "That's all."

"I feel that I am putty in your hands," said the captain. "I am putty in your hands. But I am likely to lose my position if I do not go."

"I am your house, wherever they are," said Alexander. "You'll be pleased to know that Bishop Duncan has moved his upper berth."

"Thank you, but not astonished. If you hold up all the passengers, I won't be at all surprised."

Alexander smiled. "I am as honest as you are. Don't let me keep you from your duties. Tell the man that runs the office to change our course before you forget it, or we may go to Southampton after all."

The bishop expected trouble from the passengers. For himself, as he was only going for the sea voyage, it did not make much difference to him, but he looked to see the rest of the passengers make a great do. But in this he was mistaken. The news quickly spread throughout the steamer, and in about half an hour the passengers assembled and gave three ringing cheers for Alexander.

"What's that for?" asked the boy of the bishop.

"Why, it seems that you have inadvertently done them a favor. They were all going to the exposition, and none of them was able to get passage on the French lines, and you have saved them at least a day."

After that Alexander was a great favorite with all on board. Even the captain felt that a boy with such a wonderful will could make it right for him and as he was the only one responsible to the agents, the rest of the crew did not care at all. They were glad of a change in the ship.

But the captain had forgotten one thing, and that was that to him the route to Mayre was a strange one. That is why at noon on the sixth day out there was a terrific crash that told every one that the ship had struck something.

All was confusion in an instant. Passengers shrieking, sailors commanding coolness, and the captain, as pale as death, but perfectly calm.

Alexander and the bishop rushed from the stateroom together. The boy kept on until he had reached the bridge when the captain was standing.

"Oh, this is your fault. Can you make this right with your house, as you call them? We are surely lost."

Alexander hung his head. For a minute he was utterly alone and fully realized that he was to blame for the whole disaster. For it was plain that the ship could not be saved at half hour.

A large French steamer, the *Ville de Dreyfus*, hove in sight. She was just large enough to save the crew and passengers of the *Bucolic*. But she continued on her way. A gun went up from the *Bucolic's* passengers. The captain abandoned his shoulders and prepared to accept death in English colors.

Alexander felt that on him lay the responsibility for the disaster. He missed a speaking trumpet that happened to be lying on the floor. "Come and save us!"

The French captain heard him and recognized the authority of the house, but did not understand what was said. He turned to sail away.

"It is French," said the bishop.

"What is it French?" said Alexander. "I don't know, but let me and 'men'."

"I don't know much myself, but I think it is 'Venez, et nous sauons'."

Alexander had a quick ear, and without knowing what he meant by themselves, he shouted what the bishop had said.

There had been a villainous accent, and had French, and the imperious tones had their due effect, and the French captain had turned and rescued the passengers and the crew of the *Bucolic* and not a moment too soon. As the French captain and the brave captain stepped aboard the *Ville de Dreyfus* the *Bucolic* went from the sight of the men forever.

Alexander learned more French before he returned to his home, but he never said anything half as effective as the four words. He did not have to make it right with the captain's house, for the captain, who was an elderly man, resigned and went to live at Portsmouth. Alexander and Bishop Duncan went to the exposition together, and the boy and home, in a letter to his parents, a beautiful expression of emotion from the *Bucolic's* passengers, thanking him for saving first a day in the voyage, and then the rest of their lives, so good came of evil after all. But he never came back on it.

CHARLES BATTALL LOMIS.

(Copyright, 1904, by C. B. Lomis.)

A PELICAN PANIC.

OR THE APPALLING UPPISSNESS OF PRECIOUS LITTLE BILLY.

By a Special Contributor.

A family of pelicans lived on the margin of a lovely lake. It was a very large family it was, indeed—fathers, mothers and children, and it was, indeed, a very large family. They had a beautiful time, for it was always warm weather there, and, best of all, there was always plenty to eat. All they had to do when they were hungry was to swim along the margin of the water, and when an unlucky fish showed himself, pounce down upon him and gobble him up. Sometimes a whole school of fish would appear, and then it was a wonderful and beautiful sight to see that great family of pelicans swoop suddenly down upon their prey in a most orderly manner.

One day, while they were taking their rest in the shade of the willows, a pair of young pelicans were engaged in a close and absorbing conversation. They were

a handsome couple, of large size, white, slightly tinged with pink, or flesh color. They had large, broad and extremely long bills, the extreme tip of the upper one of a bright red color, and curving like a hook over the under one. "My dear," the female pelican was saying to her mate, "the time has come when I shall need to look for a suitable spot for a nest. I must have your help in selecting it."

"Certainly, my love," was the answer. "I shall be happy to render you all the assistance in my power. What was your idea?"

"I am, as you are aware, of a very retiring disposition," she said, "and the publicity of this shore, where all our friends love to congregate, is extremely distasteful to me. I am really puzzled to know what to do."

"Really," said he, "I am quite at a loss how to advise you. Ah, yes! I have it!"

"Speak, my love, and relieve my anxiety," she implored.

"What do you think of that wood yonder?" he asked, indicating by a graceful motion of his right wing a small island lying at no great distance from the shore.

"Just the thing!" she exclaimed joyfully. "How clever of you! My dear, would you be so kind as to go and investigate, and bring me word as to its suitability and comfort for a nest. I do not feel quite equal to the exertion myself today."

"With pleasure, love," he replied, swimming off across the water, while his fond spouse stood on the bank watching his graceful movements with proud and admiring eyes.

In a short time he returned and assured her that it was impossible to find a more desirable place, so the next day she made there her nest of soft rushes and grass, on the ground near the water.

In due time three beautiful white eggs appeared in the nest, upon which she sat day and night until they were hatched. It must be acknowledged that her spouse was most attentive and devoted, bringing her the choicest tidbits in the way of fish that it was possible for him to find.

How the proud parents rejoiced in their little ones! They thought of nothing else but to provide for their wants, bringing them the fish they caught in the large pouches beneath the bill, with which all pelicans are provided for that purpose. The little ones grew and thrived, and the mother said they would soon be able to leave the nest, when she would teach them to earn their own living. She warned them not to leave the nest without her permission, hinting at vague and fearful dangers that were without that safe retreat.

One little pelican was of a bold and defiant disposition, and in the absence of his mother announced his intention of foraging for himself. Like many young people, he had a great idea of his own abilities and wanted to see the world and enjoy himself. When his more obedient and timid brothers remonstrated with him, he taunted them with being tied to their mother's apron strings—or something to that effect—and went off as fast as his little legs could carry him.

When the mother pelican came home there was a dreadful time, as you may imagine. When she found out the facts of the case she flew here and there, uttering hoarse cries of distress. She hurried all around the little island, but in vain, he was not to be seen. Then, charging the others to remain where they were, she hastened to the old trying place, where she felt sure of finding her mate enjoying a quiet visit with his cronies. As it happened, he was alone, stretched comfortably upon the green sward, taking in the peaceful beauty of the scene.

Drowsy as he was, the distracted appearance of his mate, as she struggled breathlessly up the bank, caused him to open his eyes wide in alarm.

"What is it, my dear? What is it? What has happened?" he asked in breathless suspense, waiting impatiently for her to get her breath.

"Oh, my dear! Our darling, our precious little Billy!" she gasped.

"You alarm me," he cried. "What is wrong with Billy?" and his anxious face confirmed her suspicion that Billy was his favorite.

"He is gone!" she exclaimed in a despairing whisper, "and I cannot find him."

When she had told him all he said soothingly:

"Keep up your courage, my dear, and it will all be well. We will find him, I am sure," and led her back to the nest, where he inquired more carefully into the matter. The young pelicans gave him a true account of their brother's doings, withholding none of his unflattering speeches.

"Ungrateful young wretch!" his father said, and would have added more in the same strain had not his mate checked him with an observation, which, translated into English, means:

"Boys will be boys."

I am not acquainted with the pelican rendering of the proverb. She also darkly hinted that the time was not so far distant in the past when he himself had been guilty of as grave, if not worse, misdemeanors, whereupon he looked very glum, indeed, and the young pelicans stared as if they could not believe their ears.

It was getting along toward night and no time was to be lost. They were just about starting upon a tour of discovery when a familiar, shrill little cry was heard near at hand.

"Oh, my darling! my darling! There he is!" cried the overjoyed mother.

Sure enough, Billy, a very weary little pelican, waddled haltingly toward them, glad enough to hide himself under the mother wing.

"Come, sir, give an account of yourself. Where have you been?" sternly queried the father.

"Over there," answered Billy, rather vaguely.

"Why didn't you answer when I called?" asked his mother.

"Guess I was asleep," answered Billy. "It was so far I got tired. I'm tired yet."

"Go to bed this minute, sir," said the father pelican in a tone which made them all tremble. "And without your supper, sir," he added.

"I'm not hungry," said Billy. "I found a lovely green frog in a waterhole. It was delicious."

"A frog!" screamed his mother in horror. "You had child! You know I never allow you to eat anything but fish. And I'm sure, Billy," she added, tearfully, "you have al-

ways had plenty to eat. I've never neglected my children. No one can accuse me of that. We pelicans are said to be the most devoted of parents. It has even been said that we feed our children with the blood from our own breasts. Times have never been so hard with us as to make that necessary, but I would do a great deal for my children and so would your father. Promise never to be naughty again, my son."

Billy readily promised, for he hated sermons, and he was very sleepy, and peace reigned once more in the bosom of that pelican family.

ANNE H. WOODRUFF.

NATURAL HISTORY A CENTURY AGO.

NONSENSE, NOT ONLY ABOUT WILD ANIMALS, BUT SUCH CREATURES AS THE TOAD.

By a Special Contributor.

The youngest schoolboy today reads with amazement the absurd handbooks on natural history that were published and gravely accepted as scientific facts a hundred and fifty years ago. For example, here is a description of the rhinoceros, copied word for word: "The rhinoceros, so called because of the horn in his nose, is bred in India and Africa. His color is like the bark of a box tree. He is said to be in shape somewhat like a wild bear and not much unlike an elephant; and near as long, but not so high, having shorter legs. He has two grilles upon his body, like the wings of a dragon, from his back down to his belly; one toward his back and mane and the other toward his loins and hinder parts. His skin is so hard that no dart is able to pierce it, and covered over with scales like the shell of a tortoise. His legs are also scaled down to the hoofs, which are parted into four distinct claws. The horn upon his nose is so very hard and sharp, crooked toward the crown of his head, that some say it will pierce through iron or stone. He is said frequently to whet his horn against a flint, etc., that he may be prepared, whenever he is attacked by an enemy. He is a mortal enemy to the elephant, whom he seldom meets without a battle; and aims chiefly at his belly, being the softest place, which, if he misses, the elephant is too hard for him with his trunk and teeth. The naturalists say that he grunts like a hog. The manner of taking him being so variously and uncertainly related, I thought it not worth describing."

The haunts of the rhinoceros having been seldom explored in these days, the fiction regarding it is not half so exorable as the following nonsense concerning the garden toad, quoted from the same book:

"The toad is of a blackish color; the skin rough, clammy and very hard. It hath many deformed spots on it, especially on the sides. When hit with a stick it yieldeth a sound as if it were from a vault or hollow place. The whole aspect of the toad is unpleasant and disagreeable. The toad does not leap as the frog; its pace is a soft creeping pace, yet sometimes in anger it raiseth up itself, endeavoring to do mischief. If it takes hold of anything in its mouth it will not let go till it dies. It is said that the toad, well knowing the weakness of her teeth for her defense, gaineth abundance of air into her body, with which she greatly swelleth, and then, by fighting, uttereth that infected air as near to the person that offendeth her as she can; and thus she worketh her revenge, killing by the poison of her breath."

A KAFFIR FAIRY STORY.

[London Daily Mail:] Here is a Kaffir fairy story. It is called "Demane and Demanza," and is a very good example of the kind of story current among the dusky "boys" of South Africa.

Demane and Demanza are husband and wife, living together in a cave. Demane one day goes out to hunt, but tells his wife before starting that on no account must she cook any food during his absence, lest the cannibals, attracted by the smell of the cooking, find out the cave and carry her off and eat her.

Demanza, directly her lord has gone, commences to prepare a meal, with the result that one of the cannibals knocks at the "door" of the cave and demands admission. This is refused him. So the cannibal goes and consults with his tribesmen, and they burn his throat, which changes his voice to a very smooth tone like that of a girl. He returns to the cave, and is this time admitted. The cannibal at once ties Demanza up in a sack he has brought with him, and takes her away to his own habitation.

Demane, returning home with a swarm of bees he has found, discovers his wife's abduction. Forthwith he tracks the cannibal to his lair. The latter has left Demanza tied up in a sack while he goes to fetch some relations to share in the feast that is to follow. So Demane releases his wife and substitutes in the sack the swarm of bees, and the husband and wife at once make themselves scarce. The would-be feasters arrive, and the cannibal tells one of them to get something good out of the sack.

He attempts this, but is stung for his pains, so mine host himself, to disprove the charge of practical joking that has been unanimously preferred, goes to the sack, on opening which all the bees swarm out and sting him so unmercifully that he rushes from the cave and jumps into a pond head first, and sticks in the mud at the bottom. Thus he dies, and Demane and Demanza appropriate all his wealth, and live happy ever after.

There are plenty of other "fairy tales" equally strange, and nearly all of them treat of the fruit of disobedience, virtue is its own reward, and like matters, but they have no story emblematic of our well-known proverb, "Honesty is the best policy."

HELEN GOULD'S DUSKY BROTHER.

[New York Correspondence Pittsburgh Dispatch:] Miss Helen Gould is perhaps more persistently beset by cranks than any other woman in America. A colored man was arraigned in a police court today charged with sitting on the steps of Miss Gould's residence in Fifth avenue and creating a disturbance. He told the magistrate he was Miss Gould's half-brother, and that he went there to get some money belonging to him. He was sent to the insane pavilion in Bellevue Hospital. Although Miss Gould's wealth and prominence make her a target for dangerous lunatics, she goes about on charitable work and social duties in perfect self-possession. It is recalled that Jay Gould, her father, always had a big man near him as a bodyguard.

By a Special Contributor.

A Dying Sergeant's Request.

Placed in a Pearhouse.

A Friend in Need.

The Story of Her Life.

The End of Her Romance.

Souvenirs of the Struggle.

By a Staff Writer

If this is the fact, it ought to be given with as a warning to the people of both sexes who are tempted to kissing pet dogs on the nose or allowing males to lick their faces. The natural habit of such as to render this custom a dangerous one to one who takes thought, a disgusting one. By nature, to the scavenger animals. They are like the hyena. Puppies insist on picking up morsels from the street. Many grown dogs will do so with avidity, if they are not overfed on other well-ripened bone that has been buried for a day or two, regard as a dainty tidbit. Most dogs will do so if they get the chance, and seem to delight in it even if they no longer manifest any desire for it. Ages of human association and training have not changed the manners of our canine friends, and even to modify their instincts, but a very little study is sufficient to convince one that the most carefully trained animals still have a very large measure of inherited impulses of their kind, and that leading to the extent of kissing is, to say the least, far from a hygienic point of view. Considering the dogs, it is a wonder that more diseases have not been contracted by this means.

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for *The Times*.

Health and Long Life (In Three Papers—II.)

FRANKLIN, the French author and contemporary, was naturally of a very delicate constitution. He was accustomed to attribute his length of life, and his undiminished health to his calmness of disposition, and his natural constitution, qualities which kept him young up to the last moment of age. But his biography shows him to have been very regular in all his habits, carefully planning his work, the work of each day, and that he rarely departed from the prearranged plan. His hours of work, of study, of reading, and of recreation were all fixed, and he went on from day to day, and from year to year, until life's pendulum stopped, for death came suddenly and like falling asleep. He was noted for his brilliant wit and humor, though it is said that he himself never laughed nor wept.

As most of us have learned by experience that by a few days of excess of any kind, the physical powers may become exhausted, we may from this understand how our lives may become shortened if vitality is steadily being used more rapidly than nature reproduces it. The body is more impeded in the body at birth may be made to move slowly or rapidly. Like the oil in a lamp, it may be consumed to little effect, and in a little time, or it may be used to burn more brightly. Probably we can double his ability to bring upon himself a great deal of premature disability by imprudent living. We wish to call attention to the fact that by a course the reverse of this, the intellects often attending advanced age may be avoided. "The rule of the wise man," said Franklin, "is to make use of what one has, and to act in accordance with one's strength." In other words, the man who would win the prize of long and happy life must live within his means, physical and financial.

The secret of longevity lies in the attainment of a natural life, to be brought to an end by a natural death, a change from the earthly to the heavenly. We are so accustomed to think of death as a matter of surprise. This, no doubt, is why we do not know what is necessary to attain it. It is lamentable that so many whose knowledge and experience enable them to do responsible work, and for doing great good for many years, are early cut off from their usefulness for the want of applying knowledge so available to them along the way. The tendency of wealth and civilization is to prevent men from dying young than to cause them to live to advanced age. The reason for this is obvious. The course of human life, which, during the nineteenth century, has increased a little over eight years, will continue to increase with man's mastery over the forces of nature, but no great advancement may be expected in the extension of consciousness except with man's mastery over death. We do not hesitate to say of a drunkard that he is a fool, but one rarely speaks of over-eating as a stupid or serious shortening of life, yet there are more men killed by imprudent diet than by famine, plague, or any other cause we know of. The appetite alone, and not merely the amount of food to be taken.

And moral habits yield happiness, so good physical habits yield health. It has been said that "old people who live the same thing with the same moderation as the young live forever." They certainly are the healthiest people in the world to kill. It is not the rich who live longest, but people whose food is plain and simple, who exercise much, who are daily exposed to the air, and who are kept so busy as to forget themselves, except to provide for their physical needs. Mental occupations are an absolute necessity, if the body is to be kept in healthy working order, but the mind should not be oppressed with anxiety of any kind. Of General M. Chevalier, who died April 9, 1890, at the age of 90 years and 7 months, it is said, "throughout his long life he had worked hard, opening neither mind nor body, but would admit that his faculties were preserved with but slight impairment up to the time of his death." Almost everyone of equal good habits, who in body and mind is kept congenially active, is in a fair way to carry his youth into his olden years. Man is a trinity of body, mind and spirit. His happiness depends upon each factor of his three-fold nature, and to keep them in parallel vigor he must exercise, study and love.

"Good heart-occupation" in health and salvation.

One's vocation and conditions may be so chosen as to bring his wholehearted activity each of them at the same time, and continually. Goethe advised that brain-workers follow some mechanical by-trade or specialty. Thus, we are told "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was thought out "chapter by chapter in the steamy steam rising from dishpan and washing pail, and written between the setting and rising of the same moon." Surely the life and character was stronger for this combination, as was also that of Thomas Edison, the physicist blacksmith, for the combination of both and avail.

General Bepow is quoted as having said he never knew a business man to retire after forty years of age, with a view to settling up and enjoying himself, who did not either contribute to the responsibilities that had already become attached to his health and happiness, or die within three or four years. Russell Sage, the multi-millionaire, who is now beyond 60 years of age, was recently asked why he did not retire from business. "I will do so," he replied, "if you will tell me what I can do that will accomplish so much good, and keep me in as good health." What is true of business men with equal force to every vocation. Habits of life, and a certain degree of duties to which one has for a considerable time become accustomed, should, as a rule, be continued; and the other one grows, the more necessary is his vocation to his continued happiness and health. Our statesmen who have become Presidents, have afterward relaxed the habits to which they were accustomed, and after their

highest political distinction they appear to have dropped that hopefulness of spirit—that looking forward to a loftier realization so essential to the attainment of many additional years of life. We state this as a fact, and not as a condition that need be. A man who has become President of the United States—the most magnificent nation on this planet—has, nevertheless, only touched the fringe of the great glory our King has yet to give to him who ever moves on with a confidence born of an enlarging faith and purpose. Better, far, the poet's ideal—

"Build ye more stately mansions,
Oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll."

CHARLES ARTHUR GASKELL.

The Family Doctor.

A THOROUGHLY good family doctor is to be highly appreciated in any community. And his patrons uphold the dignity of his position on every occasion as they would one of their family. The public have long since experienced the many and serious drawbacks of an indiscriminate consultation with immature pecuniary specialists.

Much of the modern operative work is due to the thoroughly skilled surgeon and is worthy of the highest praise. On the other hand, much of the operative work of today in this city is ill-advised, superfluous and positively harmful to the future comfort of the person operated on.

The intelligent family doctor should be consulted about all things. He will shield his patients from this middle-class carving and will place them in safe and conservative hands, while all minor surgery he is thoroughly capable of doing skillfully. The knife, when indicated, gives prompt relief and it is for this reason that surgeons get such large fees for even small operations, while the family doctor's fees are very moderate.

The family doctor is not sufficiently paid for his services and to make a good living he therefore is obliged to see more patients than he can properly attend to. He should give time and thought to his cases and his fees should be in accordance with the time spent, skill required and the circumstances of his patient.

In order to gain and enjoy the full confidence of his clientele he must be a continuous student and keep abreast of the advances made. He must be master of physical diagnosis, be able to make use of all local examination methods and be expert in the use of the microscope. He must have a full knowledge of hygiene and dietetics, a skillful surgeon and avoid writing prescriptions for a lot of useless and superfluous drugs. This indiscriminate prescribing medicine after medicine, as is too often the case, is not the rule of the good family doctor. The sooner the physician learns to condense his drug list, the sooner will his efforts meet with success in his practice, and the Christian science humping will disappear from the mind of all intelligent people.

The future of the thoroughly good family doctor is again being revived to the place he so grandly filled in the past. The future of the specialists is on the wane.

I. Y. Z.

Malaria and Mosquitoes.

THE theory put forth by Prof. Koch, that malaria is spread by means of a certain variety of mosquito, has been generally accepted by the medical world. The question has aroused much interest and during the past year hundreds of pages have been printed on the subject in the American press. In almost every case it is taken for granted that Koch's theory is true, although Koch himself, who is now in New Guinea making investigations, has recently admitted that there are some weak points in his theory.

Indeed, there are. For instance, how is it that persons sleeping on the second floor of a house will escape malaria, while those on the ground floor become affected by it? We all know that the agile mosquito is well able to sail into a second floor window. In some countries the natives avoid malaria by sleeping only three feet above the ground.

Meantime, several expeditions have been sent by European governments to the West Coast of Africa, where malaria is very rife, to study the question, and we shall doubtless soon be favored with some bulky reports, which may or may not settle the problem.

Some time ago, in this department, reference was made to a pamphlet on the subject, published in Berlin in the German language. It was written by Dr. Carl Schwalbe of Los Angeles, a physician who has made a special study of malaria in Africa, South America and other countries. Dr. Schwalbe strongly combats the mosquito theory, believing the older idea to be correct, namely, that malaria is caused by gases arising from moist earth and decomposing vegetation.

A copy has been received of the second part of Dr. Schwalbe's pamphlet, also printed in German in Berlin, in which he mentions an interesting experiment made by him, which goes far to confirm his opinion. He had noticed that in former days in Germany, when flax was prepared by soaking it in water until it was partly decomposed, there were frequent epidemics of malaria. Accordingly, he prepared a wooden cage, in which were placed large glasses containing decomposed flax, with some earth. There was one small opening, covered with mosquito-proof netting. In this cage were placed two pigeons, a male and a female. At the end of seventy-six days they were killed. During the last weeks one of the pigeons exhibited every morning signs of "chills and fever." On examining the organs, it was found that the muscular system had not suffered, the lungs were discolored, the spleen was distended to three times its normal size and black, the liver swollen and discolored, as were most of the other organs. After the malaria infection showed itself the female ceased laying eggs.

Dr. Schwalbe concludes from this experiment that through the continued inhaling of gas from decomposed flax it is possible to produce in pigeons the same pathological and anatomical changes in the various organs that are found in human beings who have suffered for a long time from malaria. He thinks that experiments should be made with other animals, especially dogs, in countries where malaria greatly prevails. He will experiment on the composition of these gases.

Fortunately, we are not in a malarial region, but as many Americans will be going to live in our tropical possessions

the subject is an important one. It looks as if the mosquito will have to be acquitted of this new charge against him. He has enough to answer for, as it is.

Alcohol Not a Food.

PROF. ATWATER'S alcohol experiments reported last June have turned the thought of medical circles to the scientific side of the alcohol question as never before. Since January 1, 1900, these experiments and conclusions have been widely discussed by the standard medical journals of the country.

The Journal of the American Medical Association, the organ of the National Society of Allopathic Physicians, contains an exhaustive discussion by Prof. Woodbury and Egbert, of the Medical College of Philadelphia, on the Atwater experiments. This discussion shows that the tables of these experiments, giving the gain and loss of the body, do not prove that alcohol acted as a food; and that, in short, there is nothing whatever in these experiments to show these scientists wrong who declare alcohol to be a poison and not a food.

Winfield S. Hall, professor of physiology in a university medical school in Chicago, shows the fallacy of calling a substance "to a limited extent a food," or "sometimes a food," on the ground that it has one characteristic of a food, by the following syllogism: "Foods are oxidized in the body; alcohol is oxidized in the body; therefore alcohol is a food. We might as well say: Horses breathe oxygen; the yeast plant breathes oxygen; therefore the yeast plant is a horse."

Articles and editorials in the New York Medical Record, St. Louis Medical Brief, the Bulletin of the Northwestern University Medical School, the Therapist, the Practical Druggist, and others are in line with the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, which says:

"To demonstrate this fact (that alcohol is a food) it must be proved that the sum total of the effects of the ingested alcohol is useful rather than harmful in the maintenance of the animal economy. And this Dr. Atwater has not proved. And it has not yet, so far as we know, been demonstrated. In fact, the weight of experimental evidence is decidedly against it."

The Practical Druggist says: "Every standard work on toxicology and medical jurisprudence classifies alcohol with other poisons; and if alcohol is not a poison because it is possible to use it in ways and doses to which poisonous or fatal consequences cannot be directly attributed, then we should be compelled to admit there is no such thing as a poison on earth, for whatever may be true of alcohol in this respect may prove to be true of every poisonous drug known."

Such opinions from standard medical authorities show that Prof. Atwater has not proved the present temperance teaching erroneous.

Bathing in Olden Times.

IN THESE days of universal tubbing it is interesting to read the curious notions about bathing in vogue in former generations. In a sketch of the childhood of Louis XIII in the Atlantic Monthly, his tutor writes, under date of August, 1606:

"The Dauphin was bathed for the first time; put into the bath, and madame, his sister, aged 6, with him. The Dauphin was 7 years old at the time." In his fourth year he had his feet washed with a damp cloth; when he was 6, they "washed his feet in tepid water in the Queen's basin for the first time."

It is little wonder that the plague carried off millions.

Ice Cream.

AND now it is claimed that ice cream is very injurious, because extreme cold benumbs the stomach and retards digestion, also that several cases of poisoning have occurred from the use of vanilla. Young women who eat ice cream—also young men who pay for it—will take note of this.

A Sensible Plan.

AN ANECDOTE of old Kien Lung, Emperor of China, is told by a writer in Harper's Round Table. He was inquiring of Sir George Staunton the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When, after some difficulty, he was made to comprehend the system, he exclaimed:

"Is any man well in England that can afford to be ill? Now I will inform you," said he, "how I manage my physicians. I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed. A certain weekly salary is allowed them, but the moment I am ill, the salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you that my illnesses are usually short."

DR. GRACE PECKHAM MURRAY discusses as follows in Harper's Bazar on the care of the nasal organ:

"Mothers should care for the noses of the children and see that they grow properly. The soft tissues of the organ can be moulded in early life. A thick nose can be made thinner by regular treatment, such as compressing it daily, either with the fingers or with instruments made with springs and padded ends so as to clasp the nose. A clothespin has been used and so adjusted as to bring about the right amount of compression. Many noses are wrung and twisted out of shape by the vigorous use of the handkerchief. The delicacy of the structure of the nose is not appreciated.

"The shape and size of the nose are often of a character to cause great distress to the person, and the deformity—for in some instances it really amounts to this—is borne with fortitude and resignation as something which cannot be remedied. The importance of the nose in its relation to appearance has been appreciated by the modern surgeon, and he does not regard it as beneath his dignity to perform operations for the improvement of this feature. Noses which are naturally misshapen and those which have been made so by blows and accidents, are restored, or modified to assume a proper shape. Usually a deformed nose interferes with the air-passages, narrowing or blocking them, and the operation is a matter of necessity, as well as of appearance. Persons do not hesitate to spend time, money, and much endurance to have their teeth straightened; it is often quite as important to the health, and more important to the looks, to have the nose straightened or to have it restored to a more desirable form."

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY, CAPITAL AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

Custom Smelter for Southern Arizona.

THE intelligence has been made public that an up to date custom smelting plant, of sufficient capacity to treat 200 or more tons of ore per day, is soon to be erected in Phoenix, Ariz. Perhaps no more acceptable news could come to the scores of mining men in that section of the Territory, who have tons and tons of ore on the dumps than this encouraging information.

Henceforth it has been necessary to assay the ore very closely and ship only the best to distant smelters, leaving the balance on the dumps, the long distance and consequent heavy freight charges prohibiting any other plan. This is all to be changed, and the wonder to those best informed is, that the remedy for this abnormal condition has not been applied long ago. That is, that custom smelters have not been erected at suitable places in the Territory for the treating of ore instead of shipping on to smelters hundreds of miles away.

Substantial business men of Phoenix have organized the Acme Smelting and Refining Company for the purpose of getting in a thoroughly equipped smelting plant. That mining men and stockholders will alike receive fair, honest treatment is guaranteed by the personnel of the board of directors. With such men as Emil Ganz, president of the National Bank of Arizona; Chief Justice Webster Street, H. M. Chapman, secretary of the Phoenix and Maricopa County Board of Trade, T. T. Powers, ex-Chief Justice Cole of Iowa, and others who stand equally high, managing the affairs of the company, there will be no cause for complaint.

What has been done in the comparatively short time that the company has been at work. Leading men of the East have been interested in the enterprise and some of them—men of national reputation—have become stockholders.

Market Gardening Near Workman.

THE old saw about making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, which is so often practically applied in Southern California, is being exemplified in the country west of Workman. Workman is a station on the Terminal Railway a few miles south of Los Angeles. The Vick Sang Company, which is tilling a piece of about five hundred acres, owned by C. H. Watts, expects to triple the producing capacity of that land this year. Three twelve-inch wells have been sunk and two of them are flowing. The aggregate flow is estimated at 250 miner's inches and only a small part of it is produced by pumping. The company will raise celery, cabbage, cauliflower and other vegetables. The company pays an annual rental of \$44 per acre, \$16 being for the land and the balance being for the water.

A Circulating Library.

A TESTIMONY to the fact that the Los Angeles Public Library is unable to meet the exceptionally heavy demands of the public is found in the establishment, a few months ago, of a circulating library in this city. It is under the management of Garner Curran, a young man well known among the newspaper fraternity, who is assisted by Miss Anna Madison, a graduate of the public library training class. All late works of fiction can be rented at 5 cents a week and are delivered for 5 cents extra. Extra copies of books are purchased as fast as the demand warrants. Patrons seldom have occasion to wait for any book longer than three or four days, most of them being supplied immediately, a feature that will commend itself to those who have endeavored to secure late fiction at the Public Library. Magazines are rented at the rate of 75 cents' worth for 25 cents a month, old copies being reckoned at half price. For 20 cents a month one 10-cent magazine may be kept and four others read.

Mr. Curran expects to establish branches or form reading clubs throughout Southern California. There are many mining camps, little villages and even some big ones, which contain groups of ten or more families, who will be glad of an opportunity to read late books as soon after publication as if they were in a large city.

Canal Enterprise.

THE Buckeye Canal in Arizona was recently sold by a company, at the head of which was J. H. Braly of this city. Of this enterprise the Phoenix Republican says:

"A sale of much importance to the agricultural future of Maricopa county was consummated yesterday when the Buckeye canal was sold to J. Curtis Wasson and J. Ernest Walker, both of this city. The purchase price is understood to be close to \$30,000, and covers some twenty-eight miles of canal and over three thousand acres of land. A large majority of the shares of the company will be owned absolutely by Messrs. Wasson and Walker, giving them complete control of the property. The few remaining shares will be held by former stockholders, who prefer to retain an interest in the waterway. A new company will at once be organized, of which Mr. Wasson will be president and Mr. Walker secretary.

"The new owners returned yesterday from the Buckeye country, where they had been to take formal possession of their purchase and to look into its condition and the necessity for improvement. They decided to begin immediately to build up the property and have ordered the canal dredged

and cleaned from end to end, besides the building of a new head and the strengthening of the dam. These improvements, which will necessitate considerable outlay, have long been clamored for by the water users, and are considered advisable by the new owners in order to derive the greatest benefits from their investment. To those familiar with the property there can be no doubt that the contemplated improvements, when completed, will add 100 per cent to the value of the canal.

"The Buckeye country, which lies thirty-five miles west of Phoenix, between the Gila River and the White Tank Mountains, comprises over twelve thousand acres of the most fertile land that the sun shines on. The water supply is taken from the Gila River and has always been much more than ample for the utmost demands. The stories of the productiveness of the soil are almost fabulous. Alfalfa is the principal crop and cattle-raising the chief industry. An alfalfa ranch of 150 acres easily pastures 200 head of cattle the year round, and pasture seldom sells for less than \$1 per head per month. The Buckeye country, however, has long been kept in the background on account of what at one time seemed to settlers its remote location, but principally on account of the almost vicious management of the canal.

"The country was opened some fifteen years ago, when the canal was built. A considerable influx of settlers for a few years gave promise of a prosperous community. Then the canal company, which did not have funds to keep its property in proper condition, began to oppress the water users and to let the waterway fall into decay. This state of affairs continued for several years, with the result that the country showed little advancement until three years ago. Then a new lease of life was taken by the water users getting control of the canal by agreeing to keep it in repair. Things so improved under this arrangement that the interests of the old canal company were bought last year by a company headed and controlled by J. H. Braly, president of the Southern California Savings Bank of Los Angeles. Mr. Braly's principal Arizona associate was Atty.-Gen. Ainsworth. Under their ownership the canal was put on a business basis and a boom began in the Buckeye. All litigation and bickering was stopped and land values have increased rapidly. Scores of settlers have come in and many hundreds of acres of new land has been put into crops. It was this prosperous condition which attracted the attention of J. Ernest Walker, who is recognized as one of the shrewdest real estate men and financiers in the Territory. He interested Mr. Wasson, the well-known Phoenix capitalist, with the result that the holdings of Mr. Braly's company yesterday passed into their hands.

"The price is considered by real estate men to be extremely moderate, especially in view of the fact that the property was in such satisfactory condition, although it is generally admitted that the former owners cleaned up a nice sum by the sale.

"Mr. Walker will devote his attention largely to the real estate portion of the acquired property, while Mr. Wasson will give much time to the affairs of the canal proper.

"The determination to give patrons of the canal the long-needed improvements will make the new owners popular in the Buckeye and will result in one of the best waterways in the Southwest.

"Mr. Wasson stated yesterday that he and Mr. Walker had, after investigating the property, decided to make no change in the superintending of the canal, and that Frank P. Lee, the incumbent, was expected to remain with the new firm."

Working Up Grapes.

A NEW industry is to be established in Ontario, which will utilize a large quantity of grapes. The Ontario Observer says:

"It is with something more than an ordinary degree of satisfaction that we are able now to make the positive statement that the Waterman Condensing Company will bring its plant to Ontario, and that the manufactory will be ready for business within the next sixty days or as soon as grapes are ready. The aluminum for the construction of the finer parts of the machinery is now on its way from the East. Mr. Shaw, the resident manager of the company, left on Tuesday for Santa Clara county, where he will immediately pack and ship such parts of the present plant as may be adaptable to the enlarged business which the company contemplates in the new field here."

"The company has secured the old cannery building at the corner of Main street and Pine avenue, and will make such changes in it as may be needed for their business and install new machinery for the working up of grapes and oranges. Between 400 and 500 tons of grapes will be required for their first season's run here. The amount of the orange product to be put up during the coming season has not been definitely determined. The coming of such an important and growing industry into our midst means much for the entire community, both for the present and the future. The grape extract which this company produces has a large sale in the East by virtue of its high medicinal properties, while the orange preparations will make a market for what has heretofore been a dead loss to our orange-growers—the culls. The town will gain also in the added employment furnished by the new industry, besides the additional families that will directly and indirectly be brought to the community by reason of the location of the plant here. Taken in all its bearings, the citizens of Ontario have reason to rejoice at the coming of the Waterman Condensing Company, as the future will demonstrate. The writer has a pretty thorough knowledge of the products put out by this company, both as to their purity and medicinal value, and he has no hesitation in endorsing fully every claim made concerning the excellence of their grape extract. Further details regarding the company and its plans and products will be given in these columns from time to time. While we do not wish to appear boastful in

the matter, it might be said in passing that the community may thank the Observer for covering the national industry for the town."

Turquoise.

THE following, in regard to turquoise mines in Arizona from the Silver Belt:

"On Sunday, in company with Dr. T. C. Smith, Treasurer A. H. Morehead and John Morehead, the turquoise mines owned by Dr. Stallo and John Morehead of San Francisco. The mines are situated about 15 miles in a westerly direction from Globe, and are on claims, the Stallo, Ida and Ruth, Mr. Morehead's interest in the latter. The principal discovery has been done on the Stallo claim, consisting of some 200 twenty-four feet, with drifts northwest and east. Some very good turquoise has been taken from the shafts and seams of turquoise are visible in the shafts. The other shafts on the Stallo are each ten feet deep, there is an open cut twenty-four feet in length, an average depth of eight feet, from which turquoise has been taken. There are two shafts on the Ida, each 20 feet in depth, the upper shaft showing turquoise over the hanging wall. On the Ruth there is a shaft 10 and ten feet deep. These claims have been covered by well monumented with stone and posts plainly marked. The formations are quartz, spar, granite and porphyry interspersed with talc. The claims lie in a basin, a foot of Sleeping Beauty Mountain, in a highly dissected section and the ground sloping to the south at an angle of about 30 deg., is admirably situated for commercial development. A good wagon road runs to within a few feet of the claims. They are surrounded by rich basins of claims; to the south and west the formation is a limestone and to the north and east, copper-bearing. It has shipped about one hundred pounds of turquoise of it very fine, to his partner in San Francisco."

Tucson Awakening.

THE "ancient and honorable pueblo" of Tucson, one of the oldest cities in the United States—is now waking from a long sleep. The Citizen says:

"Tucson is destined to become one of the great business centers in the Southwest. It has already a position among the cities of Arizona which is none. The improvement in the city within the last few years has been most marked: new buildings, new architecture, liberal and spacious, have been built; homes have been built which even large cities are proud to with just pride, and today there are under way of the most beautiful homes to be found anywhere. "The commercial life of the city" was never so prosperous. The great mining camps which surround it are a source of pride and profit, lending their aid in making here a wealthy business and social center. Camps are springing up all around the city, thousands of dollars are invested every day in the development of claims, and experts are lavish in their praise of the mineral resources of Pima county. The stock raising, the agricultural pursuits are widening the expansion of the city, providing wheat, barley, and for immediate delivery.

"Reaching for hundreds of miles, Tucson draws commercial prestige. The banks handle large sums of money and deposit sent here from Globe, Bisbee, Helvetia, and a hundred other producing camps. It is situated to command the trade of not only some of the best Northern Mexico, and this is increasing. The men who cannot see a prosperous future for themselves are blind, they do not know the marvelous wealth of the surrounding country, and they are unfamiliar with the advancement which is going on. But the business men of it, and the city pushes forward to tell its own story."

New Railroad for Arizona.

ARIZONA may soon have an important new railroad. The following on the subject is from the Florence (Ariz.) Tribune:

"Silver City is rather pleased that another project, which intends to make it one of the great New York capitalists are planning the line, and have \$25,000,000 cash for the purpose of making the project. Dr. J. F. Ford of Phoenix is the concession has been secured from the government to build a narrow-gauge railroad to the Gulf of California at some point close to the River, in the State of Sonora. The road is 150 miles long, and is to pass along the Gila River to Phoenix, thence to Globe. From Globe it is to pass Upper Gila Valley, via Fort Thomas, Pima, Benson, and to Guthrie, where it will intersect the Southern and the Arizona and New Mexico gauge railroads. It is to enter New Mexico at the mouth of the Rio Grande. The road will take in as many miles in New Mexico as possible, and propose to build a branch line. It will pass through the Black Mountains. The company has been incorporated under the laws of Arizona."

Canaigre in Arizona.

CANAIGRE culture appears to be more successful in Arizona than it has been in California. The Tucson has the following:

"The canaigre industry of the Salt River Valley is to be highly remunerative. The product and the per month are now fifteen cars, which will be increased to thirty cars. Canaigre, or tannin plant, is native to Arizona and grows wild in the valleys and on the Territory. Its value is in the tannic acid it contains, which is rapidly increasing, and is much in demand. It is one of the most profitable crops of the soil that can be cultivated in Arizona, and matures during the winter months."

SOU' SOU'WEST.

By Bill, the Bo'sun.

THE tuna season is in full blast, over at Catalina Island, and the piscatorial prevaricators have risen to the dignity of a legion. I never caught a tuna, but, as an ancient member of the Webfoot Society of South-Los, I was very prominent during my connection with the Bally Breaguan. For my own sport, I would as soon catch a half-pound trout with a fly, at the top of the water, as a twenty-pound kingfish at a depth of ten fathoms. Some people, when they go off-fishing, want the biggest weight they can catch, like the boy who caught the mackerel.

Catalina Island is today the Mecca of salt-water anglers and the tuna of that now famous island affords greater sport than the kingfish of Australasian waters, or the tarpon of the Pacific waters. The verdict of all eastern anglers who have visited Catalina, is "Never had such sport in all my life." But the Catalina of today, with its commodious hotels and its pretty little villages of snow-white tents, is something widely different from the Catalina Island of old, when I first visited it. I was a deck-hand on the pleasure steamer Feather, commanded by Capt. James L. Fowler, now thirty years dead. In the early part of October of that year, a large passenger steamer, called the *Golden State*, with nearly nine hundred returning Californians, was wrecked on Point Arguello, just north of Santa Catalina, and sixty odd lives were lost, besides which many hundred-bound miners lost the savings of their hard labor with pick and shovel.

The ship had about \$7,000,000 in gold dust on board when she went ashore and broke in pieces; and it was to recover this treasure that the *Dancing Feather* was dispatched to Point Arguello. We had been at work on the wreck, with two divers in submarine armor, when up came a heavy rain, and the *Feather* was forced to return, so he started in Catalina Harbor, which is on the ocean side of what is now known as the "Tahama." Under a close-reefed mainsail and a "boom" taken of the jib, the sturdy little craft came in shore about west-southwest for two days, when she landed about and stood in shore. For three days every man on board was soaking wet, but we found Catalina Harbor all right enough and anchored in a body of water as smooth as a mountain lake. The anchorage was good, for want of other employment, we all began fishing, and a variety of fish as we caught! And all were paw and paw just out from Atlantic waters. At the end of an hour one of the boys called out:

"By jeh, Moses, I had a bite that would weigh a ton—"

"What?" growled Capt. Fowler.

"A grandfisher," retorted the diver.

At this moment the fish bounded at least three feet into the air, shaking the spray from his sides of silver and only endeavoring to throw the cruel hook out of his mouth. A few minutes later he lay quivering on the deck, a magnificent yellowtail weighing about thirty pounds. As it had ever been any such fish before, as he lay lying with all the hues of the rainbow flickering on his gleamy skin. We called him a "white salmon," and the justification for the misnomer, as the yellowtail resembles the salmon in the conformation of his head and shoulders. But there was the forked tail of the salmon family, while the salmon tribe have tails as square as they had been chopped off with an ax. Still, the name "white salmon" was good enough for the occasion, and we referred to them for years afterward until it was clearly shown that they were a distinct fish in the fish world and had nothing in common with the tribe of salmon. Three days later the wind shifted to the north, and we returned to our wrecking task at Point Arguello.

It seems odd to me to recall those days now, as I occasionally stand on the wharf at San Pedro and see the *Heracles* (the prettiest steamer of her size on this whole coast), and the tiny little *Falcon* shoot out for Catalina Island with their deck black with Angelenos in search of salt-water bathing and the crisp salt air that drives every wrinkle of malice out of your veins. Catalina is a place supplied by Nature for everything that is defined by the word, comfort. If its hotels were equal to those of Far Rockaway, Manhattan Beach or Newport News, there would be applications for rooms booked at Avalon and the Isthmus at least six months ahead.

Suppose *Harriet*, *Almworth* & *Thompson*, in 1889, instead of building at Redondo, had gone over to Catalina and put up such a hotel as they built at Redondo—it would have had one guest all summer and half as many all the winter. And, in my belief, the Bannings would have been only too glad to give these enterprising Oregon gentlemen all the land they asked for a hotel site, because the Bannings are in the transportation business, rather than hotel-keeping, and they would have cared but little who fed the crowds, so long as they could carry them over and back. In the past few years young gentlemen have spent a good deal of money in adding to the attractions of the islands, but the day will come when Catalina will have as grand hotels as any oceanic resort, for Nature has done more for her than any of them. In 1899 they had a winter rate at Avalon and one at Redondo, just the same money, but with a great difference in favor of the latter place as far as hotel was concerned. The Catalina folks charged visitors for the round trip, while the good folks in charge of the islands gave free passes over the Redondo Railway to all the engaged rooms for a month. Yet with all these advantages in favor of Redondo, the arrivals at Catalina were the same as fifty against twenty-eight for Redondo. What difference in favor of the island resort? Nothing but what Nature had done for it. It is a study-room for the student that no eastern seaside resort can equal. The "grand old man," Prof. Agassiz, would have

revealed in the many weird stories it had to tell about the dwellers in the deep!

I read a great deal in the papers about striped bass fishing in Pacific waters, and can assure the readers of *The Times* that it is in nowise exaggerated. It is now nearly twenty years since the first bass were planted in San Francisco Bay, and every once in a while we hear of a forty-pounder being taken in a net. As long ago as 1889 one was caught in Monterey Bay, with hook and line, that weighed twenty-seven and a half pounds. But it should be remembered that the striped bass is naturally a cold-water fish and, with San Francisco Bay as its native hatchery, is more apt to work northward in its wanderings than to the south. Hence these fish are more frequently taken at Humboldt Bay than at Santa Barbara, but we shall have an abundance of them before long, for the simple reason that our coast has more food for them than the Atlantic waters, although they have been taken at Nantucket and the Isles of Shoals, in years gone by, weighing over sixty pounds. Genio C. Scott, the New York fisherman who wrote one of the best books ever written on this subject, took one near Appleton that pulled down the scales at sixty-two pounds as long back as 1859.

But it is the abundance of food that makes the striped bass attain as great a weight in five years here as he would at eight years in eastern waters. About the close of the civil war, some man started up the idea of catching the menhaden, or "ale-wipe," of the Atlantic waters and converting that fish into a lubricating oil. No sooner said than done. Oil factories were started all along the Suffolk county shores of Long Island, and, as sail vessels moved too slowly, small steamers were utilized in drawing the monstrous whales used for catching the menhaden. Steam not only drove the vessels to the fishing grounds, but also worked the capstans used for hauling in the nets. Now, the young of the menhaden are the natural food of the striped bass and it is the gradual disappearance of the menhaden from Atlantic waters that has so perceptibly affected the growth of the bass in that region. Here we have no end of sea food, all the lower orders of marine animal life, on the rocks between San Diego and the Columbia River. There are limpets, mussels, anemones, pholades (known in Oregon as "rock oysters"), and every imaginable variety of fattening food.

The same is equally true of the shad, the most toothsome of all the alewives or herring tribe. For years the fishermen of the Passaic and Connecticut rivers boasted that they had the best and fattest shad on earth. Today there is not a shad to be caught between the mouth of the Passaic and the falls at Paterson. Manufacturers at a dozen points along that river have blackened the water to such an extent that the shad never ventures there. And in the Connecticut there has likewise been a great falling off in the size and numbers of the shad. The best shad in the world are caught today in the Columbia and the Sacramento, the northern fish being a trifle the fatter. I was in the fish market at San Francisco, one day last week, and saw a man putting up a box of fish, which contained four striped bass, ten shad and six big red groupers, such as are caught at Catalina Island. In reply to my inquiry as to their destination, he told me they were bound for Denver, and that he shipped an average of 1200 pounds every week to a customer in that city. I asked if they could be laid down fresher from this end of the route, and he said he did not know, but they were cheaper, as the price per pound was about a cent less than in New York or Philadelphia.

I have always contended that the Pacific Coast fisheries were in their infancy; and that the great salmon canneries, which converted Astoria in ten years from a small village to a thriving and populous city, were only an inkling of what was yet to come. If we only had the enterprising and industrious New England population here to take hold of this matter, what a difference it would make in the coast region between here and San Francisco. Of course, I know that some Doubting Thomas will arise from his seat and tell me what I have been hearing daily for the past forty-eight years—that the fish of the Pacific Ocean are inferior to their congeners in the Atlantic waters, but that is all fustian. I have caught just as fine mackerel off the big railroad pier at Santa Monica as ever I saw taken abreast of Long Branch or Barnegat. Our red groupers are just as toothsome as those taken off the Florida Keys, and, as for coles, flounders and turbot, you have to go clear to England to find their equal. The sheephead of the Channel Islands is hardly equal to his namesake of the Long Island and New Jersey shores, but he is a good fish for all that, and far more abundant than in the far-eastern waters. As for the halibut, ours are not equal to those of Newfoundland, but these are halibut banks all along the coast from Coos Bay to Cape Flattery which produce as fine fish as ever were caught in the North Atlantic.

Hence I think that some intelligent man should be sent out by our Chamber of Commerce to do missionary work in the States of Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut; and to show these good people how they could make just as good a living here as they do there and enjoy life a great deal more as they go along. Go to a New England fisherman's home in the month of May—say at Gloucester, Marblehead or Nahant—and you will be nearly suffocated with the smell of decaying fish. It is because the fisherman is untidy or his wife a sloven? Not a bit of it. Their little cottage is as neat as wax, but those rotten fish have to be put upon those barren sands to manure them for the next year's crop of potatoes. If ever a brave and uncomplaining people wrung their daily bread out of the frowns of Nature, these are the ones. Their life is a battle with the elements, from the cradle to the grave and, yet, where will you find a grander element than the New England boys who manned the guns of the *Kearsarge* on that memorable day of Cherbourg, thirty-six years ago?

Half the women in these New England fishing towns are widows, their husbands lost on the dreadful "Georges Banks," that have engulfed so many thousands of brave men, who had to "go down to the sea in ships" because their native soil afforded them no bread. Year after year the same old story is told and the tolls of Marblehead, Gloucester and a dozen other coastwise towns, are telling

for the unreturning brave. You ask why the bells are tolling and some old man, whose sons have perished far away from home and kindred, brushes a tear away with his coat sleeves and murmurs, "Lost on the Georges." I don't want all that splendid population to perish in that way. I want some of them to come out here and earn a living under our clear skies and balmy sunshines. Talk about our coast fogs, they are "not a mark in the road" to the fogs they encounter after they once get to the eastward of Holmes's Hole. What they need to be shown is that they can earn as much money here (and perhaps more) with no risk of life, as compared with their present condition. But who is there to take hold of this important proposition, and who will be the missionary?

There is little land enough between here and the south head of San Francisco Harbor to furnish homes and "garden acre" for 7000 families of those "York and molasses Yanks," as the Democratic papers used to style them in the days when the war-clouds hung over the land. One acre of land to each family would be all they could ask for, because there would be nobody to till any more. The father would be away in his fishing boat or, if ashore for a few hours, would be busy in mending his nets or overhauling his "trot-lines." The mother could not do much garden work, for the bulk of her time would be occupied in cooking meals, mending clothes and spanking the babies, don't you understand? My word for it, they would be a busy people and would soon make their presence manifest by their industry and thrift. You could not bring them here any too soon to suit me. If that man is a benefactor who "makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before," what would say of a lot of people "to tell insured and danger scorn," who would come in here and dot the whole coast with villages which would be full of business from daylight to dark, and not a drone in the whole swarming hive?

All the way across the continent the vigor of the northern brain asserts itself in the erection of great cities and the foundation of great commercial projects. You can find the evidences of a New England civilization in Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Paul, Omaha and the great cordon of busy cities that span the continent from Plymouth Rock to the great northern inland sea, on whose waters, sixty years ago, old Seattle went forth to battle with his followers in 500 canoes. You see the descendants of the pilgrims clearing the sod of Kansas and Nebraska and planting the corn which fattens half the beef that goes to England to feed her swarms of busy operatives. Tell me then, with such splendid opportunities as our Pacific Coast fisheries afford, why should not we welcome an influx of such a people as would turn them to good account and swell the dust-brown ranks of our breadwinners with an industrious, thrifty and in every way desirable element of population? My word for it, we need them in our business and need them badly.

I have just returned from a trip over that branch of the Santa Fe system which is known as the "Valley road," and to me it was a revelation, not so much in the road itself as in the rich and productive region of country which it traverses. For the first forty-five miles out of Stockton, it was wheat or barley—and good-looking crops at that—on either side of the train as it flew along on its rapid and peaceful errand. Few men know the San Joaquin Valley better than I do, for I traveled it on horseback forty-five years ago, when there was not a pound of grain grown between the Stanislaus and the Tejon Pass. I have lived to see it transformed from a desert into a garden and can thank the iron horse for it. Facilities of transportation are what build up a civilization and lay the foundations of true prosperity. Where the squirrel and the coyote once held supreme sway, with none to dispute their sovereignty, I saw farms and villages springing up as if at the touch of the enchanter's wand. California is a great food-producing State and the half is not yet told. It was only a seven-hours' journey, but it was a great ride for all that.

BILL, THE BO'SUN.

BIRD OF OLDEN TIME.

FEATHERS OF ANCIENT MOA RECEIVED AT NATIONAL MUSEUM.

[Washington Correspondence Baltimore Herald:] Fourteen small fiber feathers recently received at the National Museum, form one of the most interesting and valuable collections in that storehouse of wonders, oddities and priceless relics of bygone days. The bits of bird clothing came from far-off New Zealand, and, according to best authority, were once among the plumage of a prehistoric biped, the moa, or *dinornis maximus*, a fowl supposed to have resembled the ostrich in many ways. The moa was in existence when man inhabited the earth, but became extinct long before history's record was begun. It is the general belief that the moa was a bird of toothsome quality and that his reign upon earth was brief, once this fact was discovered by the rapidly-increasing race of men.

The feathers are the first of the moa bird to be brought to this country, it is believed, and there are very few of them in existence, so far as is known. The discovery of feathers is recent. The bones of the moa have been found in some quantity in New Zealand, and a number of museums and institutions of natural history are equipped with complete skeletons of the giant bird. These bones frames evidence a bird ranging in height from ten to twelve feet, the latter being the maximum, and weighing probably in the neighborhood of 500 pounds. There are also a number of moa eggs in various collections, including one in the New York Museum of Natural History.

The moa, or *dinornis*, was a very clumsy bird, according to the descriptions made up by naturalists, and closely resembled the ostrich in shape of body, legs, neck and head. The moa had no such plumage as the ostrich, however, his feathers being generally short, with a tendency to curl. The great birds could not fly and were easily exterminated by the savages, probably through the use of a spear. Their clumsy proportions made them slow of foot, and, altogether, the moa was an exceptionally defenseless victim of the pot-hunters of ancient days.

The moa egg is about one foot in length and contained possibly six times as much matter as that of an ostrich. The nests are supposed to have been made of large quantities of dry grass.

HIS EXACTING WORK. HOW A SERGEANT-AT-ARMS PREPARES FOR A NATIONAL CONVENTION.

By George N. Wiswell, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Republican Convention.

BY CARLOAD and trainload, by two, three, scores and hundreds the vast army that is gathered in one center by a national convention, descends upon a city, meets, marches, nominates, celebrates, whoops and departs. No one hurt; no one flustered or distressed; the proceedings ordered with clock-like regularity, and the machinery of the city in which the convention is held so little disturbed that the day following the close of the great meeting there is no sign of anything unusual having happened; except the appearance of the workmen removing decorations and dismantling triumphal arches. How is it all done? Few will stop to reflect upon the immense amount of work and care necessary to avoid any accident or breakdown during convention week, but those who are in close touch with such matters can furnish the public with an interesting inside view of the preliminaries of a gathering of this kind.

To begin at the beginning of the arrangements for a national convention, the first question settled is the particular city in which the faithful shall foregather. A very simple matter to decide, think the uninitiated. In reality it requires the exercise of rare judgment, wisdom and firmness, and a thorough knowledge of the business of organizing a convention. In this particular instance the selection of the committee has been a particularly happy one. We are more than fortunate in having Philadelphia for the meeting of the Republican convention. The city has proved its ability to take care of any number of guests, the railroad accommodations are perfect, and the Convention Hall, after its remodeling, one of the finest ever seen.

Having decided upon the location of the Convention Hall, the committee then considers the question of the date on which the meeting shall be held. June is the month usually selected, because if a man can afford to take a vacation at all he usually wants to take it during that month; it is the month in which Congress adjourns, and it is convenient, too, because the farmers have finished seeding. Having selected the city, decided upon the structure in which the meeting shall be held, and chosen the date of the convention, the committee then appoints a sergeant-at-arms, upon whom devolves the responsibility of so arranging matters that the meeting shall progress with the precision of a well-oiled machine.

The Work of Organization.

The work of organization requires months of careful planning and much practical experience with the machinery of a convention. The first and most important care is the selection of the doorkeepers. It requires not less than 300 doorkeepers for a national convention, and every man has to be selected with the utmost care. A very simple thing, doorkeeping, you say. Not in a national convention. A doorkeeper who is open to a bribe can do an immense amount of harm to a convention. There was a convention held once in which the doorkeepers were bought up, and the meeting packed with interlopers. It has been necessary to hire Pinkerton detectives to guard the doors at political gatherings, and see that only the elect are admitted. The man who is delighted if he can swindle a railroad company out of his fare or persuade a street-car conductor that he has paid his nickel, when he hasn't, is usually on hand at national conventions. If he can't get past the doorkeeper by legitimate means, he will climb through a window or purloin a ticket. The doorkeepers must be able to checkmate every move of these individuals. It is sad, but jails are not built for the man who doesn't go there, but for the man who does, so the honest ones need not feel hurt at the necessity for these precautions. A very important man is the doorkeeper of a national convention, though. An experienced sergeant-at-arms has a list of reliable men, from which he can form the nucleus of his force. My first call was to Sam E. Kercheval of Indianapolis. Him I appointed my master-at-arms, and I placed in his care a good deal of the work of organizing the force.

Having selected 300 doorkeepers, who I have every reason to believe are above suspicion, and many of whom are veterans who have served under me on similar occasions, the next step is to appoint 1500 assistant sergeants-at-arms, divide them into two sections, and pick out a capable, reliable, man to act as captain of each section. When the work of seating 25,000 people in a hall has to be done within thirty minutes, it is necessary to have a body of men in charge who are capable of quick thinking and smart acting. Besides these ushers, there will be an army of pages on hand to carry messages and make themselves generally useful during the convention proceedings. All these men and boys are chosen only after the careful consideration of each case. An incompetent, no matter with how good credentials he comes, is ruthlessly excluded. In the case of the doorkeepers, the precautions taken are so strict as to render ineligible any applicant from Washington, D. C., Maryland, West Virginia or Pennsylvania, because we don't want a man who would be likely to be approached by friends or relations, to turn down whom would go against the grain. The doorkeeper who hails from Wisconsin or Texas is not likely to be placed in any such position of embarrassment.

The Clerical Force.

The Convention Hall force having been thoroughly organized, we will leave them for a moment and turn to the clerical force. The subcommittee having decided how much space in the Convention Hall can be allotted to each delegation, I have a diagram of the hall made, and mark the position assigned to each delegation on a miniature copy of this diagram. The work of the clerical force, which consists largely of girls, is to prepare envelopes for the separate delegations. In these envelopes are placed badges, tickets for delegates and alternates and guests of

the delegation, etc., and the diagram of the hall before described, on which is marked the position of the delegation's allotted space. These envelopes are handed to the National Committee, and a receipt taken. My responsibility for their safe delivery ends when that receipt is given. The National Committee retains it until immediately before the day of the convention, when it is placed in the possession of the delegation entitled to the seats, of which the envelope contains the description. This prevents the possibility of argument on the part of those who would try to get seats nearer the front if they could, or nearer the center, or farther, to one side, or anywhere but in the particular part allotted to them. When the envelopes are distributed there is no time for argument. Each delegation must make its way to the Convention Hall, and take the allotted seats, or be too late for the opening proceedings. All the applications for space and allotments are registered, and every delegation's position in the Convention Hall marked on the large diagram, which is a complete map of the position of all the contingent, as they will appear when seated. In the hands of each delegation is a separate diagram, on which they can see exactly where they are to sit. These diagrams the ushers will be familiar with, so that every delegation as it arrives will be quickly piloted to its proper place.

Drilling and Rehearsing.

Careful drilling and rehearsing will be gone through to prevent the possibility of a hitch. Signals will be arranged for everything. I shall be able to summon a band of assistant sergeants-at-arms or ushers in an instant, to prevent any tendency to panic or other trouble of the kind that is likely to arise when such an immense audience as the one that will attend the convention is gathered under one roof. Signals will start the band playing, notify the musicians what national air to play at a particular moment, will start the army of attendants in harmonious motion for a specific purpose, or stop them instantly and turn their attention to some other object. Orders cannot be shouted at such a time and in such a gathering; neither can they be conveyed by hand or verbally by messenger. The system of signaling with sergeants-at-arms, the medium through which the doorkeepers, ushers, assistant sergeants-at-arms, messengers and musicians get their instructions is the only method of insuring the successful working of the convention machinery. With such a carefully-organized, well-drilled army, the management of the convention movements is reduced to a simple motion of the hand or the wave of an arm.

THE HOUSEBOAT.

MR. AND MRS. SNEAD'S NOVEL AND PLEASANT SUMMER HOME AND HOW IT ORIGINATED.

[Gustav Kobb] in Truth:] Of the few houseboats in this country which really fulfill the idea of such crafts is the Dragon, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Harry V. Snead, who have their pleasant floating summer and autumn habitation moored in the picturesque waters of Barnegat Bay. This houseboat was built on a scow, from plans made by Mrs. Snead herself, and the delightfully informal and simple way in which she went about the matter may be judged by the fact that she called the houseboat the Dragon because she foresaw how decorative a dragon's figure would look on the lounge cushions in the cabin.

The idea of the houseboat originated in the desire of Mr. and Mrs. Snead to build a summer home and studio which they could "take with them." Their first idea was a house on wheels, with possibly an automobile motor,

but finally the houseboat was determined upon. Barnegat Bay, with its numerous creeks and inlets, which one can travel all summer yet always find something still to be discovered, was selected for the home.

The Dragon has individuality. Millions of other houseboats have made the latter simply imitations of luxuries. The Dragon is just itself. If its designers offered anything at all to it, it was nothing more than, say, a cosy apartment. The main cabin is only eighteen feet long and the full width of the boat, but there are eight broad windows, with seats piled high with cushions, which can, if necessary, be converted into each with a commodious locker. The saloon is a studio or for receptions, and at night can be converted off into six staterooms, each accommodating two persons. The upper deck, with its awning, is an outdoor room for fair days.

When the Dragon is ready to weigh anchor, it is in tow by an able catboat, although, in fair weather, the sail-cloth awning can be used as a square sail, and there are two long poles by which the houseboat can be navigated in shallow water. There are two extended exploring expeditions to the heads of the creeks. The catboat, which is regarded as the dragon's derelict, is called the Dragon Fly. Weighing anchor, the Dragon Fly having made fast the tow line, the Dragon glides off majestically with a fair wind. Its destination may be a little fishing town, where boats and fishing gear with an old mill are the attractions. The Dragon is dropped for a few days. The byways of the shore are explored and painted. Friends are met, and the Dragon is weighed again and the Dragon pushes on to some delightful cove, where twisted columns add to the effect of isolation; or perhaps the houseboat comes to bay to the narrow sandbar which divides Barnegat Bay from the sea, and fresh inspiration is found in the magnificence of the sand dunes, and the numerous picturesque scenes of the beach, such as fishing huts and the thatched roofs of the fish houses.

AFTER SEVENTY YEARS.

[Washington Times:] In a communication to the Department, dated May 2, A. J. Sampson, United States Minister at Iquitos, Ecuador, reports the discovery of the remains of Gen. Sucre. "The Liberator." After his assassination, seventy years ago, Gen. Sucre's body was placed in the family chapel of his hacienda. Three years later the remains were brought into Iquitos and interred in the Basilica, a church of the city. This was known to the people. Before the death of the last of those who were women, fifteen years ago, she communicated to a female friend, who has carefully guarded it for years. Early last month this woman divulged the fact to the Ecuador government. A thorough investigation was made, and the proof of the truthfulness of the story appeared to be conclusive.

Minister Sampson says that at the date of the discovery the remains were lying in state in the President's residence under a military guard. They will remain there until tomorrow, the anniversary of Gen. Sucre's death, when they will be re-interred with great pomp and show of ceremony.

[Pittsburgh Chronicle:] "Is your husband coming to the browbeat you?" the attorney asked of the applicant for divorce.

"No, sir," replied the latter. "It is generally back of my head he beats me, or bawls my ears."



It coaxes a New Skin

Anita Cream makes dark skin lighter, clearer, purer. It removes all discolorations. It is a medical preparation which cures—it actually coaxes a new skin to the surface. The removing of tan is the least important of its accomplishments. It removes blotches, pimples, moth and liver patches, and restores the clear, transparent beauty of youth. Read what is said of it.

After spending six weeks at the beach I was advised to use your Anita Cream to remove the tan. I came home the same day and so did not use it until I reached home. All my friends who saw me the first week here said, "How black you are." In ten days the same people remarked how white and lovely was my complexion. I feel that I cannot do without it. I send you amount for two more boxes. I have not had a pimple on my face since using it, and before I was troubled all the time. Yours truly, MISS FANNIE COLLINS, Edgerton, Kan., Jan. 1, 1909.

After using your Anita Cream when I was in California last year, have found nothing equal to it. When I left I thought I had a good supply, but find it has been lost somewhere. Have been all over the United States and found nothing like it. Will you send me two boxes of Anita Cream and two boxes of Hyacinth Cream and oblige. MISS CARLIE NELSON, Fredericksburg, Va., Oct. 14, '08.

Will you kindly send me by express one-half dozen boxes of Anita Cream. Reasoned you will find money order for same. It was recommended to me by a lady from California and have been using it over a year and find it the best cream I have ever used for the complexion. Will be pleased to have you send the cream at once, as I am entirely out of it. MRS. W. L. SMITH, East Las Vegas, New Mexico, July 20, 1908.

I write to you unsolicited about Anita Cream. When I first used Anita Cream my face was not unlike most women's—rough, red and unprepossessing. My husband recently remarked that I was getting younger and that my face had undergone some marvelous change. I did not tell him of the wonderful, magical effect wrought by my three jars of Anita Cream, preferring to tell you. MISS W. F. RYAN, 126 Franklin St., Green Point, Long Island, July 12, '08.

While I was at Los Angeles in 1907 you gave me a box of Anita Cream to try. I find it very good. Will you please inform me of the price. My sister noticed the change in my complexion and I told her it was something I had used. Let me know if you can send me some. MISS T. ROBERTSON, Eleventh St., Oakland, Cal., Sept. 1, 1908.

Please find enclosed \$10 in cash to send me a box of your Anita Cream. I have about exhausted the supply I brought with me from Los Angeles. I find we cannot do without it. Yours, MISS EULA GILBERT, McAllister, Indian Territory, Nov. 1, 1908.

I am delighted with your Anita Cream. Please send two more boxes and return yours respectfully. LOUISE E. WILSON, THURSDAY, 1871 Gough St., San Francisco, Dec. 2, 1908.

FREE SAMPLES If you cannot obtain Anita Cream of your druggist, send for a full sized jar. Full particulars and instructions together with a sample will be mailed to any address for a 2c stamp.

ANITA CREAM ADVERTISING BUREAU, Los Angeles, Cal.

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COULD NOT RESIST.

WHEN PRESIDENT GEN. ARTHUR PLAYED
POKER IN HIS NIGHT ROBE.

New York Herald:] The marriage of Chester Alan Arthur, son of the late President Arthur, to Mrs. Andrews, a widow, made an interesting affair in which his father participated while officiating at an exposition in this country, and which has hitherto escaped publication.

August 1, 1891, witnessed the opening of the exposition at Louisville, and the central figure was President Arthur. He was seated on the rail of Kentucky the President was in response to a speech of welcome by him the President made a gracious reply. The train then sped onward through the State until Louisville was reached. Here the President was met by a delegation of prominent men of the city, headed by the Mayor, Charles D. Jacob. At night a banquet was tendered to the distinguished guest at the Hotel of which he was called upon to respond to a toast.

Next day, the President, accompanied by the committee, called to look after his comfort while in Louisville, and for the suite of rooms which had been set aside for him at the Galt House, and, after a chat of half an hour with the members of the committee, he retired to his room.

When the President had withdrawn one of the committee called the party while away a couple of hours to a game of poker. No dissenting voice being raised, the cards and chips were brought forth, and the game was begun. For a solid hour or more nothing could be heard but the clinking of the chips and the subdued voices of the players as the bets were made. When the game was over, and the eyes and ears of the players were so much upon the cards and the betting as to be oblivious to their surroundings, a tall figure, clad in a night robe, appeared from behind the portieres of the adjoining room, and, coming up behind one of the players, gently tapped him on the shoulder.

The president of this player, upon looking up he saw the President of the United States. The President had been lying in bed since the game began listening to the clinking of the chips and the betting which was going on in the adjoining room, and, though tired, he made himself to go to sleep until he had been invited to the game. With one voice the committee invited the President to take a seat at the table and join in the game, which he did. The President has the distinction of having once had a game of poker with some of its leading citizens in his own home.

ODD MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

BY NATIVE AMERICANS IN PREHISTORIC
AND LATER TIMES.

New York Herald:] Among the many odd and grotesque-looking objects in the National Museum, relics of a primitive people who once flourished on this continent, is a collection of musical instruments, many of which, however crude in appearance, give forth tones as sweet and clear as they did a thousand years ago. Nearly all of them are wind instruments, and are similar to the flute, oboe or bagpipe.

The most perfect specimens, as regards tone and workmanship, come from Mexico and Central and South America, and are made, for the most part, of very fine pottery, and some are fashioned from bones of animals and birds. The collection is under the supervision of Prof. Wilson.

Dr. P. Upham, referring to interesting qualities of the seven instruments, said, taking up what might be described as a small conical, fashioned in the shape of a bird, and fitted with a tapering mouthpiece:

"This possesses four sound holes, and yields five notes, the two being produced with all the holes closed." The instrument was in excellent condition, in proof of which Dr. Upham proceeded to play "There's No Good Without the House," with beautiful musical effect.

Some of the instruments are grotesque in design, representing birds and animals, but are, in some cases, shaped like a human figure. The majority of them have two, three or five notes, although some are of other kinds, and while the inference is that the primitive man possessed a musical scale radically different from our own, all these instruments can be made

by proper manipulation to furnish notes to their respective capacities in the chromatic scale.

One of the richest and most melodious tones was produced from a very unattractive-looking earthenware alligator, although unfortunately the capacity of this musical novelty, or rather antiquity, was limited to three notes.

One instrument from Nicoya, Costa Rica, is unique from the fact that while it contains but four sound holes, seven notes can be produced upon it. It is in the form of a grotesque human head, with painted decorations in brown and red on a yellow ground. The mouthpiece is attached to and forms part of the head-dress.

A unique specimen is a whistling vase from Costa Rica, which was presented to Prof. Wilson by Señor Rafael Iglesias. It is round bottomed, with a handle on one side representing an animal head holding the edge of the rim in its mouth. The air passages from the inside of the vessel connect with a vent hole on the outside of the animal's neck. To produce a sound the lips must be placed against the mouth as would be done on the large brass instruments of today. Its one note is exceedingly shrill and piercing.

WHERE PIRACY FLOURISHES.

CHINESE WATERS, PERSIAN GULF, RIFF COAST
AND MALAY STRAITS STILL INFESTED.

[London Leader:] The man who labored under the impression that piracy was a thing of the past must have read with not little surprise the story told a few days ago by one of Reuter's correspondents in China of a very flagrant case of piracy near the mouth of the Canton River. The Celestials of the neighborhood of Macao, an island at the mouth of this river, have for untold generations been most notorious sea thieves.

The case of the Spark, which was raided some years ago, brought a British gunboat along, and compelled the Governor of Canton to pay more strict attention to the subjects under his control; but attacks on junks are still of very common occurrence, the pirates retreating after each adventure to the hills behind Macao, and subsequently receiving pardon on terms agreed upon with the Governor.

But by the very latest mail we learn of an encounter between a cutter from H.M.S. Tweed and a pirate launch on the West River.

Piracy is one of the chief occupations of the Oman Muscat coast of the Persian Gulf. Not many months ago seven boats were attacked by Wakrah pirates and robbed of many thousands of rupees' worth of pearls. Shortly before a number of Bahrain boats were similarly looted.

In one instance twenty-five of them seized a bungalow in open daylight, within sight of the soldiery, and put off to sea in search of plunder. The Turkish soldiers went in pursuit, but the pirates showed them a clean pair of heels, and got away in time to seize and plunder a boat belonging to a merchant of El-Katif.

At the beginning of this year there were several raids on coasts from Kurrachee, a port that does a large trade inward and outward with the Persian Gulf, but the rather pressing attentions of British gunboats have spoiled this branch of the trade.

The Riff pirates of the Morocco coast have subsided into private life for a space after their outbreak of a year or two back. But, no doubt, they will rise again. A parliamentary return issued in 1897 shows that between forty and fifty years ago the Riffian pirates gave Europe trouble of the same kind as at present.

Two years ago the British steamer Pengu was looted while going from Penang to Oklaen by a number of Achinese (from Sumatra) who had come on board under the guise of passengers, and the captain and fourteen of the native crew were killed.

Having gained possession of the ship, the pirates plundered the strong room, secured about \$15,000 coin, and left in the Pengu's boats, landing on their own coast near Simping Olin. The Achinese have kept fairly quiet during recent years, but they have a long chronic record of piracies to their discredit, more especially those associated with the Spanish brig Bithaina, the British steamer Queen, the British bark Caesar, the Danish bark Carl and the American ships White Cloud and Libra.

Twenty years ago they were one of the greatest scourges of the eastern seas, sweeping the waters with their small, swift sailing proas, capturing merchantmen of all nations and customarily butchering every soul on board.

[Washington Star:] People who have been worrying with Spanish in connection with the Cuban war and with Dutch in connection with the Boer war are now expected to drop everything and take up Chinese.


BLASTS FROM RAM'S HORN.

True courtesy is of the heart.
Saints are not made by polishing sinners.
A lost opportunity never finds its way back.
An honor bought dishonestly is a dishonor.
A thing is not necessarily true because it is new.
You can usually tell a man's prospects by his aspect.
The hero is he who does what others dare not do.
The greatest cowards kick the dead lion most heartily.
Readiness in criticism often marks ignorance of the task.

The rattle of the wheels of life is call for the oil of prayer.

The men who deny the existence of sin still go on locking their doors and taking receipts.

Before some preachers will throw a stone at a sin they want to know who is hiding under it.



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